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The FRANKLIN SQUARE SONG COLLECTION

DEVOTED TO

SCHOOL AND HOME

ENJOYMENT

SONGS AND HYMNS

Angel of Peace—Are There Tidings?—Autumn Dreaming—Awake, My Soul—Battle Eve—Bring Flowers—Brookside—Canadian Boat Song—Clang of the Wooden Shoon—Come, Holy Spirit—Come to the Sea—Come Unto Him—Daisy and Joan—Dear Little Shamrock—Don't As-tore—Distant Drum—Dublin Bay—Ehren on the Rhine—Ever be Happy—Exile of Erin—Fallen is Thy Throne—Fire of Home—Flowers for the Brave—Forever and Forever—Forsaken Am I—Gently Rest—Golden Days—Go to Sleep, Lena Darling—Greenwood Tree—Happy Are We—Hearts of Oak—Heaven is My Home—Heavily Wears the Day—I Come, I Come—I'm a Pilgrim—Innisfail—In the Gloaming—I Would I Were a Boy Again—Keller's American Hymn—Kerry Dance—Let Me Dream Again—Low-Backed Car—Lucy's Flitting—Lullalaine—May Margaret—My Nannie's Awa—Nursery Songs—Oh, Wert Thou in the Cauld Blast?—Old Tubal Cain—Old Oaken Bucket—One by One the Sands are Flow-ing—Osian's Serenade—Play-Time Songs—Poor Tho' My Cot—Punchi-ello—Rataplan—Rock Me to Sleep, Mother—Soldiers' Chorus—Strangers Yet—Sweeter than the Breath of Morning—The Night is Fine—The Old Sexton—The Pilot—The Sound of Harps—Thoughts of Wonder—Thou'rt Like Unto a Flower—Thou Wilt Never Grow Old—Three Fishers—Tran-cadillo—Twilight Dews—Vesper Chimes—What Are the Wild Waves Saying?—When I Remember—Who Shall Be Fairest? Etc. [See Index.]

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Franklin Square Song Collection.

TWO + HUNDRED

**Favorite Songs and Hymns for Schools and Homes,
Nursery and Fireside.**

No. 4.

SELECTED BY J. P. McCASKEY.

Melodies die out, like the pipe of Pan, with the ears that love them and listen for them.

Music is the harmonious voice of creation; an echo of the invisible world; one note of the divine concord which the entire universe is destined one day to sound.—*Massini.*

Music, in its best sense, does not require novelty; nay, the older it is, and the more we are accustomed to it, the greater are its effects upon the hearer of sensibility.—*Gatke.*

There is something marvelous in Music. I might almost say that Music is, in itself, a marvel—a glimmering medium between mind and matter, related to both yet different from either; spiritual, and yet requiring rhythm; material, and yet independent of space.—*Heine.*

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1918

And the night shall be filled with Music,
And the cares, that infest the day,
Shall fold their tents, like the Arabs,
And as silently steal away.

H. W. Longfellow.

From "The Day is Done."

The Home that has been made the sunny side of life never loses its beneficent influence over those it has sheltered in childhood, however they may be jostled by the rude vicissitudes of life. One of the most memorable reminiscences of California is told of the first great queen of song who appeared in San Francisco, among the restless men gathered there in the early days. They had learned not to value life; they had become a law unto themselves that defied all the teachings of their youth; but when "Home, Sweet Home" was sung, tears scalded the bronzed faces, and sobs welled up from hearts which had left sentiment behind for adventure. Take the sunny side of Home. It will be a well-spring of joy from the cradle to the tomb.—*A. K. McClure.*

Our thanks are due to Publishers for copyright favors, and to Prof. CARL MATZ for invaluable aid here gratefully acknowledged. The Compiler may be addressed through Messrs. Harper & Brothers, in reference to Old Songs that have been popular favorites, and will be glad to have suggestions from any persons who are interested. Some of the best selections in the present Number have been suggested by lovers of song in different parts of the country, often far-separated.

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THE SONG COLLECTION.

OH, TOUCH THOSE CHORDS.

"THE CHIMES."

mf

1. Oh, touch those chords which long a - go Gave forth a trembling sound; But now, as
 2. Perhaps some ten - der mother's love First woke the mu - sic there; Raised childhood's
 3. One kind - ly look, one lov - ing word, Might stir the depths with - in, And cadence
 4. Go like thy Mas - ter, live to bless, And weep o'er oth - ers' woes; Each fervent

p

sea - sons on - ward flow, Each string is si - lent found. Put forth thy hand, and gent - ly
 thoughts to things a - bove, And taught the ear - ly prayer. But manhood's years a tale have
 sweet, be - fore un - heard, Break through the strife and din. That breast where mem'ry seems to
 prayer he will con - fess, And ev' - ry tear that flows. Go seek to be the soul's true

cres.

try, Call not the ef - fort vain; Deep in the heart's re - cess they lie, Oh,
 told Of sor - row, sin, and pain; Then call the wan - d'rer to the fold, Oh,
 sleep, Bound in a wea - ry chain, Might swell with feel - ings strong and deep, Then
 friend, And thou may'st wake a strain Which shall in songs of glo - ry end, Then

f

touch those chords a - gain! Deep in the heart's re - cess they lie, Oh, touch those chords a - gain!
 touch those chords a - gain! Then call the wan - d'rer to the fold, Oh, touch those chords a - gain!
 touch those chords a - gain! Might swell with feelings strong and deep, Then touch those chords again!
 touch those chords a - gain! Which shall in songs of glo - ry end, Then touch those chords again!

THE beautiful custom of decorating the graves of the soldiers should have its lessons for the schools. Decoration day committees may secure an ample supply of bouquets if they will adopt the plan of certain Grand Army Posts in the larger cities. Instead of requesting donations of flowers from the citizens at large, all the schools of the village, town, or city, may be enlisted in the good work of providing them, representatives of the committees visiting the various schools some days before the flowers are wanted, and speaking of the propriety of the children's doing what they can to furnish them. The boys and girls will at once be interested. The bouquets may be brought to the schools on the afternoon preceding Decoration Day, to be called for by

local committees. Thousands of bouquets may thus be obtained. The entire locality is laid under contribution for flowers, and in the most effective way possible. The children—each boy or girl—has done something, or has decided that he or she can do nothing, for the observance of the day—and thus has come into *personal* contact with the thought of gratitude due, and honor paid, to the patriotic dead. The teachers call the attention of their schools to the meaning of the day, under circumstances most favorable to producing a lasting impression. The story of the war is retold; the meaning of the great struggle is taught as the lesson of the hour; and in every way the result is profitable to all. "What we would have in the community we must put into the schools."

FLOWERS FOR THE BRAVE.

Andantino.

E. W. CHAPMAN.
BELLINI. "NORMA."

1. Once a - gain the flowers we gath - er On these sa - cred mounds to lay; O'er the
2. But these brave men now are sleeping While their deeds in memo - ry live, And the
3. Swords no more are bright - ly flashing, Foes no more our land mo - lest; Slumb'ring
4. Swift - ly now the years are roll - ing, While the hon - or and the fame Of the

tombs of fall - en he - roes Float the stars and stripes to - day. From the mountain, hill, and
trib - ute we are bringing 'Tis the na - tion's joy to give. Bring we here the gold and
in the green-clad val - ley, Low and peace - ful is their rest. Earth to them was full of
val - iant brave in - creas - es, And more dear each no - ble name. Bring the flow'rs the grave to

val - ley, Is - sued forth a no - ble throng, With he - ro - ic val - or fight - ing Till was
pur - ple, Scarlet, blue, and lil - y white, Tas - sels from the sil - ver birch - es And the
promise, Home and friends and life were dear, But when loud the war - cry ech - oed, Quick the
garland, Let the sweetest mu - sic rise, Let the stars and stripes be wav - ing, O'er their

heard the vic - tor's song. With he - ro - ic val - or fighting Till was heard the vic - tor's song.
tu - lips gay and bright. Tas - sels from the sil - ver birches And the tu - lips gay and bright.
an - swer, "We are here." But when loud the war - cry echoed, Quick the answer, "We are here."
gen'rous sac - ri - fice. Let the stars and stripes be waving O'er their gen'rous sac - ri - fice.

AUTUMN DREAMING.

F. WEILAND.
BAYARD TAYLOR.*Not too slow.*

1. Thro' the rus - tling woods I - wan - der, 'Mid the splen - dors of the year; From the
2. So I think when days are sweet - est, And the world is whol - ly fair, She may

yel - low up - lands call - ing, Seeking her who, seek - ing her who still is dear; She is
sometime steal up - on me Thro' the dimness, thro' the dimness of the air. With the

near me in the au - tumn, She, the beau - ti - ful, is near; For the
cross up - on her bo - som, And the am' - ranth in her hair. Once to

shores of earth and Heav - en Meet and min - gle, meet and mingle in the blue; She can
meet her, ah! to meet her, And to hold her, and to hold her gen - tly fast Till I

wan - der down the glo - ry To the pla - ces that she knew, Where the
blessed her, till she blessed me - That were hap - pi - ness at last; That were

hap - py lov - ers wan - dered In the days when, in the days when hope was true.
bliss be - yond our meet - ings In the au - tumns, in the au - tumns of the past!

TONES and semitones mark the ordinary intervals in music. Many Italian, Spanish and other singers in Southern Europe are, however, able to sing not only semitones but also *quarter* tones, thus producing greater brilliancy in execution. Ability to divide the semitone is not possessed by the Germans, the Russians, the Scotch, the English, the Irish, and other singers of Northern Europe. Their vocal organs will not produce these quarter intervals. To offset this, however, these northern singers have a power of expression that far surpasses the southerner, both

in depth and sweetness. The brilliant runs of the Italian operatic singer may electrify his audience; but it is the melody, whether sweet or sad, of the German, or Russian, or English folk-song, that reaches the heart and makes men better. The voice trembles with suppressed emotion; tears fill the eyes; the soul seems stirred to its depths; an impression is made and a glad memory left that never can be lost or forgotten. The folk-song is a branch of music *sui generis*—altogether different from ordinary operatic airs—and it has been too much neglected. The

THE BROOKSIDE.

JAMES HINE.
RICHARD MONCKTON MILNES.
(LORD HOUGHTON.)

1. I wan - der'd by the brookside, I wan - der'd by the mill;
 2. I sat beneath the elm tree, I watch'd the long, long shade, And
 3. He came not,—no, he came not,— The night came on a - lone,— The lit -
 4. Fast, si - lent tears were flow - ing, When some - thing stood be - hind; A

could not hear the brook flow, The noi - sy wheel was still; There
 as it grew still long - er, I did not feel a - fraid; For I
 the stars sat one by one, Each on his gold - en throne; The
 hand was on my shoul - der, I knew its touch was kind; It

was no burr of grasshop - per, No chirp of a - ny bird, But the
 lis - ten'd for a foot-fall, I lis - ten'd for a word, But the
 eve - ning air passed by my cheek, The leaves a - bove were stirred, But the
 drew me near - er— near - er— We did not speak one word, For the

beat - ing of my own heart Was all the sound I heard.
 4. beat - ing of our own hearts Was all the sound we heard.

people of Southern Europe have but few folk-songs, but the farther north you go the more of them you find and the sweeter they grow. Who composed them, for the most part, nobody knows; but they are mainly the outgrowth of the home sentiment fostered and strengthened by the associations of long winter evenings around the fireside. Nothing can exceed the sweetness of some of the Russian melodies, of which "To Alexis" and "Beautiful Minka" are fine examples. The cause of this marked difference in their music is to be found in the respective characters

of the people. The southerner lives largely out of doors during most of the year, and the sparkle and brilliancy by which he is characterized argue rather a surface life than one of deep feeling or profound convictions. The northerner, maintaining with nature his stern struggle for existence, finds in persistent effort, thoughtfulness, and steady self-repression, the only law of a successful life. This, through generations, has wrought in him a more profound soul experience, and when the fount of song breaks forth, the melody flows with a sweeter cadence from a deeper source.—*Carl Matz.*

PRESS ON, PRESS ON.

Scherzando.

SCOTCH AIR.

Fine.

{ Press on, press on, nor fear to fail, Press on - ward till the goal be won; }
 { As - cend the mountain, breast the gale, Press on - ward till thy work be done! }

1. Press on! what though up - on the ground Thy love hath been poured out like rain? True
 2. Oft 'mid the for - est's deep - est gloom A bird sings from some blight - ed tree; And
 3. Why shouldst thou faint? Heav'n smiles above, Though storm and storm-cloud in - ter - vene; That
 4. Press on! press on! and reach the goal, And gain the prize, and wear the crown; Faint

rall.

hap - pi - ness is ev - er found Full sweet - est when 'tis born of pain.
 in the des - ert drear may bloom A fade - less am - a - ranth for thee.
 sun shines on, whose name is Love, Se - rene - ly o'er life's shadowed scene.
 not! for to the stead - fast soul Come blessings vast, and fair re - nown.

D. C.

FRENCH CRADLE-SONG.

LULLABY.

Tranquil.

Hush, my ba - by, sleep; Soon my lit - tle child will slumber. Hush! don't e - ven peep,
 Do - do - l'en-fant dor - L'en-fant dor - mi - ra, ma mère; Do - do - l'enfant dor -

Fine.

But go right to sleep, my dear. Ho - ly Moth - er, let me pray, Rock my lit - tle
 L'en - fant dor - mi - ra tan - tot. La Vi - erge bé - nite, En - dor-me-moi

child to sleep, That he soon may crawl and creep, And may call, Pa - pa, — Ma - ma. *D. C.*
 cet en - fant, Jus - qu'à, quand il se - ra grand, Il di - ra, Pa - pa, — Mam - an.

THE ORGAN.—A grand organ is a work of art in a high sense, and represents, also, a long succession of ingenious triumphs over mechanical difficulties. When you listen to its smooth and rich combinations of tones, blending admirably into a massive surge of harmony, you should have a sense of the complicated apparatus, and the slowly-mounting triumphs of skill in its arrangement, by which the inspiring result is gained. The ordinary conception of an organ is compounded simply of a bellows, some pipes, and keys. Of the mysteries of its construction we are, most of us, as ignorant as we are of its history. If we could know how these numerous pipes are touched "to fine issues,"

—the skill with which the all-animating air, which they expire in melody, is supplied to them from the bellows, through the wind-trunks, into the air-chests, by the further aid of grooves, and sound-boards, and tables, and sliders, and then by what cunning economy of pressure and spring the proper amount of breath is driven through each tube that is to be wakened into song; if we could know how the three organs of which every grand instrument is composed—the pedal, the choir organ, and the swell—are wrought into unity, how, by couplings, they can be made to play together at a single touch, and how the manuals and pedals are prepared by dextrous machinery for perfect action;

THREE CHEERS FOR THE OLDEN TIME.

FANNY CROSBY.

1. Three cheers, three cheers, for the old - en time, And the brave that knew no fear, my boys;
2. They dared to look in the flash - ing eye Of the storm-king when he passed, my boys;

They stood e - rect as the gi - ant oak, And laughed when the storm was near, my boys.
A shout went up, and a peal of joy Rang out on the wint - ry blast, my boys.

Like them we'll boast of the land we love, And her proud flag streaming high, my boys, We'll
The grass is green where they calm-ly rest, Those vetrans true and brave, my boys, Their

sing a - loud from the bright green hills While the o - cean waves re - ply, my boys.
mem - 'ry shines like a ra - dian - t star O'er the land they died to save, my boys.

D. C. at Fine.

if we could learn by what repeated and nice experiments the best woods and metals had been discovered for the structure of pipes, and the finest combinations of the two kinds, and their proper length for different notes, and for the best tones, and how new stops had been invented to increase the compass and refine the voice of the instrument, and what delicacy of taste is required, and has been exhibited, in blending and balancing the songs of the different stops into a smooth chorus, kindred with the skill a master shows in harmonizing the colors of a picture to a proper tone; if we could, further, be made sensible of the patient talent that has been expended in contests with scores

of troubles which attend complicated machinery, and, beyond these, could be made aware of the difficulties that have been grappled, and the genius that has been put to use, in connection with the whole subject of temperament, tuning, and pitch of an organ, we should see that we get our noble instrument, as we get all the richest blessings of civilization, out of the benefactions of centuries; and look upon it as a sign and summary of the dreams of scores of artists, and the adroitness of countless artisans; and the first lesson its music would breathe into our souls would be a new rendering of the words of Jesus, "Other men labored, and ye have entered into their labors."—*Thos. Starr King.*

SWEETER THAN THE BREATH OF MORNING.

MEYERBEER.
From "HUGUENOTS."

Andantino.

1. Sweet-er than the breath of morn-ing, Fresh-wing'd from the balmy west, Or
 1. *No - bil don-na e tan-to o-ne - sta,* *Che far lie-to un re po - tria,*
 2. When a-round some joys de-cay-ing, Tint-ed by the clouds of years,

lil-y with the gold-en dawn-ing, Blush-ing o'er its snow-white breast;
Messagie-re qui m'in - vi - ta, *Ca - va - lier, per un di voi.*
 Let thysmile be o'er it play-ing, Grief will then for-get its tears.

Thy look is sun-shine, and ev-er seems Like fai-ry vis-ions we form in
Sen-sa no mor-lo, si rendo d'o-nor a chi fu de-gno di tanto a-
 Of all the mu-sic youth ev-er made Thy faint-est mur-mur far sweeter

dreams. Tho' time may steal the leaves from gladness, Hope's bright wings may clouded be, Oh!
mor. No-bil donna e tan-to o-ne - sta, *Che far lie-to un re po - tria,* *A*
 play'd. Oh! light as zephyrs wing'd with glad-ness, May thy path of sun-shine be! Oh!

life should leave all free from sad-ness,— Days all bright and fair for
me cre-de-te, Mai niun si - gnor. *A tanta gloria fu e-let-to an-*
 life should leave all free from sad-ness,— Days all bright and fair for

thee, all bright for thee, all bright for thee.
cor, a tan-ta glo-ria, *e-let-to an-cor.*
 thee, all fair for thee, all fair for thee.

CAN music be disregarded when the programme of school duties is to be arranged? It should be held as equally essential with reading and penmanship, and the day is coming when the local school authorities—wiser than many who are at present entrusted with these interests—will inquire of the teacher who seeks employment, "Can you sing?" "Can you play on any instrument?" "Can you give instruction in vocal music?" These have long been questions familiar to applicants for positions in the public schools of Germany; and happy will be that era when they have grown equally familiar to the teach-

ers of America. Horace Mann, an authority in educational matters, once wrote, "If I were the father of a family, all the members of it should learn music. Almost all children have naturally good ears, and can catch tunes easily; and, strange to say, they are able to master the mysteries of tune much better at an early age than they do later." The refining influence of music in the schoolroom and in the family circle none knew better than himself. Dr. Brooks says wisely: "A school song in the heart of a child will do as much for its character as a fact in its memory or a principle in its intellect." All leading educators

HEARTS OF OAK.

FABIO CAMPANA.

1. Bold be your stroke, Swift as the light, Brave Hearts of Oak, On for the Right!
 2. Loy-al and brave, True as the sun—Heights that can save Yet to be won.

Life is a field—Sol-diers are we; Ne'er let us yield! Dare to be free,
 Conscience on guard, Hope in the rear; Faith as our ward, God ev-er near.

a tempo.

Free from the chains I-dle-ness weaves; Free from the pains Cow-ard-ice leaves;
 On, 'neath our flag, Fighting the wrong! Hill-top and crag Ech-o our song:

From foes that kill All we most prize, Free from fierce will, Ha-tred and lies.
 "Bold be your stroke, Swift as the light, Brave Hearts of Oak, On for the Right!"

agree as to the importance of this kind of instruction, and the universal love of music, manifested especially by children, is the strongest evidence that their position here is not to be shaken. The wide world over, wherever human beings have hearts that pulsate quicker to the sentiment of love or sympathy, or at thoughts of home or heaven, there the outgushing tenderness reveals itself in song. Travellers tell us that in the mountains of the Tyrol, it is the beautiful custom of the women and children to come out, when it is bed-time, and sing their national songs until they hear their husbands, fathers and brothers answer

them from the hills on their return home. On the shores of the Adriatic, also, such a custom prevails. There the wives of the fishermen come down about sunset and sing a melody. After the first stanza, they listen awhile for the answering strain from off the water, and continue to sing and listen till the well-known voices come borne upon the tide. How sweet to the weary fisherman, as the shadows gather round him, must be the song of these loved ones to cheer him on his way, and how they strengthen—as does music everywhere—the ties of affection that bind together these humble dwellers by the sea.

POOR THO' MY COT MAY BE.

G. DONIZETTI.

1. Poor tho' my cot may be, Time pass-es gai-ly; Health, joy, and lib-er-ty Still have been
2. Join then the mountaineer, Leave care and sor-row; Peace and contentment here Kind hearts may

mine; Would you live mer-ri-ly, Fly from the val-ley; Roam-ing the mountain free,
know; Pride must no pal-ace rear, Lest with the mor-row, En-vy be lurk-ing near,

Who can re-pine? Sweet is our song when the day-beam is break-ing, "Speed to the
Pa-rent of woe. Rich-es we need not, we're hap-py with-out them: What could the

mountain top, Hunter, speed on!" "Speed to the mountain top, Hunter, speed on!" Joy-ous the
wealth of the world give us more? What could the wealth of the world give us more? Care, too, so

welcomes at night-fall a-wak-ing, "Homeward, come homeward, our sports are be-gun."
oft-en will hov-er a-bout them, Bet-ter by far then be hap-py, though poor.

Tra, la, la, la, tra, la, la, tra, la, tra, la, la, la, la, la, la, la.

CHILDREN'S voices are often abused in the schools. Teachers who do not understand the voice—both in public schools and Sunday schools—like to have enthusiastic singing. There is credit to the teacher; it is a live class or school. The scholars are urged to more effort; loud, hearty singing is what is wanted, and striven for. Power is the first requisite in the public estimation; to secure it, a cornet is brought into many a Sunday school. Give us a good, rousing blast! Singers, to compete with it, must sing louder. The sensitive, quick, and willing ones respond as best they can, strong and hearty. "That's good!"

says the teacher, "sing out!" Loud, coarse, vulgar shouting is understood to be music, and passes for the correct thing among many of the most estimable people. Now it is this coarse shouting that is fatal both to good music and to the vocal organs. More mischief is done in this way than most people can estimate. It is among the best and willing children that harm is done. They are urged to sing out, and the very effort put forth prevents the children from reaching the higher tones of the songs. They sing out of tune, of necessity. The children straining to do what is required of them, the lower register of the

EVER BE HAPPY.

Allegro.

M. W. BALFE.
From "ENCHANTRESS."

1. Ev - er be hap - py and light as thou art, Pride of the loy - al heart;
2. Ev - er thy brow, all un - cloud - ed with care, Beam as the sun - light fair,
3. We can but bless thee, tho' sun - dered a - far, Bless thee, a dis - tant star,

Ev - er be hap - py and light as thou art, Pride of the faith - ful heart. Long be thy reign,
Ev - er thy brow, all un - cloud - ed with care, Beam as the sun - light fair. Long be thy reign,
We can but bless thee, tho' sun - dered a - far, Bless thee, a dis - tant star. Long be thy reign,

O'er land and main, By the glaive, by the chart, Pride of the loy - al heart, Oh!

Ev - er be hap - py and light as thou art, Pride of the faith - ful heart.

voice is forced up beyond its natural limits. All voices can be forced; some never recover the harm done them in school singing. The singing of children is mostly in unison—singing the melody—and those having low voices, in order to reach the higher tones by singing loudly, force their voices more than others, and are subject to more damage. It is like straining a violin A string to do duty as an E string, which makes it useless after as an A. Tenors among men strain their voices to make the higher tones loud and strong; in a few years the precious thing is gone. Demand soft singing, with energy. Be enthusiastic,

and draw all into the exercise by every means possible. Choose songs that are written within natural and easy compass. Teach the children to sing parts natural to them. Be anxious to have the songs sung correctly, rather than to make a great noise. A teacher of energy and enthusiasm does not need to urge his pupils to sing loud. Boys should always be kept down; girls probably will sometimes need encouragement. Besides high notes can only be attained by soft singing. Sing, and be healthy. Sing, and have strong lungs that can resist disease. Sing, but also take care of the precious instrument of song.

MAKE ME NO GAUDY CHAPLET.

DOMENETTI.
From "LUCREZIA BORGIA."

p

1. Make me no gau-dy chap-let; Weave it of simple flow-ers; Seek them in lowly val-leys,
2. Gath-er the dew-wet blossoms, Kissed by the breeze of morning, Cor-o-nal fair but fad-ing,

pp

Af-ter the gentle show-ers. Bring me no dark red ro-ses, Gay in the sunshine glow-ing;
Meet for a queen's adorn-ing. Bring me no dark red ro-ses, Gay in the sunshine glow-ing;

f *p* *mf*

Bring me the pale moss rose-bud, Beneath the fresh leaves blowing; Bring not the proud-eyed blossom.

crs.

Darling of Eastern daughters; Bring me the snowy li-ly, Floating on si-lent wa-ters;

pp *f*

Gems of the low-ly val-leys, Buds which the leaves are shading, Li-lies of peaceful wa-ters,

p *f* *p*

Emblems be mine un-fad-ing, Li-lies of peaceful wa-ters, Emblems be mine un-fad-ing.

As to the singer's diet: avoid what is indigestible. Live well, and take plenty of varied nourishment. The system must be well nourished. Chocolate and coffee are better than tea; the latter is too astringent, and affects the nerves too much, if taken in abundance. Sugar, in moderation, with those beverages, and they should never be taken very hot. Bread is better than toast, but avoid hot or very new bread. Eggs and butter are good. Meat should be plainly cooked, yet not too well done. Pork tries the digestion too severely to be desirable food for a singer, and the same may be said of veal. Fish is good for the singer, and he should, if possible, let it form a part of his daily diet. Creams and pastry are simply poison, and cheese should only be taken in great moderation. Fruit is an excellent thing if judiciously used. But here, again, hard and fast rules are impossible, because constitu-

tions vary. Only remember the old proverb, "We must eat to live, and not live to eat." Never practice or sing upon an empty stomach, or soon after a meal; either of these habits will unfairly tax your digestive organs, and in so doing damage your voice. After a meal, all of the energy of the body is required for the stomach; in a healthy person the extremities will generally be cold after a full meal, and the reason is that the digestive organs are using all the heat and blood that the body can give for their special work. Nature thus points to a rest of every other organ at that time, and you must not fight against Nature by attempting any such severe physical strain as the practice of the voice demands. All acids and astringents are bad for a healthy throat and stomach. Vinegar, highly-flavored sauces, almonds and raisins, nuts of every kind may safely be avoided. Some of these are

THE PILOT.

Moderato.

T. H. BAYLY.
SIDNEY NELSON.

1. "Oh, pi - lot, 'tis a fear - ful night, There's danger on the deep; I'll come and pace the
2. "Ah, pi - lot, dan - gers oft - en met, We all are apt to slight; And thou hast known these
3. "On such a night the sea engulf'd My fa - ther's life - less form; My on - ly brother's

deck with thee; I do not dare to sleep." "Go down," the sail - or cried, "go down, This
rag - ing waves But to sub - due their might." "It is not ap - a - thy," he cried, "That
boat went down In just so wild a storm; And such, per - haps, may be my fate; But

is no place for thee; Fear not, but trust in Providence, Wher - ev - er thou may'st be."
gives this strength to me; Fear not, but trust in Providence, Wher - ev - er thou may'st be."
still I say to thee; Fear not, but trust in Providence, Wher - ev - er thou may'st be."

useful as remedies in relaxed throat, or congestion of the throat, no doubt; but I am speaking simply of what is desirable for a person in a state of health. In cases of cold, hoarseness, or indisposition of any kind, my prescription is, "Don't doctor yourself too much, but, as Abernethy said, 'Take advice.'" Be very careful and abstemious in the use of spirits. Fluids are apt to produce congestion or mucus in the throat and glands of the mouth, and that interferes with the free action of the muscles in singing.—*Advice to Singers.*

MANY writers have told of how, in the camp, on the battle-field, and in the battle-fleet,—in hospitals, in transports, and in sacred services,—during our late war, they have seen and felt the mighty influence of music in inspiring patriotism, rousing enthusiasm, and sustaining the spirit amid weariness and agony. A lady employed by one of the Commissions gives an

incident of her experience as follows: "In our evening songs we were joined by the soldiers, who quickly gathered among us. As the shades of twilight deepened, and nothing but dim outlines could be seen, the sob of many a manly breast was heard in the pauses of hymns, made familiar by the day school, the Sabbath-school, the family altar, and the sanctuary. One evening after a pause, we started the air, 'Home, sweet home.' All joined in, except the soldiers. They sat in silence, and a long, deep inspiration at the close explained the reason. One braver to speak than the rest, said, 'Ladies, the boys never sing that song. It unfits them for duty, and makes them homesick.' As we all know, Napoleon I., on that principle, forbade the Swiss evening song, 'Ranz des Vaches,' to be sung or played in the army. It paralyzed the arms and crushed the spirit of his Swiss soldiers."

WHEN LITTLE SAMUEL WOKE.

LEWIS EDSON. "LEWOK."

1. When lit - tle Samuel woke, And heard his Maker's voice, At ev' - ry word He
 2. If God would speak to me, And say He was my friend, How hap - py I should
 3. And does He nev - er speak? O yes; for in His word He bids me come and

spoke, How much did he re - joice! O bless - ed, hap - py child, to find The
 be! O how would I at - tend! The smallest sin I then should fear If
 seek The God whom Samuel heard: In al - most ev' - ry page I see The

God of Heav'n so near and kind. The God of Heav'n so near and kind.
 God Al - might - y were so near. If God Al - might - y were so near.
 God of Samuel calls to me. The God of Samuel calls to me.

4. And I beneath His care,
 May safely rest my head;
 I know that God is there
 To guard my humble bed,
 And every sin I well may fear,
 Since God Almighty is so near.

5. Like Samuel, let me say,
 Whene'er I read His word,
 "Speak, Lord; I would obey
 The voice that I have heard.
 And when I in Thy house appear,
 Speak, for Thy servant waits to hear."

JESUS, TENDER SHEPHERD.

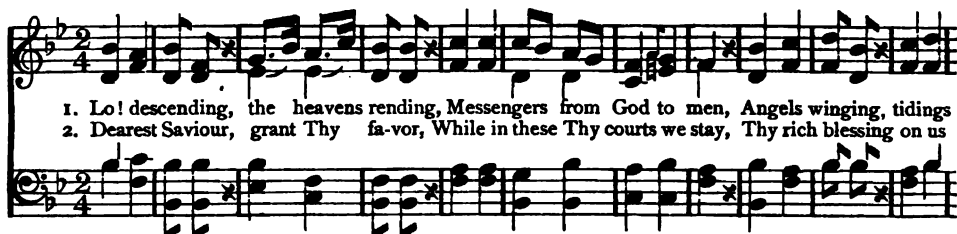
J. B. DYKES.

1. Je - sus, ten - der Shep - herd, hear me, Bless Thy lit - tle lamb to - night:
 2. All this day Thy hand hath led me, And I thank Thee for Thy care;
 3. Let my sins be all for - giv - en, Bless the friends I love so well;

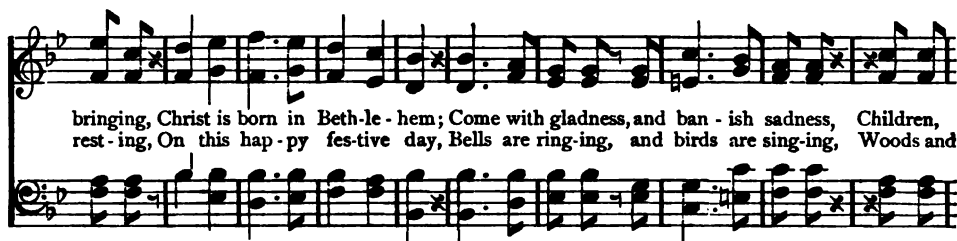
Thro' the dark - ness be Thou near me, Keep me safe till morn - ing light.
 Thou hast warmed me, clothed and fed me, Lis - ten to my eve - ning prayer.
 Take us all at last to Heav - en, Hap - py there with Thee to dwell.

CHRIST IS BORN IN BETHLEHEM.

CHRISTMAS ANTHEM.



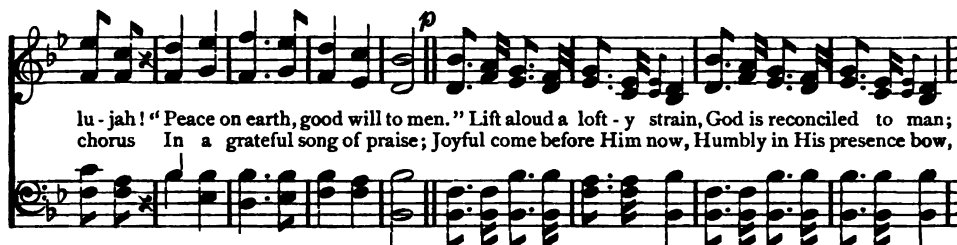
1. Lo! descending, the heavens rending, Messengers from God to men, Angels winging, tidings
2. Dearest Saviour, grant Thy fa-vor, While in these Thy courts we stay, Thy rich blessing on us



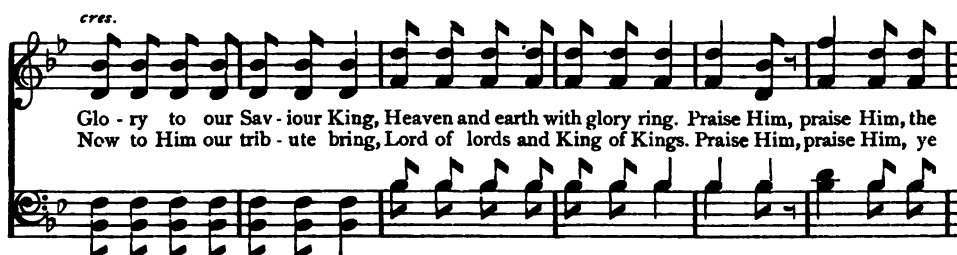
bringing, Christ is born in Beth-le-hem; Come with gladness, and ban-ish sadness, Children, rest-ing, On this hap-py fes-tive day, Bells are ring-ing, and birds are sing-ing, Woods and



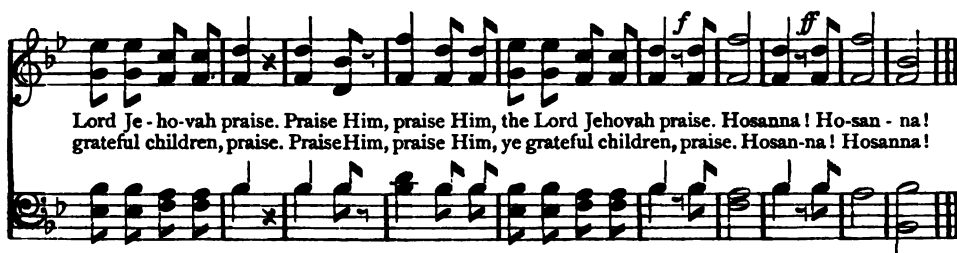
sweet-ly tune your voices, Sing a-loud while Heaven rejoices; Hal-le-lu-jah! Hal-le-
fields their trib-ute bringing, Back the hills the ech-o flinging; Let our voi-ces, swell the



lu-jah! "Peace on earth, good will to men." Lift aloud a loft-y strain, God is reconciled to man;
chorus In a grateful song of praise; Joyful come before Him now, Humbly in His presence bow,

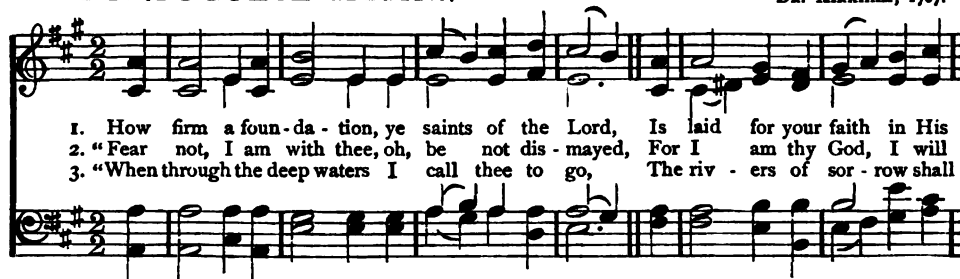


Glo-ry to our Sav-iour King, Heaven and earth with glory ring. Praise Him, praise Him, the
Now to Him our trib-ute bring, Lord of lords and King of Kings. Praise Him, praise Him, ye

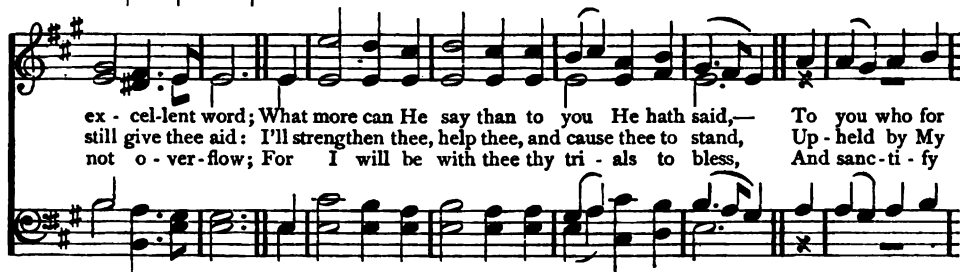


Lord Je-ho-vah praise. Praise Him, praise Him, the Lord Jehovah praise. Hosanna! Ho-san-na!
grateful children, praise. Praise Him, praise Him, ye grateful children, praise. Hosan-na! Hosanna!

PORTUGUESE HYMN.

J. READING.
DR. KIRKHAM, 1767.


1. How firm a foun-da-tion, ye saints of the Lord, Is laid for your faith in His
2. "Fear not, I am with thee, oh, be not dis-mayed, For I am thy God, I will
3. "When through the deep waters I call thee to go, The riv-ers of sor-row shall



ex-cel-lent word; What more can He say than to you He hath said,— To you who for
still give thee aid: I'll strengthen thee, help thee, and cause thee to stand, Up-held by My
not o-ver-flow; For I will be with thee thy tri-als to bless, And sanc-ti-fy

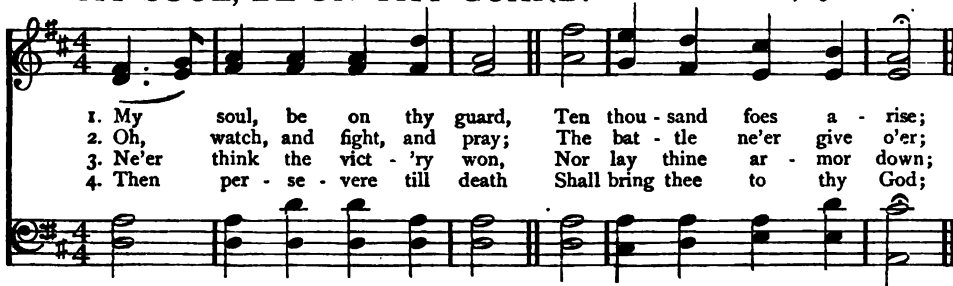


ref-uge to Je-sus have fled? To you who for ref-uge to Je-sus have fled?
righteous, om-nip-o-tent hand. Up-held by My righteous, om-nip-o-tent hand.
to thee thy deep-est dis-tress, And sanc-ti-fy to thee thy deep-est dis-tress.

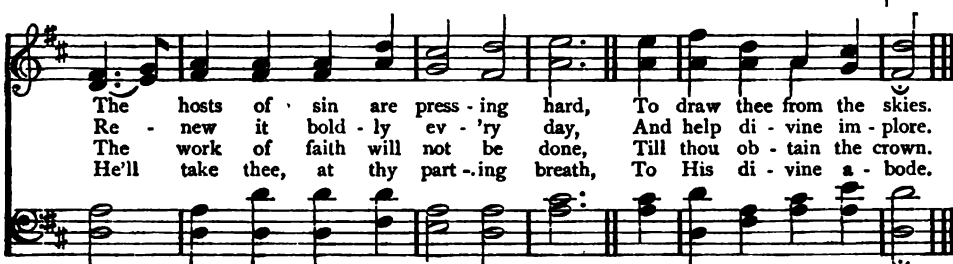
"When through fiery trials thy pathway shall lie,
My grace, all-sufficient, shall be thy supply,
The flame shall not hurt thee, I only design
Thy dross to consume, and thy gold to refine.

"The soul that on Jesus hath leaned for repose,
I will not—I will not desert to His foes;
That soul, though all hell should endeavor to shake,
I'll never—no never—no never forsake!"

MY SOUL, BE ON THY GUARD.

GEORGE HEATH, 1781.
LOWELL MASON, 1830. "LABAN,"


1. My soul, be on thy guard, Ten thou-sand foes a-rise;
2. Oh, watch, and fight, and pray; The bat-tle ne'er give o'er;
3. Ne'er think the vict-'ry won, Nor lay thine ar-mor down;
4. Then per-severe till death Shall bring thee to thy God;



The hosts of sin are press-ing hard, To draw thee from the skies.
Re-new it bold-ly ev-'ry day, And help di-vine im-plore.
The work of faith will not be done, Till thou ob-tain the crown.
He'll take thee, at thy part-ing breath, To His di-vine a-bode.

AND the little girl would not play with her dolls for a whole week and never forgot poor little Tom. And soon my lady put a pretty little tombstone over Tom's shell in the little churchyard in Vendale, where the old dalesmen all sleep side by side between the limestone crags. And the dame decked it with garlands every Sunday, till she grew so old that she could not stir abroad; then the little children decked it for her. And always she sung an old, old song, as she sat spinning what she called her wedding-dress. The children could not understand it, but they liked it none the less for that; for it was very sweet, and very sad; and that was enough for them. And the song

began, "When all the world is young, lad." But the words were only the body of it; the soul of the song was the dear old woman's sweet face, and sweet voice, and the sweet old air to which she sang; and that, alas! one cannot put on paper. And at last she grew so stiff and lame, that the angels were forced to carry her; and they helped her on with her wedding-dress, and carried her up over Harthover Fells, and a long way beyond that too; and there was a new schoolmistress in Vendale.—*Chas. Kingsley's "Water Babies."*

THE words of "Would I were a Boy again!" were written by Mark Lemon, founder and editor of *London Punch*. The music was by Frank Romer, also

WHEN ALL THE WORLD IS YOUNG.

CHARLES KINGSLEY.
MRS. CHAS. BARNARD.

Allegretto.

1. When all the world is young, lad, And all the trees are green, And ev - 'ry goose a
2. When all the world is old, lad, And all the trees are brown, And all the sport is

mf

swan, lad, And ev - 'ry lass a queen; Then hey for boot and sad - dle, lad! And
stale, lad, And all the wheels run down; Creep home, and take your place there, The

round the world a - way; Young blood must have its course, lad, And ev - 'ry dog his day. Young
spent and maimed a - mong; God grant you find one face there You loved when all was young. God

1st verse. 2d verse.

blood must have its course lad, And ev - 'ry dog his day. rit.
grant you find one face there You loved when all was young.

Sing 2d verse more slowly and tenderly.

an Englishman, who wrote it for a noted Italian opera singer. It became very popular, having been sung by one minstrel troupe every night for three years. "Jeannette and Jeannot" is the production of two Englishmen. Charles Jefferys, who wrote the words, was born in 1807 and died in 1865. Charles W. Glover, who set the words to music, was a brother of Stephen Glover. He was known in connection with much excellent musical work, writing the words of a few, and the airs of very many songs. The author of "The Brookside" was Richard Monckton Milnes, (Lord Houghton) the English poet, politician, and

prose-writer. The words of "Trancadillo" were written by Mrs. Caroline Gilman, who was born in Boston in 1794. In 1819, she married Rev. Samuel Gilman and removed to Charleston, South Carolina. Of her song she says: "The words were composed for a private boat party at Sullivan's Island, but the author will be glad to know that the distant echoes of other waters awake to the spirited melody. A portion of the original chorus has been retained, which, though like some of the Shakesperian refrains, seemingly without meaning, lends animation to the whole." The air was composed by F. H. Brown, of New York.

THE DISTANT DRUM.

C. Marx Arr.

mf

1. Hark to the sound of the distant drum, Rap tap a ta, rap tap a ta, Beating in time with the pleasant hum
2. Hark to the sound of the distant drum, Rap tap a ta, rap tap a ta, Beating in time with the pleasant hum

Fine mf

That so sweetly fills the air. Come, let us join some melo - dy, Its measured beat to mingle sweet; A -
That so sweetly fills the air. And when these sounds have from us gone, In pleasant cheer t'wards home [we'll steer, And

mf f

non we'll dance right merrily, And keep time with the drum and song. Hark to the sound of the distant drum,
in our dreams repeat the dance, So gaily joined with drum and song. Hark to the sound of the distant drum,

f

Rap tap a ta, rap tap a ta, Beating in time with the pleasant hum That so sweetly fills the air.

ff

Hark! the trumpet's shrilly note, As its tones toward us float, Tra la la la, Tra la la la, Tra

ff pp (Echo) D.C.

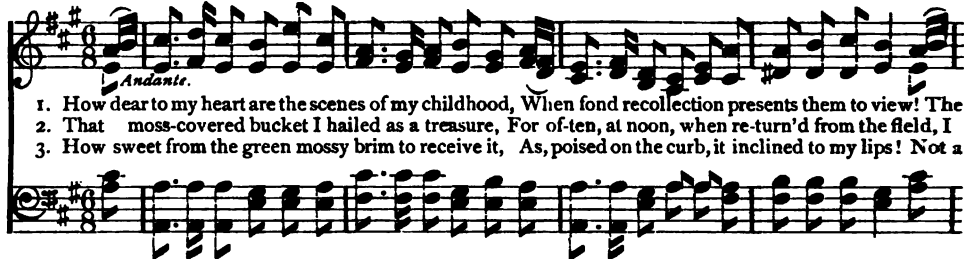
la la la, Tra la la la la, Tra la la la, Tra la la la, Tra la la la la la la la.

SOMETIMES the first principles of music are unknown. Berlioz, the French composer, tells of a lady, who, buying a piece of music, was asked whether the fact of its being "in four flats" would be any obstacle to her playing it. She replied that it made no difference how many flats were marked, as beyond two she scratched them out with a penknife. He also

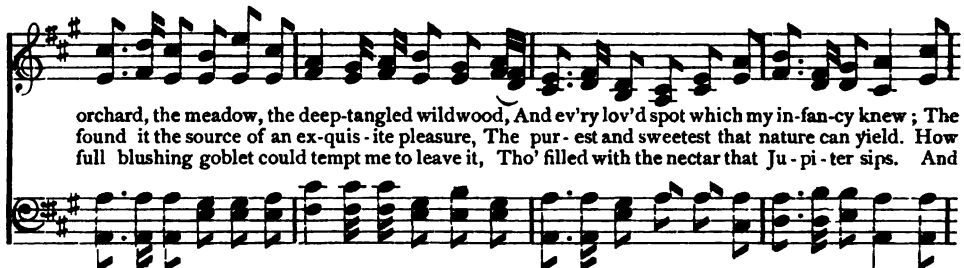
tells of a dancer, who, rehearsing with the orchestra, and finding that something went wrong, thought the fault must be with the musicians, "What key are you playing in?" she inquired. "E," replied the conductor. "I thought so," continued the dancer; "you must transpose the music, as I can dance it only in D." Some blunders are funny enough to be "delightful!"

THE OLD OAKEN BUCKET.

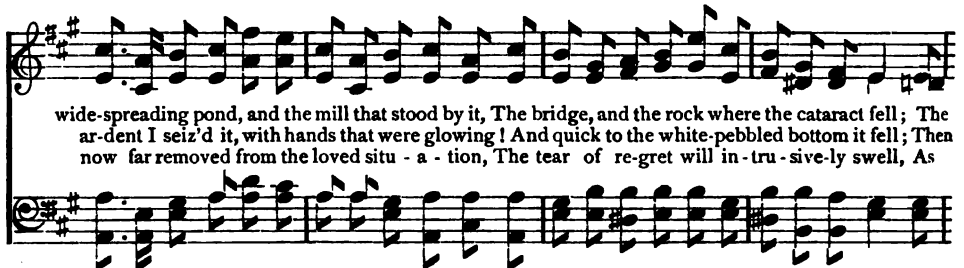
SAMUEL WOODWORTH.
"Jessie, the Flower o' Dumblane."



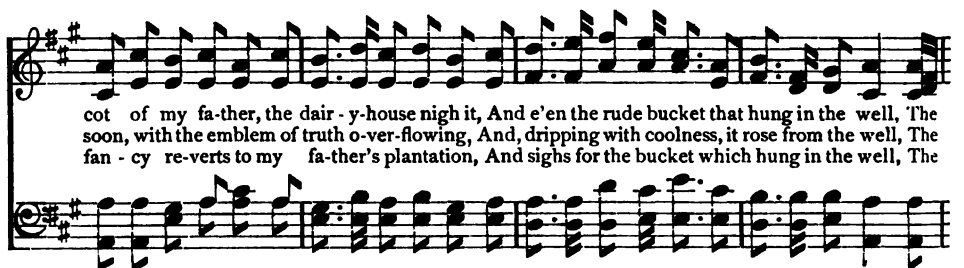
1. How dear to my heart are the scenes of my childhood, When fond recollection presents them to view! The
2. That moss-covered bucket I hailed as a treasure, For of-ten, at noon, when re-turn'd from the field, I
3. How sweet from the green mossy brim to receive it, As, poised on the curb, it inclined to my lips! Not a



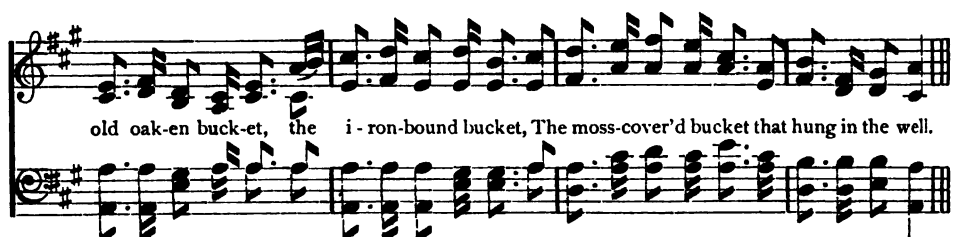
orchard, the meadow, the deep-tangled wildwood, And ev'ry lov'd spot which my in-fan-cy knew; The
found it the source of an ex-quis-ite pleasure, The pur-est and sweetest that nature can yield. How
full blushing goblet could tempt me to leave it, Tho' filled with the nectar that Ju-pi-ter sips. And



wide-spreading pond, and the mill that stood by it, The bridge, and the rock where the cataract fell; The
ar-dent I seiz'd it, with hands that were glowing! And quick to the white-pebbled bottom it fell; Then
now far removed from the loved situ-a-tion, The tear of re-gret will in-tru-sive-ly swell, As



cot of my fa-ther, the dair-y-house nigh it, And e'en the rude bucket that hung in the well, The
soon, with the emblem of truth o-ver-flowing, And, dripping with coolness, it rose from the well, The
fan-cy re-verts to my fa-ther's plantation, And sighs for the bucket which hung in the well, The

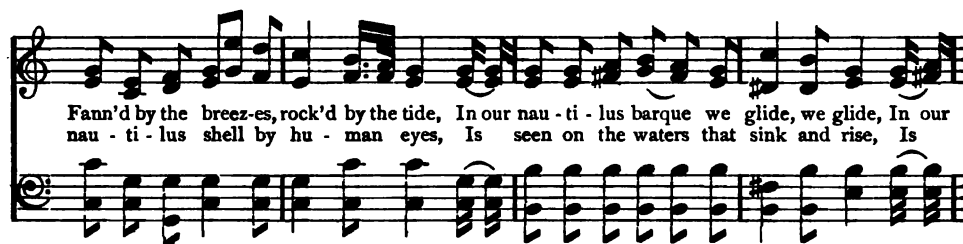


old oak-en buck-et, the i-ron-bound bucket, The moss-cover'd bucket that hung in the well.


OVER THE WAVES WE FLOAT.

S. GLOVER.
J. E. CARPENTER.

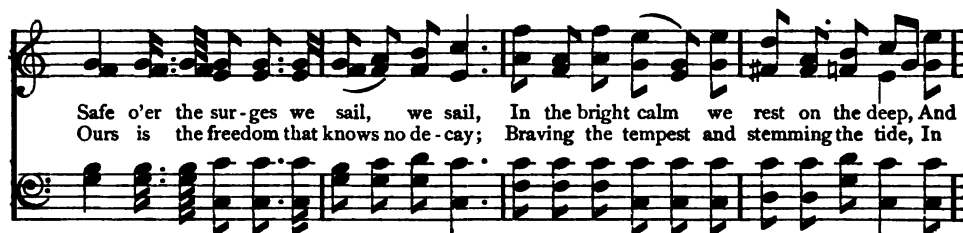

1. O - ver the waves we float, we float, Fai - ries two in our fai - ry boat;
2. Cast by the winds from shore to shore, A moment ye view us, and then no more; The



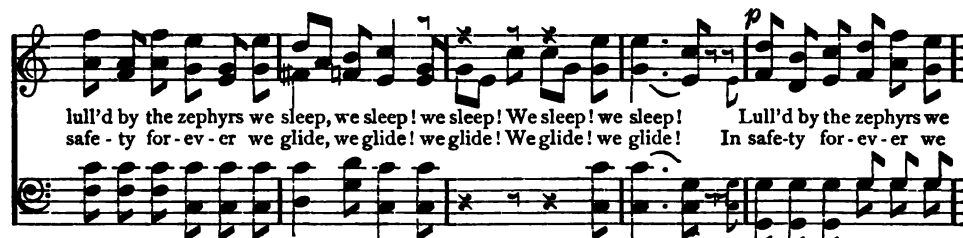
Fann'd by the breez-es, rock'd by the tide, In our nau - ti - lus barque we glide, we glide, In our nau - ti - lus shell by hu - man eyes, Is seen on the waters that sink and rise, Is



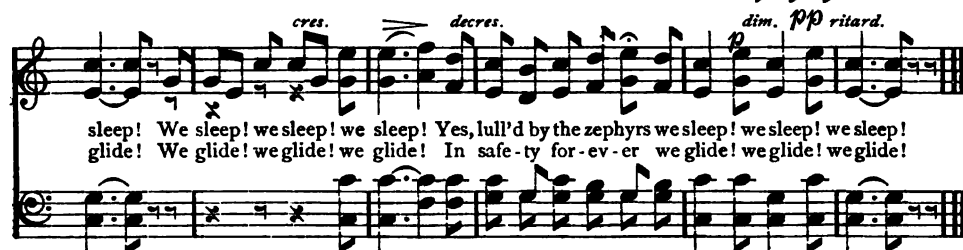
nau - ti - lus barque we glide, we glide. When the strong cord-age snaps in the gale, seen on the wa - ters that sink and rise. O - ver the bil-lows a-way, and a - way,



Safe o'er the sur-ges we sail, we sail, In the bright calm we rest on the deep, And Ours is the freedom that knows no de-cay; Braving the tempest and stemming the tide, In



lull'd by the zephyrs we sleep, we sleep! we sleep! We sleep! we sleep! Lull'd by the zephyrs we safe - ty for - ev - er we glide, we glide! we glide! We glide! we glide! In safe - ty for - ev - er we



sleep! We sleep! we sleep! we sleep! Yes, lull'd by the zephyrs we sleep! we sleep! we sleep! glide! We glide! we glide! we glide! In safe - ty for - ev - er we glide! we glide! we glide!

LET us turn from the niceties of artistic expression through the organ, to the general quality of the instrument itself. Its merits are not to be spoken of without allusion to its defects. There is scarcely any instrument that, in some narrow line, is not its superior. In fineness and delicacy of tone, and the capacity of expressing the most tender and subtle feeling, there is no portion of it which is comparable with the violin; nor can any of its pipes breathe a melody so sweet as a perfect flute exhales. Its distinction, of course, lies in the complication of the voices that lie at the command of its keys, and the vast range of its tones, from the thunder of the pedal to the piercing soprano of its pipes. It is a whole band put at the service of a single will, while all the instruments, intoned by the common air, have a quality fundamentally kindred, so that they can

be always kept in tune and time. And then its power of sustaining tones, and of swelling them as they are prolonged, distinguishes it as greatly from all other instruments, in the possibility of producing grand effects, as it is inferior to many others in its capacity for uttering refined and thrilling melody. For majesty it is the imperial instrument. The viol, the flute, the trumpet, the bugle, each is an instrument of music, but this is emphatically the organ. Let a man listen to one built up to the full resources of modern art, as it should pour out a chorus or anthem of Handel, a fugue of Bach, or the close of the Ninth Symphony of Beethoven, and how applicable, while his soul was heaving with the undulations thus inspired, would the language seem of the instrument, which was used of Beethoven:—"What a vast, majestic structure thou hast builded out of sound,

PEACEFUL SLUMBERING ON THE OCEAN.

Moderato. STORAGE.

mp

1. Peace-ful slum - b'ring on the o - cean, Sea - men fear no dan - ger nigh; The
2. Is the wind tem - pes - tuous blow - ing? Still no dan - ger they des - cry; The
3. He who when the waves are roll - ing, Sets his trust in God on high; A -

wind and waves, in gen - tle mo - tion, Soothe them with their lul - la - by.
 guile - less heart, its boon be - stow - ing, Soothes them with its lul - la - by.
 midst the tem - pest's fier - est howl - ing, Still en - joys a lul - la - by.

Lul - la - by, lul - la - by, lul - la - by, lul - la - by, Soothe them with their lul - la - by.
 Lul - la - by, lul - la - by, lul - la - by, lul - la - by, Soothes them with its lul - la - by.
 Lul - la - by, lul - la - by, lul - la - by, lul - la - by, Still en - joys a lul - la - by.

with its high peak piercing heaven with its base deep under ground! Vague as air, yet firm and real to the spiritual eye, seamed with fire its cloudy bastions far away uplifted lie, like those solemn shapes of thunder we behold at close of day, piled upon the far horizon where the jagged lightnings play. Awful voices, as from Hades, thrill us, growling from its heart; sudden splendors blazed from out it, cleaving its black walls apart; white-winged birds dart forth and vanish, singing as they pass from sight, till at last it lifts, and 'neath it shows a field of amber light, where some single star is shining, throbbing like a new-born thing, and the earth all drenched in splendor, lets its happy voices sing.' This majesty, thus native to the tone and movement of the organ, makes it pre-eminently the instrument for religious expression. . . . Many of the old or-

gans intended for churches of the continent were grotesquely ornamented with figures of angels bearing trumpets in their hands, sometimes with kettle-drums that were beaten by the moveable arms of angels, and now and then might be seen on one a gigantic angel hovering over the other forms, beating time with a baton. There are records, too, of organs on which the figure of King David, larger than life, was prominent, playing the harp. Doubtless the cause of this repulsive tawdriness was the undisciplined feeling that the organ is, by eminence, the ally of the church, and the appropriate voice of the most profound and the most soaring sentiments inspired by religion. Especially was there fitness in placing the rude effigy of David, the sweet singer, upon the casing of the instrument. —Starr King.

Music, the child of prayer, companion of religion.

LURLALINE.

OLD IRISH AIR.

Lively.

1. There was a lit - tle wa - ter - sprite, her name was Lur - la - line; A - mid the wa - ter
 2. It happened in the month of June, the hap - py sum - mer time, She always sang a
 3. And now if you want more to know what Am - o - dine saw there, You first must love all

lil - ies white sometimes she might be seen. She was a fai - ry child, Lurline, could sit secure and
 lovelier tune and wove a lovelier rhyme, And you too, like to Lur - la - line, a lovelier song would
 things below, in water, earth, and air; You first must love all things that move among the trees and

cool, Up - on those li - ly leaves so green you see in some lone pool, There
 sing, If on - ly you knew what they mean, the flowers and ev - 'ry thing, If
 flowers, And then you shall have more to love in shi - ning fai - ry bowers. And

would she sit the summer day, sing - ing a song so bright; You nev - er heard the
 you were like a wa - ter - sprite—the wa - ter sprites know well The wondrous things of
 now if you want more to know what Am - o - dine saw there, You first must love all

song, you say, and don't be - lieve it quite! But that per - haps is just because when
 day and night, and all they have to tell; They know and love the creatures wild, and
 things be - low in wa - ter, earth, and air; You first must love all things that move a -

you quite near her stood, You did not no - tice where she was, or lis - ten as you should.
 all the flowers that grow; They live with them and love them well, God's hidden pets they know.
 mong the trees and flowers, And then you shall have more to love in shi - ning fai - ry bowers.

MENDELSSOHN delighted in the open air and beautiful scenery. When he was twenty, he staid some time at Chester, in England. He loved afterward to tell of the charm which the meadow and brook, the trees and grass, had for him there. He spent much time sketching and painting; but his head was full of music, and everything suggested a musical idea to him. He was very fond of carnations, and he set a bunch of them to music in the album of a daughter of his host, with a drawing of the flowers over the

notes; not forgetting to set some delicate arpeggios in the music for the scent of the flowers. On seeing the younger sister with some bell-shaped flowers in her hair, he said that the fairies might dance on the trumpets, and he set them to a capriccio. He never tired of merry-making, and one afternoon towards dusk, he, with a number of young people, was one of a happy young company that was picnicking in a thicket. Some one gaily proposed a fire; and all began to drag the boughs and twigs into place,

THE WORLD IS FULL OF BEAUTY.

G. DOMIZETTI.

1. There is beau - ty in the for - est, Where the trees are green and fair,
 2. There is beau - ty in the foun - tain, Toss - ing gai - ly in its play,
 3. There is beau - ty in the moon - light When it falls up - on the sea,
 4. There is beau - ty in the bright - ness Beam - ing from a lov - ing eye,

There is beau - ty in the mead - ow Where wild flowers scent the air;
 While the rain - bow hues are glit - t'ring On its sil - v'ry - shin - ing spray.
 While the blue foam - crest - ed bil - lows Dance and frolic joyous - ly;
 In the warm blush of af - fec - tion, In the tear of sym - pa - thy!

There is beau - ty in the sun - light, And the soft blue beams a - bove.
 There is beau - ty in the stream - let, Murr'ring soft - ly through the grove.
 There is beau - ty in the light'n'g gleam That fit - ful shines a - bove.
 In the sweet low voice whose ac - cents The spir - it's glad - ness prove.

Oh! the world is full of beau - ty, When the heart is full, the heart is full of love.

so that they soon had a fine bonfire. While still lingering around it, Mendelssohn began to ask for some music, but nothing could be found save a worn-out fiddle of the gardener's. Mendelssohn, all undismayed, began to play, shouting with laughter at his performance; but soon there was a hush in the chat and sport, and the whole party sat spell-bound at the music which he drew from even that despised fiddle. He would sit for hours improvising dance-tunes, and liked nothing better than to entertain his friends with

his music. He always looked back on this visit to Chester as one of the brightest spots in a bright life.

IMMORTALITY! This master thought which should be most in our minds, ever present with us, is one to which millions seem never to give a passing moment of serious reflection. They are as their dogs and their horses. Of all human beings, the clergy not excepted, those in the educational work should ponder most this sublime truth, and make it familiar as their native air to the youth who are passing through the schools.

HE NEVER SAID HE LOVED.

G. A. HODSON.

Andante.

1. He oft hath said that I was fair As lil - y or as rose; He culled for me in
 2. He seemed to feel, when at my feet, The rapture of de - light; His eyes were lit with
 3. He left his home for sunny climes; Full ma - ny years had past, The hopes that fed my

summer time, The sweetest flower that blows; He twined with care the virgin wreath, And smiled if I ap-
 joyousness, When mine were glad and bright; He watched me in the festive hall, He trembled if I
 spir - it flame Had fad - ed all at last. He came; the wealth of other lands Had crown'd him as he

proved; But tho' he laid it at my feet, He nev - er said he loved.
 moved; But soft - ly tho' his whis - per fell, He nev - er said he loved.
 roved; A star was shin - ing on his breast, And then he said he loved.

HEAR THE BIRDS OF SUMMER SING.

LITTLE FOLKS.

Playfully.

1. Tra, ri, ra, Hear the birds of summer sing, La la la, la la la, Light of heart and light of wing, La la la la
 2. Tra, ri, ra, While the rosy morning breaks, La la la, la la la, Filled with joy each bird awakes, La la la la
 3. Tra, ri, ra, Joy - ous song to us imparts, La la la, la la la, Soaring thoughts and joyous hearts, La la la la

la; Like their thrilling notes they soar, La la la, la la la, High the woods and waters o'er, I a la la la la.
 la, And with swelling heart prolongs, La la la, la la la, Richest strains of sweetest songs, I a la la la la.
 la, Like the lark may we arise, La la la, la la la, Singing to our native skies, La la la la la.

THE SOUL IN MUSIC.—Dr. Haweis, speaking of music as a restorative, says: "There are moods of exhausted feeling in which certain kinds of music would act like poison, just as whip and spur, which encourage the racer at first, tire him to death at last. There are other kinds of music which soothe, and, if I may use the word, lubricate the worn ways of the nervous centres. You will ask, What music is good for that? We reply, good judgment and common sense, and, above all, sympathy, affectional and musical sympathy, will partly be your guide; but experience must decide." Let us apply this thought to the music of the sanctuary. In the assembly gathered for public worship, we find the man of business whose immense and complicated affairs have tasked his brain to the utmost through the week; and in all that time there have not been thirty consecutive minutes in which his thoughts were not busy with multitudinous details,

the omission of one of which might imperil success. In the pew opposite is another who is harassed and perplexed beyond measure, because an unfortunate turn in the tide threatens him with heavy losses, possibly with utter ruin. There is an accountant who has been for six days, and perhaps nights, puzzling over interminable columns of figures; a clerk who has worked early and late to hold his place against a horde of applicants for his position; students who have bent over their books until their heads ache, in view of approaching examinations. There are tired teachers and wearied mothers, jaded professional men, and worried, harassed, perplexed, tempted, tried, half-discouraged people, who hope in the sanctuary to escape, for a few hours at least, from the thralldom of the week. All need something which has the flavor of human sympathy, which shall "lubricate the worn ways of the nervous centres" and quiet

FORSAKEN AM I.

THOS. KOSCHAT.

pp *Slow.*

1. For - sak - en, for - sak - en, for - sak - en am I! Nor plummet can sound where my
2. A mound in that churchyard that blossoms hang o'er; It is there my love sleepeth, to

mf

bur - ied hopes lie; I go to the churchyard, my eyes fill with tears; And kneeling I
wak - en no more; 'Tis there all my footsteps, my sad thoughts all lead, And there my heart

ff

weep there, Oh, my love, loved for years! And kneel - ing I weep there, Oh, my love, loved for years.
turn - eth For - sak - en in - deed! And there my heart turneth, For - sak - en in - deed.

the turmoil within. To such the music should come as a ministering angel, not with a rush and stimulus so much as with that which is sympathetic and restful. The intricacies of a Bach fugue never rested anybody, no matter how fully its magnificence might be appreciated. We do not say that nothing requiring vigorous intellectual action should ever be put into the church service, but that especially in the opening voluntary, either instrumental or vocal, there should be more thoughtful provision than is generally made for the needs here indicated. If there could be in our churches more of musical appeal to the emotional nature and less to the purely intellectual—opening organ voluntaries more frequently, which, to quote from Dr. Haweis again, "seem to steal out of some remote cloud-land with a veiled sweetness that makes us hold our breath," choir renderings that interpret

thoughts intelligibly instead of being mere exhibitions of vocal gymnastics—the church service would become more attractive, and be a greater power for good.

CAROLINE, the wife of Carl Maria von Weber, had much to do with her husband's musical development. "Enter at once into the life of the people," she wrote; "let the Freischütz begin with the scene at the country fair." The result showed how correctly the young singer judged, experienced as she was in stage affairs. When she had been for years his faithful, careful housekeeper and the tender mother of his children; and when she had made his home a place of contentment, happiness and love, her acquaintance with stage business was of the greatest benefit to the distinguished master. Her own son, Counsellor Max von Weber, gave the world a delightful biographical picture of the mutual love and artistic labors of his father and mother.

SOME DAY.

HUGH CONWAY.
MILTON WELLINGS.

p

1. I know not when the day shall be, I know not where our eyes may meet, What
2. I know not are you far or near, Or are you dead, or do you live; I

rit. *accol.*

welcome you may give to me, Or will your words be sad or sweet; It may not be till years have
know not who the blame should bear, Or who should plead or who for-give; But when we meet some day, some

p *rit.* *tempo.*

pass'd, Till eyes are dim and tress-es gray; The world is wide—but, love, at
day, Eyes clear-er grown the truth may see, And ev'-ry cloud shall roll a-

rit. *Chorus.*

last, Our hands, our hearts, must meet some day. } Some day, some day, some day I shall meet you,
way, That darkens, love, 'twixt you and me. }

Love, I know not when or how, Love, I know not when or how; On-ly this, on-ly this,

ad lib. *rall.*

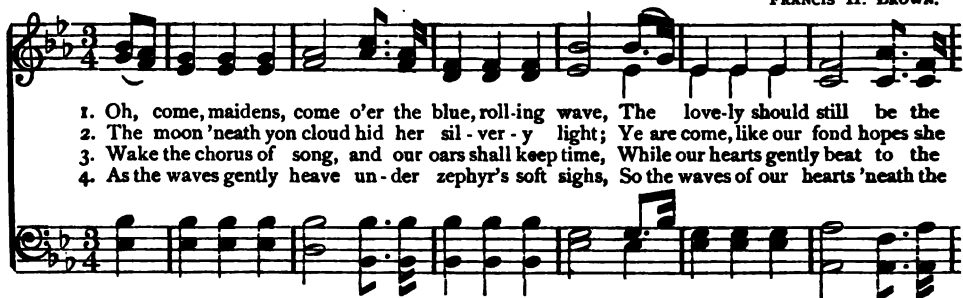
this, that once you loved me; On-ly this, I love you now, I love you now, I love you now.

MUSIC is entitled to hold a conspicuous place in the course of common school instruction; the benefits arising from this study are limited to no class or condition, but manifest themselves in the life of every individual, in every family circle, in every social gathering, in every house of worship; in short, at all times and in all places, whenever and wherever the brighter, happier, higher emotions and aspirations of the heart and soul seek to find utterance.—*D. B. Hagar.*

As children must have a knowledge of language, and a sufficient vocabulary to express their thoughts in words, before they commence the task of reading, so in music, they must, by listening to music and singing by rote or imitation, possess a clear idea of music before attempting to read music from notes of any kind. It is therefore important that there should be some method as to the selection of appropriate songs, both as to the words and the music.—*L. W. Mason.*

TRANCADILLO.

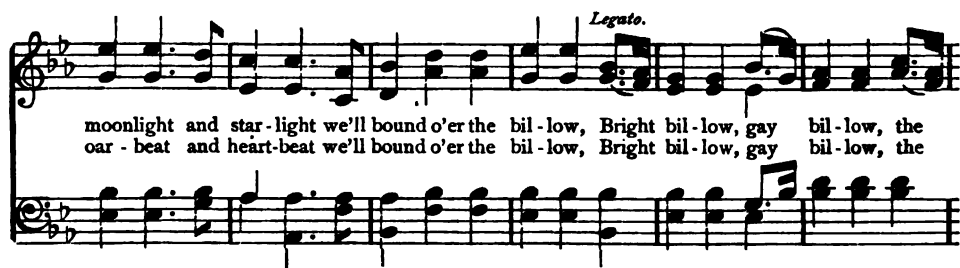
CAROLINE GILMAN.
FRANCIS H. BROWN.



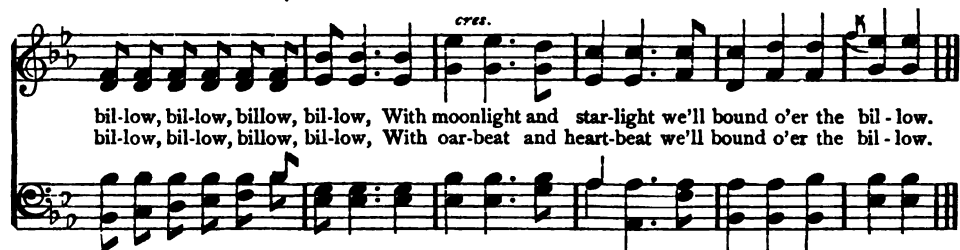
1. Oh, come, maidens, come o'er the blue, roll-ing wave, The love-ly should still be the
2. The moon 'neath yon cloud hid her sil-ver-y light; Ye are come, like our fond hopes she
3. Wake the chorus of song, and our oars shall keep time, While our hearts gently beat to the
4. As the waves gently heave un-der zephyr's soft sighs, So the waves of our hearts 'neath the



care of the brave. } Tran-ca - dil - lo, Tran-ca - dil - lo, Tranca - dil-lo, dil-lo, dil-lo, dil - lo, With
glows in your sight. }
mu - si - cal chime. } Tran-ca - dil - lo, Tran-ca - dil - lo, Tranca - dil-lo, dil-lo, dil-lo, dil - lo, With
glance of your eyes. }



Legato.
moonlight and star-light we'll bound o'er the bil-low, Bright bil-low, gay bil-low, the
oar - beat and heart-beat we'll bound o'er the bil-low, Bright bil-low, gay bil-low, the



Cres.
bil-low, bil-low, billow, bil-low, With moonlight and star-light we'll bound o'er the bil-low.
bil-low, bil-low, billow, bil-low, With oar-beat and heart-beat we'll bound o'er the bil-low.

5.
See, the helmsman looks forth to yon beacon-lit isle;
So we shape our hearts' course by the light of your smile.
Trancadillo, Trancadillo, etc.
With love-light and smile-light we'll bound o'er the
billow, bright billow, gay billow, etc.
With love-light and smile-light we'll bound o'er
the billow.

6.
And when on life's ocean we turn our slight prow,
May the light-house of Hope beam like this on us now,
Life's billow, frail billow, etc.
With hope-light the true light, we'll bound o'er life's
billow, life's billow, frail billow, etc.
With hope-light the true light, we'll bound o'er
life's billow.

PUNCHINELLO.

*Allegretto.*J. L. MOLLOY.
F. E. WEATHERLY.

1. He was a Pun-chi-nel-lo, Sweet Co-lum-bine was she, He loved the ground she danced on,
2. Bright was the day she married, And there a-mong the rest, Came poor old Pun-chi-nel-lo,
4. But when the play was o-ver, Forth to her grave he crept, Laid one white rose up-on it,

Sing 4th verse slowly and with feeling.

She laughed his love to see, 'Till he laughed himself as gai-ly, Dancing, jok-ing ev-'ry night;
He was the blithest guest, Had they seen his tears at midnight, In his gar-ret near the sky,
Then sat him down and wept; But the peo-ple, had they seen him Gaz-ing to the moonlit sky,

Refrain, with spirit.

1. 3. "He's the maddest, merriest fel-low!" Cried the peo-ple with de-light. "Bra-vo! Bra-vo!
2. 4. "He's the maddest, quaintest fel-low!" That would still have been their cry. "Bra-vo! Bra-vo!

Bra-vo! Bra-vo! Bra-vo! Pun-chi-nel-lo! Bra-vo, Pun-chi-nel-lo!"

p More slowly, with feeling.

3. One win-ter morn they told him Sweet Co-lum-bine was dead; He nev-er joked so gai-ly

As that night, the peo-ple said, Nev-er sang and laughed so madly, Ah! for his heart that night!

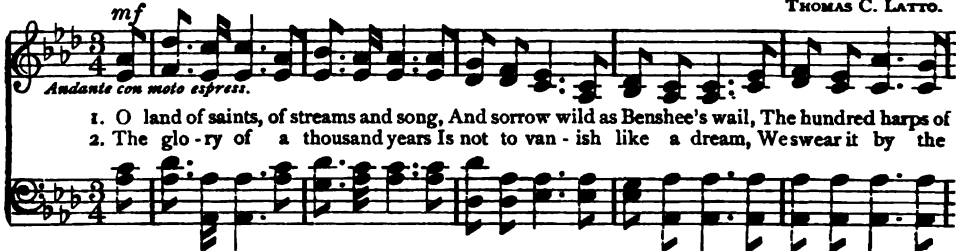
THE most favorable period in the whole school life for laying a solid foundation for the intelligent rendering of music is the first three years, and here is where we must make a more sensible and intelligent beginning. We need first to appreciate the ability of the little child to learn the elements of music. This we shall never know till we learn better how to present these elements in their simplicity, in accordance with the mental laws, by which the mind acquires a

knowledge of all subjects. The supposition has been that little children could not be taught to read music intelligently, simply because it had not been generally and successfully accomplished. The failure has not been on account of inability on the part of the children to learn music, nor on account of the notation by which it is represented, as some would have us to believe, but on account of a lack of knowledge among those employed in the teaching of this subject.—*Holt.*

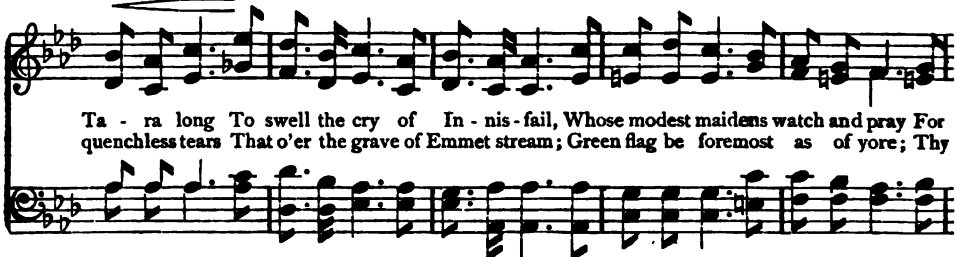
INNISFAIL.

E. C. PHELPS.
THOMAS C. LATTO.

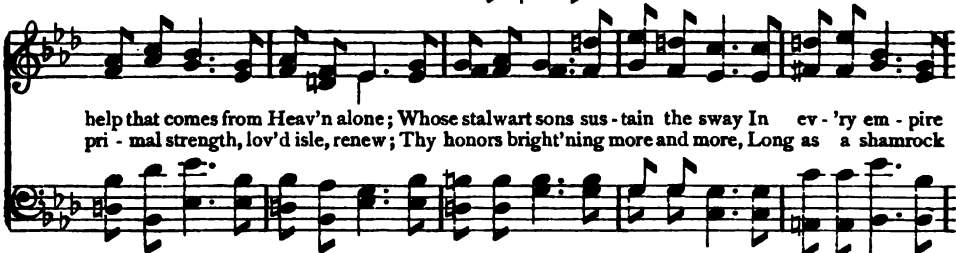
mf
Andante con moto espress.



1. O land of saints, of streams and song, And sorrow wild as Benshee's wail, The hundred harps of
2. The glo-ry of a thousand years Is not to van-ish like a dream, Weswear it by the

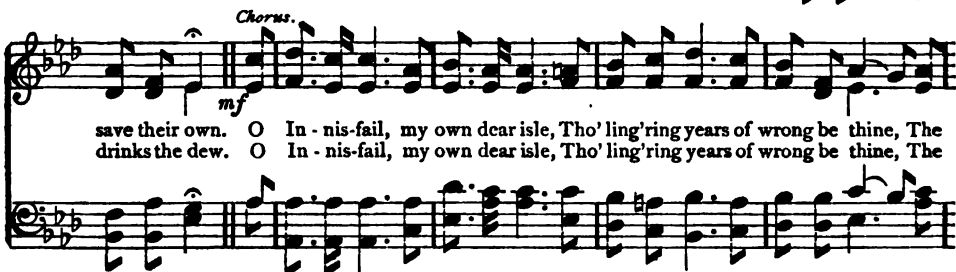


Ta-ra long To swell the cry of In-nis-fail, Whose modest maidens watch and pray For
quenchless tears That o'er the grave of Emmet stream; Green flag be foremost as of yore; Thy



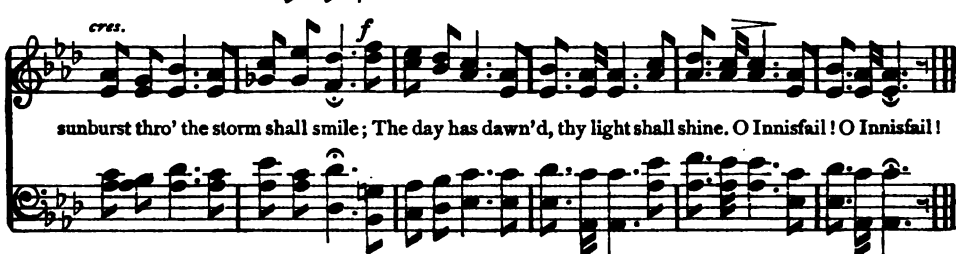
help that comes from Heav'n alone; Whose stalwart sons sus-tain the sway In ev-'ry em-pire
pri-mal strength, lov'd isle, renew; Thy honors bright'ning more and more, Long as a shamrock

Chorus.
mf



save their own. O In-nis-fail, my own dear isle, Tho' ling'ring years of wrong be thine, The
drinks the dew. O In-nis-fail, my own dear isle, Tho' ling'ring years of wrong be thine, The

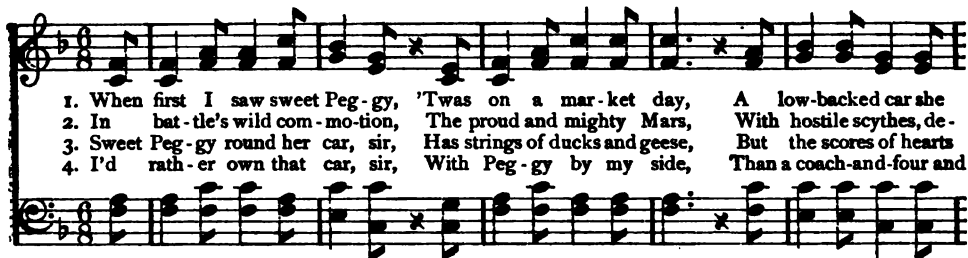
cris.
f



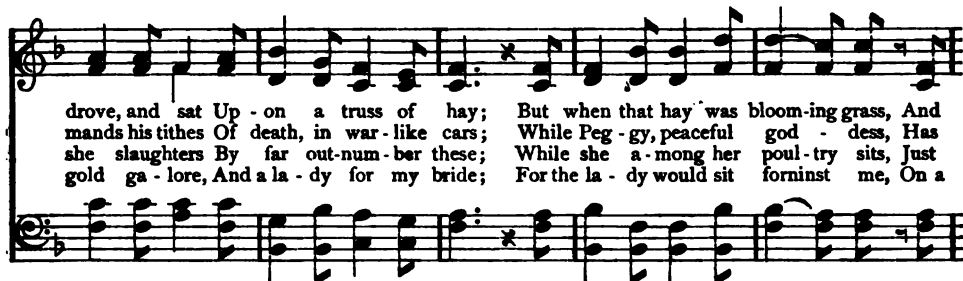
sunburst thro' the storm shall smile; The day has dawn'd, thy light shall shine. O Innisfail! O Innisfail!

THE LOW-BACKED CAR.

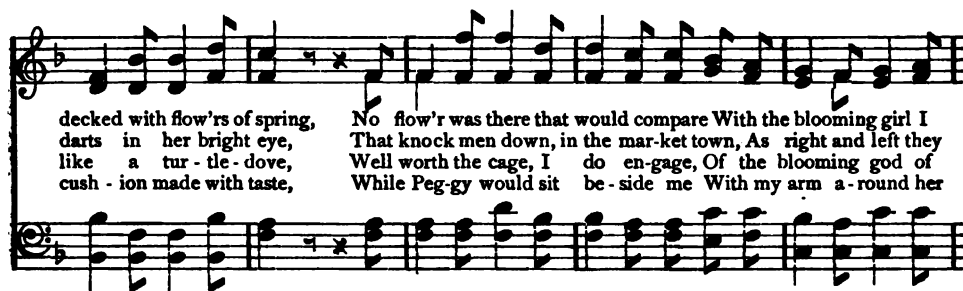
SAMUEL LOVER.



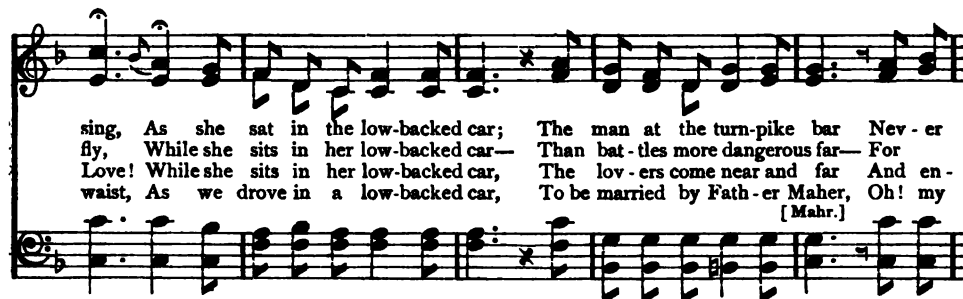
1. When first I saw sweet Peg-gy, 'Twas on a mar-ket day, A low-backed car she
 2. In bat-tle's wild com-mo-tion, The proud and mighty Mars, With hostile scythes, de-
 3. Sweet Peg-gy round her car, sir, Has strings of ducks and geese, But the scores of hearts
 4. I'd rath-er own that car, sir, With Peg-gy by my side, Than a coach-and-four and



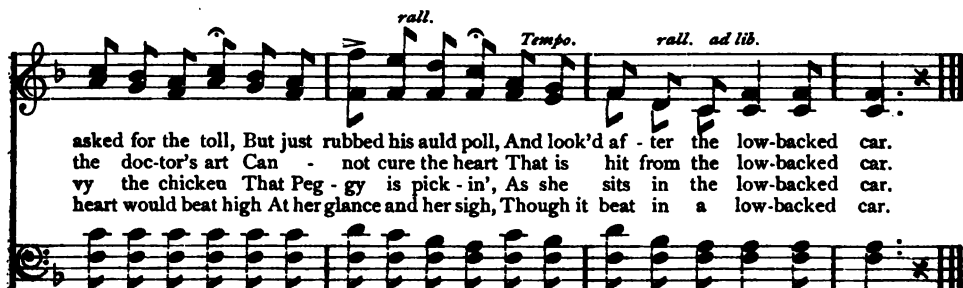
drove, and sat Up - on a truss of hay; But when that hay 'was bloom-ing grass, And
 mands his tithes Of death, in war-like cars; While Peg-gy, peaceful god - dess, Has
 she slaughters By far out-num-ber these; While she a-mong her poul-try sits, Just
 gold ga - lore, And a la - dy for my bride; For the la - dy would sit forninst me, On a



decked with flow'rs of spring, No flow'r was there that would compare With the blooming girl I
 darts in her bright eye, That knock men down, in the mar-ket town, As right and left they
 like a tur-tle-dove, Well worth the cage, I do en-gage, Of the blooming god of
 cush-ion made with taste, While Peg-gy would sit be-side me With my arm a-round her



sing, As she sat in the low-backed car; The man at the turn-pike bar Nev - er
 fly, While she sits in her low-backed car— Than bat-tles more dangerous far— For
 Love! While she sits in her low-backed car, The lov-ers come near and far And en-
 waist, As we drove in a low-backed car, To be married by Fath-er Maher, Oh! my
 [Mahr.]



rall. *Tempo.* *rall. ad lib.*
 asked for the toll, But just rubbed his auld poll, And look'd af - ter the low-backed car.
 the doc-tor's art Can - not cure the heart That is hit from the low-backed car.
 vy the chicken That Peg-gy is pick-in', As she sits in the low-backed car.
 heart would beat high At her glance and her sigh, Though it beat in a low-backed car.

Written by Samuel Lover, for his entertainment called "Irish Evenings."

TUNES.—Birds and beasts can know nothing of thorough-bass, and stones and dolphins are, as a rule, profoundly ignorant of the mysteries of counterpoint and fugue. A tune, which may perhaps be defined as a melody possessing an especially obvious rhythm, appeals directly to an almost primitive sense, common to nearly all civilized men, and possibly to dolphins. The appreciation of music in its higher forms demands the deliberate and careful cultivation of an inborn taste. It is not by mere instinct that the full merit of the masterpieces of Beethoven and Mozart is recog-

nized. A man may be possessed of an undoubted "ear," his love of music may be perfectly genuine, and yet much of what is ordinarily accepted as high-class music may be utterly beyond him. He is simply bored by oratorios, symphonies, and concertos; the crash of choruses, the quaint and marvellous intricacy of fugue, and the giddy rush of an overture, are to such an one possibly imposing, certainly bewildering, and frequently wearisome. If he is a man of superlative and unnatural honesty he will admit this. If he is merely possessed of the average amount of

SHE BLOOMED WITH THE ROSES.

J. E. A. SMITH.

Dolce.

1. She bloomed with the roses of beauty in May, But she fades with the leaf and the flower, Like the
2. Her song was the sweetest that welcomed the June, But the wood-bird now carols alone; Like the

blossoms that glow in the summer's last ray, Yet she smiles in her last dy-ing hour; But the
ca-dence that closes some sweet-flowing tune, Comes the sound of her last dy-ing tone, As she

flow-ers of earth shall in Paradise bloom, As they twined round her pathway while here, For there's
breathed the low song that so oft we have heard From her harp on a calm Sabbath even; Like the

nought shall be lost when we pass thro' the tomb, That in time to the pure heart was dear.
mur-mur of winds, or some far-soar-ing bird, With her voice chimes the music of Heaven.

courage he will say nothing about it. He will humbly accept the verdict of connoisseurs, and will go to classical concerts from a dim sense of duty, and because it is the thing to do, where he will scan the programme with entire satisfaction; but when it contains an item described as Op. 56, he will be conscious of inward misgivings, and though his external demeanor during its performance may be decently expressive of enjoyment, he will be secretly yearning for the conclusion. On the other hand, there are very few persons who are wholly insensible to the magic

influence of a tune; many who have no power of reproducing half-a-dozen notes with their proper intervals can readily distinguish their favorite tunes, and find a genuine enjoyment in hearing them, and in beating time more or less incorrectly with head or hand. Charles Lamb, who was, by his own account, organically incapable "of a tune," and who had been "furtively practicing 'God Save the Queen' all his life and never arrived within many quavers of it," declared that "it would be a foul self-libel to say that his heart had never melted at the concourse of sweet sounds."

WHO SHALL BE FAIREST?

FRANK MOIR.
CHARLES MACKAY.

mf
Allegro.

1. Who shall be fair - est? Who shall be rar - est? Who shall be first in the
2. Who shall be near - est, No - blest and dear - est, Named but with hon - or and

p

songs that we sing? She who is kind - est when For - tune is blind - est,
pride ev - er - more? He, the un - daunt - ed, whose ban - ner is plant - ed On

f *p*

Bear - ing thro' winter the blooms of the spring. Charm of our gladness, Friend of our sad - ness,
Glo - ry's high ramparts and bat - tlements hoar; Fear - less of danger, To falsehood a stran - ger,

rall. *mf*

An - gel of life, when our pleas - ures take wing. She shall be fair - est,
Look - ing not back while there's du - ty be - fore. He shall be near - est,

She shall be rar - est, She shall be first in the songs that we sing,
He shall be dear - est, He shall be first in our hearts ev - er - more!

f

that we sing; Aye, she shall be first in the songs we sing.
ev - er - more, Aye, He shall be first in our hearts ev - er - more.

COLOR MUSIC.—Suppose, by a wild stretch of imagination, some mechanism that will make a rod turn round one of its ends, quite slowly at first, but then faster and faster, till it will revolve any number of times in a second; which is, of course, perfectly imaginable, though you could not find such a rod or put together such a mechanism. Let the whirling go on in a dark room, and suppose a man there knowing nothing of the rod; how will he be affected by it? So long as it turns but a few times in a second he will not be affected at all, unless he is near

enough to receive a blow on the skin. But as soon as it begins to spin from sixteen to twenty times a second, a deep, growling note will break in upon him through his ear; and, as the rate then grows swifter, the tone will go on becoming less and less grave, and soon more and more acute, till it will reach a pitch of shrillness hardly to be borne, when the speed has to be counted by tens of thousands. At length, about the stage of 40,000 revolutions a second, more or less, the shrillness will pass into stillness; silence will again reign as at the first, nor any more be

I WOULD I WERE A BOY AGAIN.

F. ROMER.
MARK LEMON.

1. Oh, would I were a boy a - gain, When life seem'd form'd of sun-ny years, And all the
2. 'Tis vain to mourn that years have shown How false these fai - ry vis - ions were, Or mur-mur

heart then knew of pain, Was wept a - way in transient tears, Was wept a - way in transient
that mine eyes have known The burden of a fleet-ing tear, The bur-den of a fleet-ing

were a boy a - gain, When life seem'd form'd of sunny years, When life seem'd form'd of sunny

tears; When ev'-ry tale hope whispered then, My fan-cy deemed was on - ly
tear; But still the heart will fond-ly cling, To hopes no lon - ger prized as

years!

truth, Oh, would that I could know a - gain The hap-py vis-ions of my youth.
truth, And mem'ry still de-lights to bring The hap-py vis-ions of my youth.

broken. The rod might now plunge on in mad fury for a very long time without making any difference to the man; but let it suddenly come to whirl some million times a second, and through intervening space faint rays of heat will begin to steal toward him, setting up a feeling of warmth in his skin, which again will grow more and more intense, as now through tens and hundreds and thousands of millions the rate of revolution is supposed to rise. Why not billions? The heat at first will be only so much the greater. But, lo! about the stage of four hundred

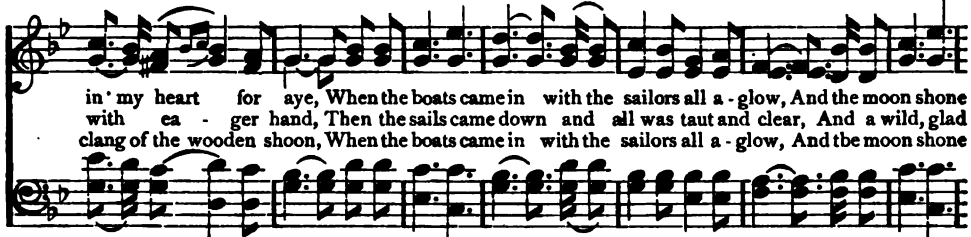
billions there is more—a dim red light becomes visible in the gloom; and now, while the rate still mounts up, the heat in its turn dies away till it vanishes as the sound vanished; but the red light will have passed for the eye into a yellow, a green, a blue, and last of all, a violet, and to the violet, the revolutions being about 800,000,000,000 a second, there will succeed darkness—night, as in the beginning. This darkness, too, like the stillness, will never more be broken. Let the rod whirl on as it may, its doings cannot come within the ken of that man's senses.—Robertson.

THE CLANG OF THE WOODEN SHOON.

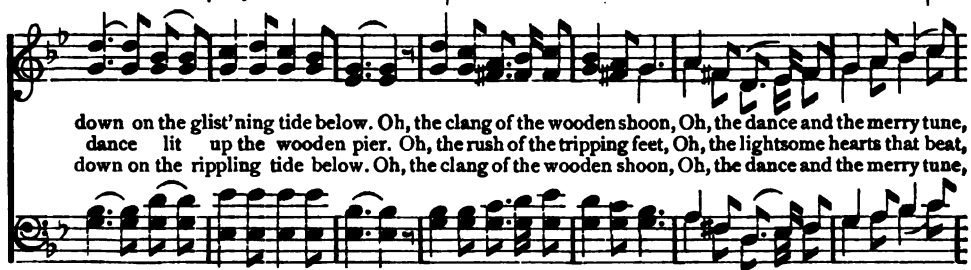
J. L. MOLLOY.



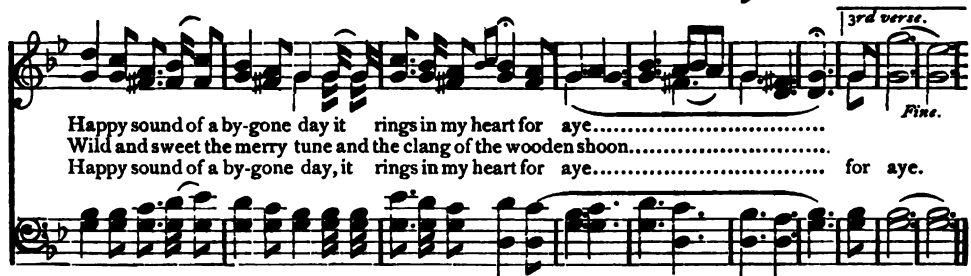
1. Oh, the clang of the wooden shoon, Oh, the dance and the merry tune, Happy sound of a bygone day, It rings
2. Now, my lads, with a merry will, Up with hatch and the baskets fill, Winsome lassies above ye stand Ready
3. Still I see them on the pier, All the kind - ly fa - ces near, Hear the wild and merry tune And the



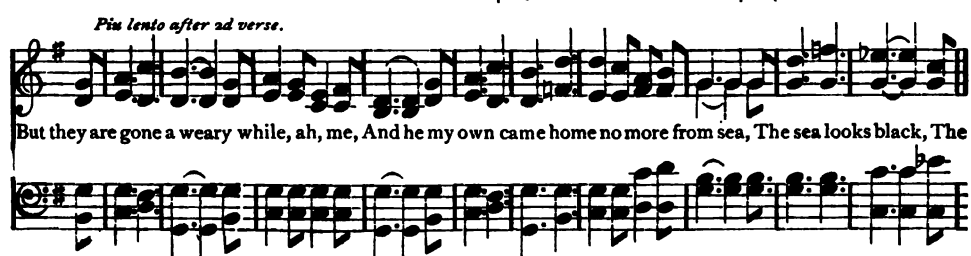
in ' my heart for aye, When the boats came in with the sailors all a - glow, And the moon shone
with ea - ger hand, Then the sails came down and all was taut and clear, And a wild, glad
clang of the wooden shoon, When the boats came in with the sailors all a - glow, And the moon shone



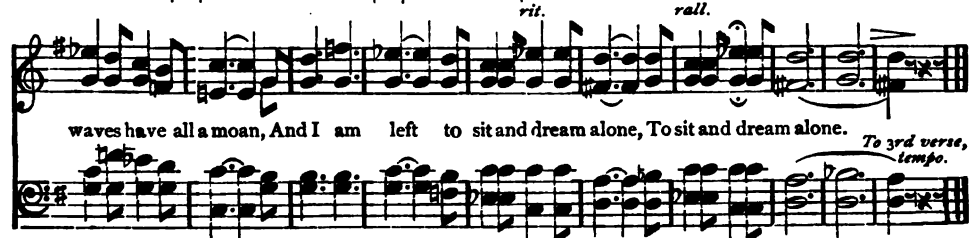
down on the glist'ning tide below. Oh, the clang of the wooden shoon, Oh, the dance and the merry tune,
dance lit up the wooden pier. Oh, the rush of the tripping feet, Oh, the lightsome hearts that beat,
down on the rippling tide below. Oh, the clang of the wooden shoon, Oh, the dance and the merry tune,



Happy sound of a by-gone day it rings in my heart for aye.....
Wild and sweet the merry tune and the clang of the wooden shoon.....
Happy sound of a by-gone day, it rings in my heart for aye..... for aye.



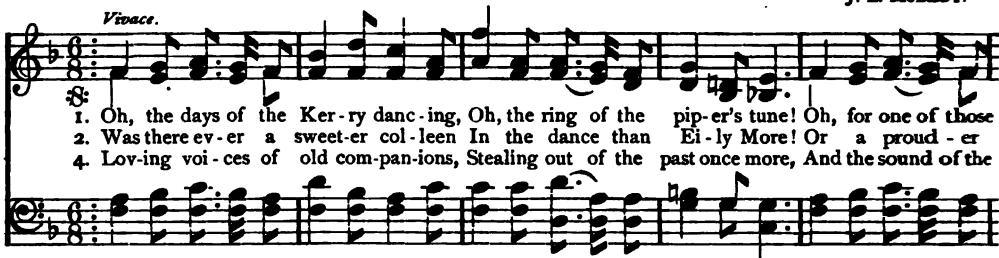
But they are gone a weary while, ah, me, And he my own came home no more from sea, The sea looks black, The



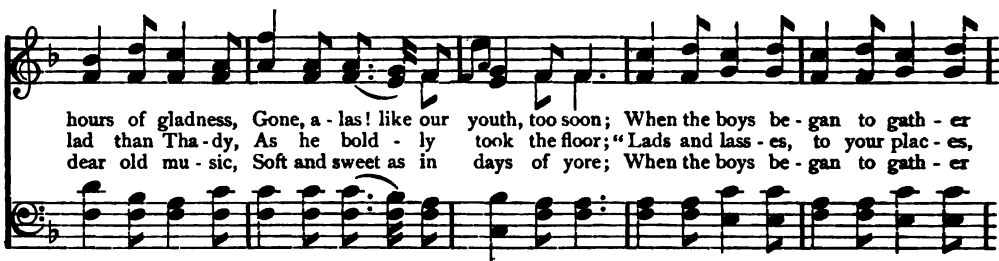
waves have all a moan, And I am left to sit and dream alone, To sit and dream alone.

THE KERRY DANCE.

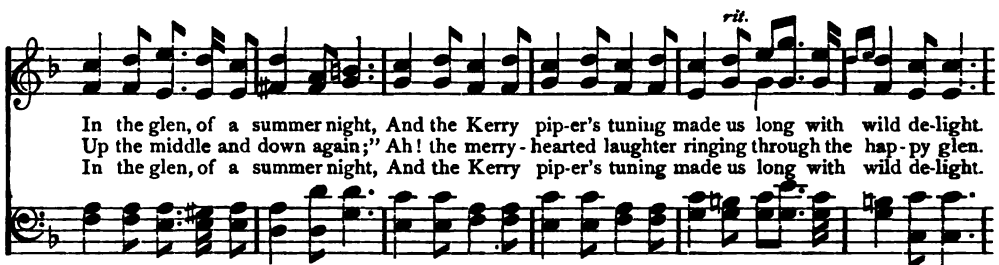
J. L. MOLLOY.

Vivace.


1. Oh, the days of the Ker-ry danc-ing, Oh, the ring of the pip-er's tune! Oh, for one of those
 2. Was there ev-er a sweet-er col-leen In the dance than Ei-ly More! Or a proud-er
 4. Lov-ing voi-ces of old com-pan-ions, Stealing out of the past once more, And the sound of the



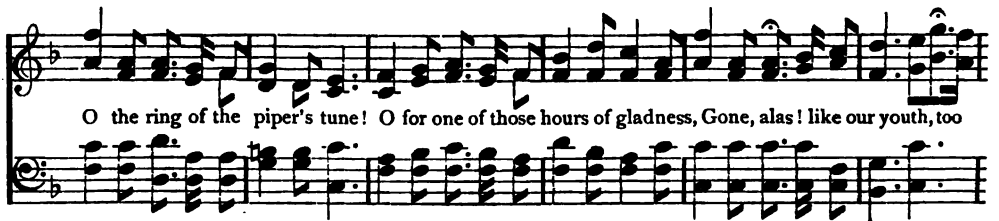
hours of gladness, Gone, a-las! like our youth, too soon; When the boys be-gan to gath-er
 lad than Tha-dy, As he bold-ly took the floor; "Lads and lass-es, to your plac-es,
 dear old mu-sic, Soft and sweet as in days of yore; When the boys be-gan to gath-er



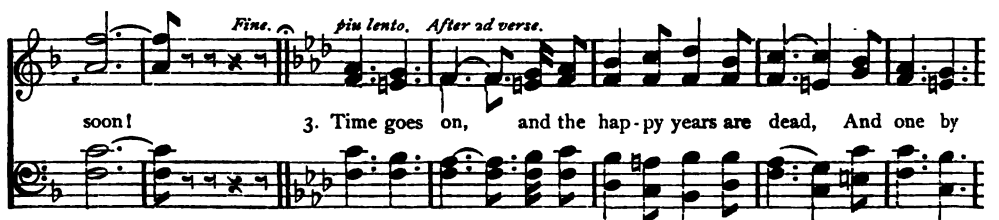
In the glen, of a summer night, And the Kerry pip-er's tuning made us long with wild de-light.
 Up the middle and down again;" Ah! the merry-hearted laughter ringing through the hap-py glen.
 In the glen, of a summer night, And the Kerry pip-er's tuning made us long with wild de-light.



O to think of it, O to dream of it, fills my heart with tears! O the days of the Ker-ry dancing!



O the ring of the pip-er's tune! O for one of those hours of gladness, Gone, alas! like our youth, too



soon!

3. Time goes on, and the hap-py years are dead, And one by

one the merry hearts are fled; Si-lent now is the wild and lonely glen, Where the bright, glad

laugh will ech-o ne'er a-gain. On-ly dreaming of days gone by, in my heart I hear

OH, TOUCH THE HARP.

OLD SONG.

1. Oh, touch the harp's neg-lect-ed string, And let its sweet-est tone Those sun-ny dreams be -
2. Oh, touch the harp, and while its deep Wild mu-sic meets the ear, O'er life's young dream we

fore us bring Which o'er our childhood shone; The ills of life shall be for-got, We
will not weep, Nor heed its la-ter tear; Our path shall be the fresh and gay, Which

will not heed its tears, But seek some wild, famil-iar spot In mem'ry's ver-dant years.
we in childhood pressed, And voi-ces shall a-round us play Of those we loved the best.

1 (ROUND.) 2 3 4
John-ny, John-ny, What! what! So we keep singing, and so we keep calling him.

ALL true arts are expressive, but they are diversely so. Take music; it is, without contradiction, the most penetrating, the profoundest, the most intimate art. There is, physically and morally, between a sound and the soul a marvellous relation. It seems as though the soul were an echo in which the sound takes a new power. Extraordinary things are recounted of the ancient music, and it must not be believed that the greatness of effect supposes here very complicated means. No, the less noise music makes the more

it touches. Give some notes to Pergolese, give him especially some pure and sweet voices, and he returns a celestial charm, bears you away into infinite spaces, plunges you into ineffable reveries. The peculiar power of music is to open to the imagination a limitless career, to lend itself with astonishing facility to all the moods of each one, to arouse or calm, with the sounds of the simplest melody, our accustomed sentiments, our favorite affections. In this respect music is an art without a rival, tho' not the first of arts.—*V. Cousin.*

LOVING VOICES.

CHARLES W. GLOVER.



1. Lov-ing voi-ces sweet-ly min-gle Like the mur-mur of a prayer, In gay childhood's
 2. When the heart is sad and heav-y, Soft-ly as the sum-mer rain, Lov-ing voi-ces
 3. Blest and blessing in all tri-al, Sooth-ing all my griefs and fears, Ev-er near, in

fa-ry fan-cies, In youth's visions rich and rare, There are mel-o-dies of Na-ture
 low and ten-der, Tell up-on the spir-it's pain, O'er life's pathway clouds may gath-er
 joy or sadness, Changeless thro' the lapse of years, Oh! more ho-ly and more ten-der

Ris-ing o-ver land and sea; But like mu-sic in our dwelling Lov-ing voi-ces
 But the shad-ows ev-er flee; For like sun-light in our dwelling Lov-ing voi-ces
 Than of yore they seem to be, Like to an-gels in our dwelling Lov-ing voi-ces

are to me, But like mu-sic in our dwelling Lov-ing voi-ces are to me.
 are to me, For like sun-light in our dwelling Lov-ing voi-ces are to me.
 are to me, Like to an-gels in our dwelling Lov-ing voi-ces are to me.

MUSIC pays for the immense power that has been given it; it awakens more than any other art the sentiment of the infinite, because it is vague, obscure, indeterminate in its effects. It is just the opposite art to sculpture, which bears less towards the infinite, because everything in it is fixed with the last degree of precision. Such is the force, and at the same time the feebleness, of music, that it expresses everything and expresses nothing in particular. Sculpture, on the contrary, scarcely gives rise to any reverie, for it clearly represents such a thing, and not such another.

Music does not paint; it touches; it puts in motion imagination—not the imagination that reproduces images, but that which makes the heart beat, for it is absurd to limit imagination to the domain of images. The heart, once touched, moves all the rest of our being; thus music, indirectly, and to a certain point, can recall images and ideas; but its direct and natural power is neither on the representative imagination nor is it upon the intelligence; it is on the heart, and that is an advantage sufficiently beautiful.—*Victor Cousin.*

Music, the medicine of the breaking heart.—*Hunt.*

THOUGHTS OF WONDER.

J. J. ROUSSEAU.

With spirit.

1. Thoughts of won - der! O how migh - ty! How stu - pen - dous! how pro - found!
 2. Thou - ands thro' the hours of darkness, Stud the con - cave of the sky:
 3. Pause, my thoughts, lo! numerous be - ings Move on ev - ry plan - et there;

All the stars that spar - kle yon - der, Roll in orbs of vast - ness round.
 Thousands, thousands hid from science, Shine un - seen by mor - tal eye.
 All for breath, and life, and guidance, Sub - ject to their Mak - er's care.

Thoughts of won - der! O how migh - ty! How stu - pen - dous! how pro - found!
 Thoughts of won - der! O how migh - ty! How stu - pen - dous! how pro - found!

4. Every world has hills and valleys,
 And His hand formed every flower,
 Every golden-winged insect,
 Sporting in the fragrant bower.—CHO.

5. Every little joy and sorrow,
 Every hope and every fear,
 Follow His supreme direction,
 Fully as some mighty sphere.—CHO.

HEAVEN IS MY HOME.

T. B. TAYLOR.
ARTHUR S. SULLIVAN.

1. I'm but a stranger here, Heaven is my home; Earth is a desert drear, Heaven is my home.
 2. Whattho' the tempest rage, Heaven is my home; Short is my pilgrimage, Heaven is my home.
 3. There at my Saviour's side, Heaven is my home; I shall be glor - i - fied, Heaven is my home.

Danger and sorrow stand Round me on every hand, Heav'n is my father - land, Heav'n is my home.
 Time's cold and wintry blast, Soon will be overpast I shall reach home at last, Heav'n is my home.
 There are the good and blest, Those I loved most and best, There, too, I soon shall rest, Heav'n is my home.

We shall make very little progress in teaching music in public schools so long as we confine ourselves to the discussion of such questions as whether or not we shall use the Fixed Do system, the Movable Do system, the Tonic Sol-fa system, or the Buckwheat-note system, or whether we shall attempt to teach music to little children as musicians have learned it, through the playing of musical instruments. However we may differ upon these much-discussed questions, which are of minor importance, there should be no question regarding the fundamental principles of teaching. There are mental laws underlying the growth and development of the mind, which are as fixed and immovable as the eternal hills, and when we shape our methods of teaching so as to present this subject to the mind in accordance with these

laws, the confusion in musical notations, and the difference in opinion arising from our ignorance in teaching this subject, will disappear. The very name of objective teaching suggests that there must first be an object to be presented to the mind; we must have a unit of thought or a real object to teach. The first problem, therefore, will be to decide upon our *unit* in music. What is it? We have said that little children first learn to sing as they first learn to talk, by imitation, and that the unit or object of thought is the little exercise or song as a whole. Thus we present to the mind our units in music by teaching our pupils to sing these little exercises and songs beautifully, and then showing them the representation in notes. Thus we train the eye to recognize in notes the succession of sounds which has been taught to the ear. This is

GREEN GROW THE RASHES, O.

ROBERT BURNS.



1. There's naught but care on ev'ry han', In ev - 'ry hour that pass - es, O! What sig - ni - fies the
2. The world - ly race may riches chase, An' rich - es still may fly them, O! An' tho' at last they
3. Gi' me a can - nie hour at e'en, My arms a - bout my dea - rie, O! An' worldly cares and
4. For you sae douce, wha sneer at this, Ye're naught but senseless asses, O! The wis - est man the
5. Auld Na - ture vows the love - ly dears Her noblest works she class - es, O! Her 'prentice han' she

life o' man, An' 'twere na' for the las - ses, O! Green grow the rash - es, O!
catch them fast, Their hearts can ne'er en - joy them, O! Green grow the rash - es, O!
world - ly men May a' gae tap - sal - tee - rie, O! Green grow the rash - es, O!
warl' e'er saw, He dear - ly lo'd the las - ses, O! Green grow the rash - es, O!
tried on man, An' then she made the las - ses, O! Green grow the rash - es, O!

green grow the rashes, O! The sweetest hours that ere I spent Were spent among the las - ses, O!

philosophic and sound teaching while viewing the subject from the standpoint of regarding the unit to be the exercise or song as a whole. But is not this rote singing? The tendency of such a system of instruction is to make musical imitators instead of intelligent thinkers in music, while success in teaching it must depend largely upon the skill and proficiency of the teacher as an expert in singing. If such a system of instruction be called a system of rote singing it is rightly named, notwithstanding the pupils learn to apply the syllables to the notes of the exercises and songs learned, and notwithstanding both teachers and pupils deceive themselves by supposing that they are reading music. Taught by such a system, little children will appear to the casual observer to be very

proficient; they can sing their exercises and songs by rote beautifully, but when tested with a succession of sounds which they have never heard they are found to be very helpless. If the object be simply to teach children to sing beautifully on public occasions, and musical experts can be employed to teach the children, a good temporary effect may be produced, but it should not pass for real education in music. When we compare the application of the objective principle in teaching music, as here stated, with the same principle as applied by the best educators in teaching language, we find this difference: In language a single word may represent a unit or object of thought, while in music a single sound means nothing, and cannot be taught by itself.—H. E. Holt.

RING ON, YE BELLS!

FRANK ABT.
HERMAN FRANCKE.

Con espressione.

1. Ring on, ye bells, your sil-ver chimes Sound sweet-ly in the summer air; They mu-sic is a soothing balm, A sol-ace to a wea-ry breast; Up-

ech-o thoughts of oth-er times, Of oth-er homes in oth-er climes, And fa-ces young and on an ev-en cool and calm, Who has not felt that po-tent charm, That brings the weary

fair, And fa-ces young and fair. Ring on, ye bells, ring on! Ring on, ye bells, ring on! Ring rest, That brings the weary rest? Ring on, ye bells, ring on! Ring on, ye bells, ring on! Ring

cres. on, ye bells, ring on! Ring on, ring on, ring on! on, ring on! ring on! 2. Your 3. Like

life, your tones are grave and gay, In sor-row ye can draw a tear, Then comes a peal of

joy to say That grief and woe must flee away, But smiles may linger near, But smiles may linger near! Ring


dim. *p* *D. S.*

MUCH attention is given in most schools to singing,—a healthful and enjoyable exercise. But there is not a single principle in physical or vocal training as applied to reading that is not equally applicable to singing. Reading and singing are two similar forms of vocal expression, requiring the use of the same vocal organs, and consequently the same process of development. Great injury is often done to children by allowing or requiring them to sing as loudly as

possible, while no attention is paid to the position of the body or the manner in which the tone is produced. Sitting incorrectly,—spine curved, chest sunken, head bent,—produces a cramping of all the muscles most necessary for the work. The pupil struggles to make up for this loss of power by increased effort with the throat. The result is not only a rasping and straining of this delicate organ, but great physical fatigue, and hard, screaming tones.

ORIGIN OF THE HARP.

THOMAS MOORE.



1. 'Tis believed that this harp which I now wake for thee Was a si - ren of old, who lived
 2. But she loved him in vain; for he left her to weep, And in tears, all the night, her gold
 3. Still her bo - som rose fair, still her cheek smiled the same, And her sea-beauties grace-ful - ly
 4. Hence it came that this soft harp so long has been known To min - gle love's language with

un - der the sea, And who oft - en at midnight thro' the dark bil - lows roved, To
 ring - lets to steep, Till Heaven looked with pity on true love so warm, And
 curl'd round the frame; And her hair, shedding dew-drops from all its bright rings, Fell
 sor - row's sad tone, Till thou didst di - vide them, and teach the fond lay To be

meet on the green shore a youth whom she loved, And who oft - en at midnight thro' the
 changed to this soft harp the sea - maiden's form, Till Heav'n look'd with pi - ty on
 o - ver her white arm, to make the gold strings, And her hair, shedding dewdrops from
 love when I'm near thee, and grief when a - way, Till thou didst di - vide them, and

dark bil - lows roved, To meet on the green shore a youth whom she loved.
 true love so warm, And changed to this soft harp the sea - maiden's form.
 all its bright rings, Fell o - ver her white arms, to make the gold strings.
 teach the fond lay To be love when I'm near thee, and grief when away.

anything but musical. One can easily judge of the effect of such "singing" continued daily, or even weekly. If attention to the necessary physical requirements in reading and singing cannot, for want of time, be given to both branches, let it be wholly bestowed upon the singing. A pupil who may read but half a minute at a time, sometimes sings for a half or a whole hour without many intervals of rest.

Moreover, the injury done to the voice in faulty singing is far greater than can possibly be done in reading. Proper management of the breath; proper production of tone; clearness, force, pitch, and flexibility of tone, can as profitably be taught in connection with the musical scale as with vowel sounds or words; and all musical training, in whatever form, is of the greatest value in teaching reading.—*Le Row.*

THE PAGODA BELLS.

T. COMER.

Lively.

1. When the golden morn gilds Loo Lung hills, Where the breezes blow so readily, Then swing the sweet Pa-
 2. O'er the pearly stream, thro' flowery vales, The pleasure boat rides jol-li-ly; When ev'ning breathes love's

go - da bells, And my heart chimes with them stead-i - ly; Like fai - ry tongues when
 melt-ing tales, Pa - go - da bells chime more ho - li - ly; Oh, has - ten round love's

they commune At eve-ning hour so cheer - i - ly, Each breeze wafts round their
 ro - sy moon, When the hap - py bells so mer - ri - ly. Shall peal the bliss - ful

Small notes to be played.

sil - ver tune, And all the air rings mer - ri - ly. Ding, dong, ding, dong, ding,
 trembling tune, That joins our hearts so cheer - i - ly. Ding, dong, ding, dong, ding,

So blithe they swing, Each tone some love joy, some love joy tells; While ech-o sends back,

*See**Organ*

The mer-ry, the mer-ry Pa - go - da bells.

COME UNTO HIM.

HENRY LESLIE.

Cantabile.

Come un-to Him, come un-to Him, and He will give you rest, All ye that

la - bor and are heav-y - la - den, All ye that la - bor and are heav-y - la - den, And He will

give you rest. For His yoke is ea - sy and His bur - den

light, His yoke is ea - sy and His burden light. Come un - to Him, and He will give you rest.

Come un - to Him and He will give you rest, All ye that

*stringendo.**cres.*

la - bor and are heav-y - la - den, Come un-to Him, and He will give you rest, and He will

f give you rest, will give, and He will give you rest, *rit.* *p tempo primo.*

All ye that la - bor and are heav-y - la-den, And He will give you rest, and

He will give you rest; Come un-to Him, and He will give you rest.

MY MOTHER'S SONG.

FRANZ SCHUBERT.

1. O sing again that plaintive song, The song of other times; Its mu-sic bears my soul along To
2. I heard it at the ev'ning's close Upon my na-tive shore; It was the fav'rite song with those Whom

oth-er, dear-er climes; I love its low, its broken tone; Its mu-sic seems to me Like the
I shall see no more; How many worldly tho'ts and cares Have melted at the strain; 'Tis fraught

wild wind when sighing lone, Like the wild wind when sighing lone O-ver a two-light sea.
with early hopes and pray'rs, 'Tis fraught with early hopes and pray'rs, O sing that song a-gain. *rit.*

ACCENT.—The subject of accent has been often misunderstood in its practical application. The regularly returning accent of measure should not usually prevail in any very marked manner. Such an accent belongs chiefly to a lower class of music, which makes its appeal to the mere external sense; it is heard, and indeed is often the only element, in the music of savage life. The march and the dance are somewhat dependent upon it, though in the higher department of these forms of music, it is often designedly hidden by higher properties for a short time, or as long as

it may seem safe to trust the feet without it. A regular drum-like recurrence of it in vocal music is usually at variance with good taste; nor does it belong to instrumental music of a high order. To the fact that this element is much concealed by the organ is to be attributed one of the chief excellencies of this noble instrument, and one which renders it peculiarly appropriate to the dignity, solemnity and spirituality of divine worship. The rhythmic accent which belongs to phrases, or periods, and also the rhetorical accent or emphasis belonging to emotion or expression, on

I REMEMBER HOW MY CHILDHOOD.

W. M. PRARD, 1833.
LADY EDWARD FITZGERALD.

1. I re - member, I remember, How my childhood fled by; The mirth of its December,
2. Then the bowers, then the bowers, Were as blithe as blithe could be, And all their radiant flowers
3. I was singing, I was singing, And my thoughts were idle words; But from my heart was springing
4. I was mer-ry, I was mer-ry, When my lit-tle lov-ers came, With a lil-y or a cherry,
And the warmth of its Ju-ly; On my brow, love, on my brow, love, There are no signs of care,
Were cor-o-nals for me; Gems to-night, love, gems to-night, love, Are gleaming in my hair,
Wild mu-sic like a bird's. Now I sing, love, now I sing, love, A fine I-tal-ian air;
Or a new-in-vent-ed game; Now I've you, love, now I've you, love, To kneel before me there,
Chorus.
But my pleasures are not now, love, What childhood's pleasures were. I re-mem-ber, I re-mem-ber,
But they are not half so bright, love, As childhood's ro-ses were. I re-mem-ber, I re-mem-ber,
But it's not so glad a thing, love, As childhood's ballads were. I re-mem-ber, I re-mem-ber,
But you know you're not so true, love, As childhood's lov-ers were. I re-mem-ber, I re-mem-ber,
How my childhood fleet-ed by, The mirth of its De-cember, And the warmth of its Ju-ly.

the contrary, are of the highest importance; they are, in all cases, essential to a tasteful and appropriate performance, and they should never be disregarded.

HINTS.—As it is not uncommon to see a person, when singing, assume a disquieted and troubled countenance, it may not be amiss to add a note of caution against wry faces and sour looks while singing, or at other times, and to recommend a pleasant countenance; for, as the old saying has it, "a pleasant face makes a pleasant voice," and, we may add, does

much toward making others happy. Also, the complaint is often made that the words cannot be heard, or are not carefully spoken in singing; but it cannot be expected that one who delivers tones in a careless, indifferent, lifeless manner, should articulate or pronounce words in any other way; whereas, if the habit of a careful utterance or emission of tones has been formed, it is almost sure that there will be a corresponding attention to words. A good delivery of the tones is a pre-requisite to a good delivery of words.

GO TO SLEEP, LENA DARLING.

J. K. EMMET,
Per. JOHN CHURCH & Co.

1. Close your eyes, Le - na, my darling, While I sing your lul - la - by; Fear thou no danger, Lena,
2. Bright be de morn-ing, my darling, Ven you ope your eyes Sunbeams glow all 'round you, Lena,

Move not, dear Le - na, my dar-ling, For your brooder watches nigh you, Le - na dear.
Peace be with thee, love, my dar-ling, Blue and cloudless be the sky for Le - na dear.

Angels guide thee, Lena dear, my darling, Noth-ing e - vil can come near; Brightest flow - ers
Birds sing their bright songs for thee, my darling, Full of sweetest mel - o - dy. An - gels ev - er

blow for thee, Dar - ling sis - ter, dear to me. Go to sleep, go to sleep, my
hov - er near, Dar - ling sis - ter, dear to me. Go to sleep, go to sleep, my

ba - by, my ba - by, my ba - by; Go to sleep, my ba - by,

ba - by, oh, by, Go to sleep, Le - na, sleep.

THE domain of music is sentiment; but even there its power is more profound than extensive; and if it expresses certain sentiments with an incomparable force, it expresses but a very small number of them. By way of association, it can awaken them all, but directly it produces very few of them, and the simplest and the most elementary, too,—sadness and joy with their thousand shades. Ask music to express magnanimity, virtuous resolution, and other sentiments of this kind, and it will be just as incapable of doing it as of painting a lake or a mountain. It goes about it as it can; it employs the slow, the rapid, the loud, the

soft, etc., but imagination has to do the rest, and imagination does only what it pleases. The same measure reminds one of a mountain, another of the ocean, the warrior finds in it heroic inspirations, the recluse religious inspirations. Doubtless, words determine musical expression, but the merit then is in the word, not in the music; and sometimes the word stamps the music with a precision that destroys it, and deprives it of its proper effects—vagueness, obscurity, monotony, but also fulness and profundity—I was about to say infinitude. I do not in the least admit that famous definition of song:—a noted declamation. A simple

A FAREWELL.

F. H. COWEN.
D. M. MULOCK-CRAIK.

Andante espressivo.

1. Look in my face, dear, O - pen - ly and free, Hold out your hand, dear, Have no fear of
2. Nev - er to meet more While day fol - lows day, Nev - er to kiss more Till our lips are

cres. *dim.*

me; Thus as friends old loves should part, Each one with a qui - et heart, Thus as friends old
clay; An - gry hearts grieve loud awhile, Broken hearts are dumb or smile, Broken hearts are

rit. *mf espress.* *cres.*

loves should part. Oh! my darling, my lost darling, Say farewell and go, Oh! my darling,
dumb or smile. Oh! my darling, my lost darling, Say farewell and go, Oh! my darling,

f *p* *rit.*

my lost darling, Say farewell and go, Say farewell, say farewell, say farewell and go.

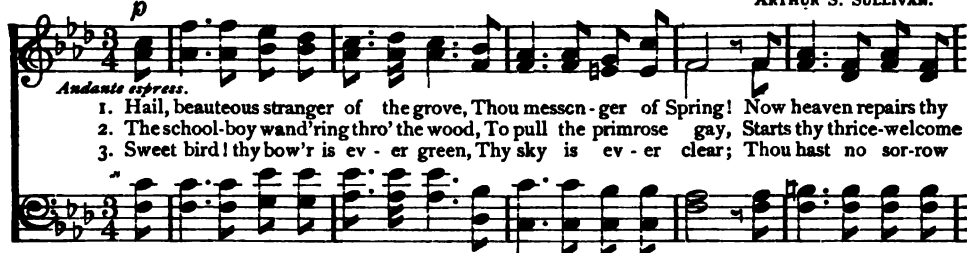
declamation rightly accented is certainly preferable to stunning accompaniments; but to music must be left its character; and its defects and advantages must not be taken away from it; especially it must not be turned away from its object, and there must not be demanded from it what it could not give. It is not made to express complicated and factitious sentiment, nor terrestrial and vulgar sentiments. Its peculiar charm is to elevate the soul towards the infinite. It is therefore naturally allied to religion, especially to that religion of the infinite which is at the same time the religion of the heart; it excels in transporting to the feet of

Eternal Mercy the soul trembling on the wings of repentance, hope, and love. Happy are those who, at Rome, in the Vatican, during the solemnities of the Catholic worship, have heard the melodies of Leo, Durante, and Pergolesi, on the old consecrated text! They have entered Heaven for a moment, and their souls have been able to ascend thither without distinction of rank, country, even belief, by those invisible and mysterious steps, composed, thus to speak, of all the simple, natural, universal sentiments, that everywhere on earth draw from the bosom of the human creature a sigh towards another world.—Victor Cousin.

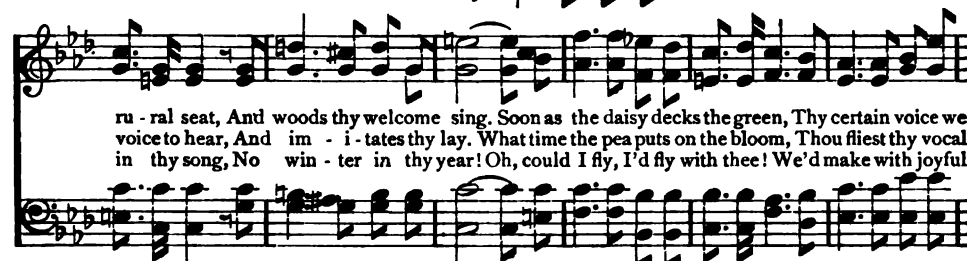
SPRING-TIME ONCE AGAIN.

JOHN LOGAN.
ARTHUR S. SULLIVAN.

p
Andante espress.

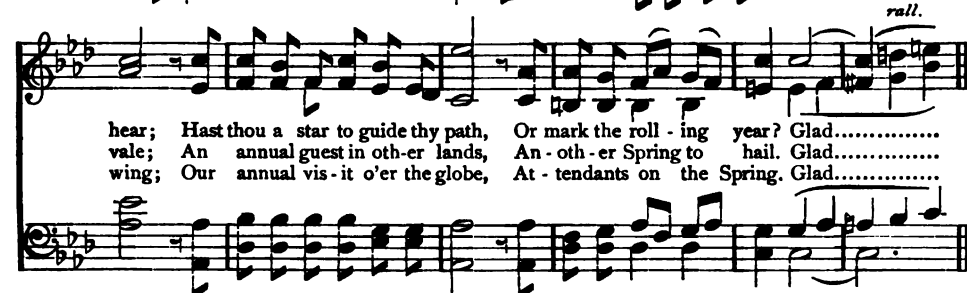


1. Hail, beauteous stranger of the grove, Thou messen-ger of Spring! Now heaven repairs thy
2. The school-boy wand'ring thro' the wood, To pull the primrose gay, Starts thy thrice-welcome
3. Sweet bird! thy bow'r is ev-er green, Thy sky is ev-er clear; Thou hast no sor-row



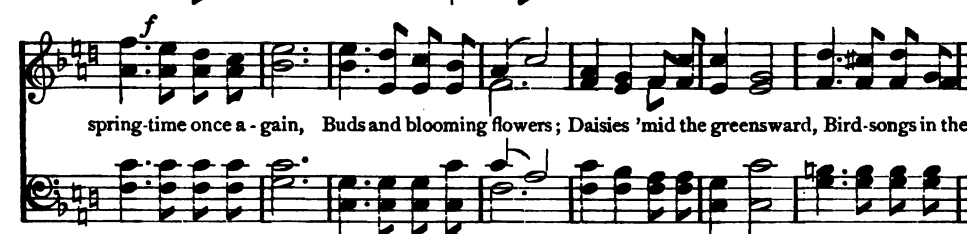
ru - ral seat, And woods thy welcome sing. Soon as the daisy decks the green, Thy certain voice we
voice to hear, And im - i - tates thy lay. What time the pea puts on the bloom, Thou fliest thy vocal
in thy song, No win - ter in thy year! Oh, could I fly, I'd fly with thee! We'd make with joyful

rall.



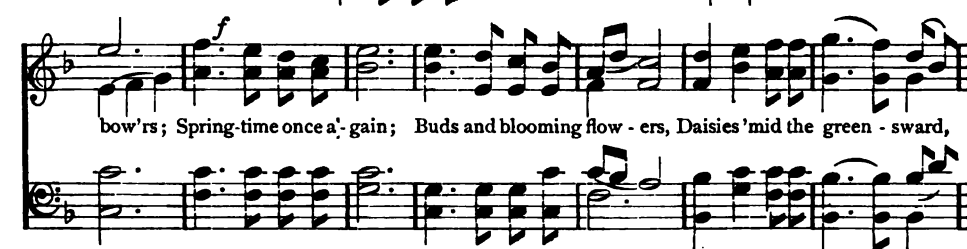
hear; Hast thou a star to guide thy path, Or mark the roll - ing year? Glad.....
vale; An annual guest in oth-er lands, An - oth - er Spring to hail. Glad.....
wing; Our annual vis - it o'er the globe, At - tendants on the Spring. Glad.....

f

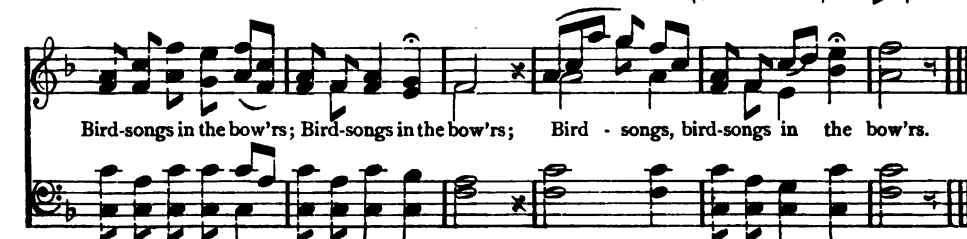


spring-time once a - gain, Buds and blooming flowers; Daisies 'mid the greensward, Bird-songs in the

f



bow'rs; Spring-time once a'-gain; Buds and blooming flow - ers, Daisies 'mid the green - sward,



Bird-songs in the bow'rs; Bird-songs in the bow'rs; Bird - songs, bird-songs in the bow'rs.

COME TO THE SEA.

(BARCAROLLE.)

G. ROBERTI.

1. Come, maid - en, come, and sail with me, Far o'er the main we'll hap - py be;
2. When moon and stars are beam - ing, Or morn - ing's splen - dors gleam - ing,

cres. *dim.*
The morning star now pal - ing, Calls to the witching sea, Love shall o'er o - cean
Light up its wa - ters heav - ing, Oh, for its wide, wide bound! When far bright rays are

guide us, His care from harm shall hide us, No e - vil shall be -
glanc - ing, And near us waves are danc - ing, With all the scene en -

tide us, Then let us sail the sea, Ah, come, ah, come, ah,
tranc-ing, We'll sweep o'er depths profound, Ah, come, ah, come, ah,

rall. *a tempo.*
come! Land left far be - hind us, O'er sil - ver waves fast
come! Hail, ma - jes - tic O - cean, To thee from all earth's

cres. *dim.*
fly - ing, With not a thought of sigh - ing, We'll sail the smil - ing sea.
min - ions Our bark spreads wide its pin - ions, We hail the broad blue sea.

accelerando e cres. *dim.* *ritardando.*

Come then, come, Let us seek the sea! Why de - lay then? Come, my

lento. *accel. e cres.*

dear one, Come and let us sail the sea. Joy - ous there, se - cure and

p

free, Come then, let us sail the sea, Come to the sea.

Come to the sea, come to the sea.

SWEETLY SLEEP.

Adagio. *p* *mf* *pp* *BETHOVEN.*

1. Sweet-ly sleep in peaceful pleasure, Now thy wea-ried eye - lids close, May some strain of
 2. Sweet-ly sleep! oh, what can sev - er True af - fec-tion's con - stan - cy? Tho' thine eyes should
 3. Sweet-ly sleep, and may the mor-row Wake thee with its fresh'ning light, Wake to - day un -

pp *mf* *sf*

bliss - ful meas-ure Lull thy heart to calm re - pose. Lost joys shall sleep restore thee,
 close for - ev - er, Ne'er should sleep my love for thee. Lost joys shall sleep restore thee,
 dimm'd by sor - row, Sleep thou sweet - ly all the night. Lost joys shall sleep restore thee,

f rit. sf

Ser - aphs above watch o'er thee! Heav'n's brightest joys be - fore thee, Sleep shall dis-close.

UNIT OF THOUGHT.—All music has as the basis of its construction two important elements, viz., tune and time; and if we would teach it successfully we must first find the units of thought upon which these two primary ideas are based. The major scale is the unit through which we must think in training the mind in *tune*. It contains all intervals found in music except the augmented second in the minor scale. From the intervals in this series of sounds come all the combinations of sounds of which music is composed, and with these intervals we can unlock all difficulties

found in the study of the pitch of sounds. When these facts are understood, and it is found that the regular teachers in our schools can train their pupils just as intelligently in sounds as they can in numbers or colors, and that these sounds can be more easily and successfully taught at an early age than either of the subjects mentioned, we shall find that music as an educational factor in our public schools has never been realized. To make available the teaching power of the regular teachers for music, they need to be shown how to apply the same intelligent methods in

FONDEST AFFECTIONS STILL CLING TO HOME.

Andante con moto.

"AMBASSADRESS."

1. 'Tis not the valley, mountain and grove, Haunts of my childhood, scenes of my love, Not for these
2. Home! there's a magic e'en in the name, Cottage or palace, still 'tis the same, Fond hearts may

on-ly feel I a care, But for the kind hearts still beating there; Skies may be brighter, but ne'er be-
sever, true hearts may roam, But their af-fections still cling to home; 'Tis not the valley, mountain and

guile My heart from the love of its own sun-ny isle. Footsteps may wander, hearts cannot
grove, Haunts of my child-hood, scenes of my love. Not for these on-ly shed I a

roam, Fondest af-fec-tions still cling to home! Fondest af-fec-tions still cling to home!
tear, But for the kind hearts still beat-ing there, But for the kind hearts still beat-ing there.

training the ear to sounds as *mental objects* that are used in training the eye to numbers and colors. The ordinary rote or imitative work is not real education in music. The mind gains power only through its own activities, and when the unit of thought—the major scale—has been clearly established, the pupils should be required to work out all problems in the study of intervals by singing them. The teacher should only guide the pupil in thinking and practice until he gains command of the whole subject. This is a self-educating process for both teacher and pupil.

Not a question should be asked by the teacher that is not immediately preceded by the sound to which it refers, and the sounds should be so named that every character used in representing the pitch of sounds should be named by teaching and naming the sound itself before the character is given. This is a very simple matter for the practical work of the school room, and when we as teachers learn how to present it the question of notation is settled, for no one would think of using any other than that of the staff after having learned to train children in this way.—H. E. Holt.

HAPPY ARE WE TO-NIGHT.

M. S. PRER.
Per. O. DITSON & Co.

Cheerfully.

1. Hap-py are we to-night, boys, Hap-py, hap-py are we; The hearts that we de -
 2. Man-y will be the mile, boys, Man-y, man-y the mile, That we shall rove and
 3. Wear-y we may re-turn, boys, Wear-y, wear-y at last; But mem-o-ry will

Fine. Ad lib.

light, boys, With us may hap-py be. Friends may laugh with those who laugh, And
 smile, boys, With those we ne'er be-guile. The voi-ces we have oft-en heard, And
 learn, boys, To love the hap-py past. Age may bring us gloom-y hours, And

D.C.

sigh for those in pain; The most of us have met be-fore, And now we meet a-gain.
 fa-cies we have met, Like tones of sweet-est mel-o-dy, We nev-er can for-get.
 time may make us sad; But we to-night are free from care, And all our hearts are glad.

MURMUR, GENTLE LYRE.

1. Mur-mur, gen-tle lyre, Thro' the lone-ly night; Let thy trembling
 2. Though the tones of sorrow Min-gle in thy strain, Yet my heart can
 3. Hark, the quiv'ring breezes! List, the silv'-ry sound; Ev'ry tu-mult ceas-
 4. Earth be-low is sleeping, Mead-ow, hill and grove; Angel stars are keep-

wire Wak-en pure de-light. Mur-mur, gen-tle lyre,
 bor-row Pleas-ure from the pain. Mur-mur, gen-tle lyre,
 es, Si-lence reigns a-round. Mur-mur, gen-tle lyre,
 ing Si-lent watch a-bove. Mur-mur, gen-tle lyre,

Thro' the lone-ly night; Let thy trembling wire, Wak-en pure de-light.

THE method of Mr. Holt's instruction is based upon the major scale as the unit in studying the pitch of sounds, which is made a study from the very commencement. This method is based upon the principles of the new education. He recognizes from the very commencement that all true education is based upon doing, not theorizing, and follows this out carefully through all his instructions. His first lesson is a drill upon the major scale as a whole, and it is continued until these sounds are as familiar, in all their

relations, as any of the simplest combinations in numbers. While this knowledge is being acquired, the children are made familiar with the different positions of these sounds on the staff, and are able to give the correct tone in any of those places or keys. At a recent lecture, presenting an elucidation of the principles upon which he has been working, he gave a beautiful illustration of his explanations with a class of nine girls brought from Boston, showing that difficulties which have been regarded as impossible, are

WHERE ARE NOW THE HOPES I CHERISHED?

Andantino.

V. BELLINI.
FROM "NORMA," 1831.

1. Where are now the hopes I cherish'd, Where the joys that once were mine? Gone for
 1. *In mia man al-fin tu se - i Niun po - tria spes - sar tuoi no - di lo lo*
 2. Canst thou think, as thou dost lis - ten To thy children's art - less songs, Of that

ev - er! all have perish'd, And the blighter's hand was thine! Look up - on me and re -
pos - so, "tu nol de - i" lo lo vo - gliò lo lo pos - so. In mia man al - fin tu
 moment when their fond hearts First shall feel their mother's wrongs, Ha! thou shrinkest! like the

mem - ber Thy Norma ere she was be-tray'd, Look a - gain! and look ex - ult - ing, On the
se - i Niun potria spezzar tuoi no - di Pei tuo Di-o, pei fi - gli tuo - i Giurar
 light - ning To thy bo-som fell re - morse shall dart, And thou yet shalt know the anguish, Which hath

ru - in thou hast made, Look a - gain, and look ex - ult - ing, On the ru - in thou hast made.
de - i ched'o - rain po - i A - dal gi - sa fug gi - ra - i all' al - tar non la torra - i.
 broken my poor heart, And thou yet shalt know the anguish, Which hath broken my poor heart.

very simple when properly approached. The exercises showed that modulations from one key to another are as easily comprehended and sung by these little girls as simple scale intervals. They were able with wonderful accuracy to move from one key to another in three-part harmony. Mr. Holt makes a careful study of tune and time separately before uniting these two elements. Measures are taught as groups of accents which are very clearly presented and named.

Time language is used, which does away with the necessity of learning the fractional names of notes and rests, and makes the beating of time unnecessary. The pupils are taught to feel the rhythm by the use of this language. It will be seen at once that this wonderfully simplifies the teaching of music. It is a play with sounds, and hence the interest is kept to its highest point. The pupils are continued in practice and not subjected to a dry drill in the technicalities of the science.

ROCK ME TO SLEEP, MOTHER.

ERNEST LESLIE.
ELIZABETH AKERS ALLEN.
(FLORENCE PERCY.)

With expression.

Moderato. p

1. Backward, turn backward, O Time, in your flight, Make me a child a-gain just for to-night!
2. Tired of the hol-low, the base, the un-true, Moth-er, O moth-er, my heart calls for you!
3. O - ver my heart, in the days that are flown, No love like moth-er-love ev-er has shone;
4. Come, let your brown hair, just lighted with gold, Fall on your shoulders a-gain as of old;

Mother, come back from the ech-o-less shore, Take me a-gain to your heart as of yore;
Man-y a sum-mer the grass has grown green, Blossomed and fad-ed our fa-cies between;
No oth-er wor-ship a-bides and en-dures,— Faithful, un-sel-fish, and patient like yours;
Let it fall o-ver my forehead to-night, Shading my faint eyes a-way from the light;

animato.

mf
Kiss from my forehead the fur-rows of care, Smooth the few sil-ver threads out of my hair;
Yet with strong yearning and passion-ate pain, Long I to-night for your presence a-gain;
None like a moth-er can charm a-way pain From the sick soul and the world-weary brain;
For with its sun-ny-edged shadows once more Hap-ly will throng the sweet visions of yore;

decre. *dolce.* *pp*
O-ver my slumbers your loving watch keep;—Rock me to sleep, mother,—rock me to sleep.
Come from the silence so long and so deep;—Rock me to sleep, mother,—rock me to sleep.
Slumber's soft calms o'er my heavy lids creep;—Rock me to sleep, mother,—rock me to sleep.
Loving-ly, soft-ly its bright billows sweep;—Rock me to sleep, mother,—rock me to sleep.

Chorus. ad lib.

Clasped to your heart in a lov-ing embrace, With your light lash-es just sweeping my face,

Nev-er here-af-ter to wake or to weep; Rock me to sleep, mother,—rock me to sleep.

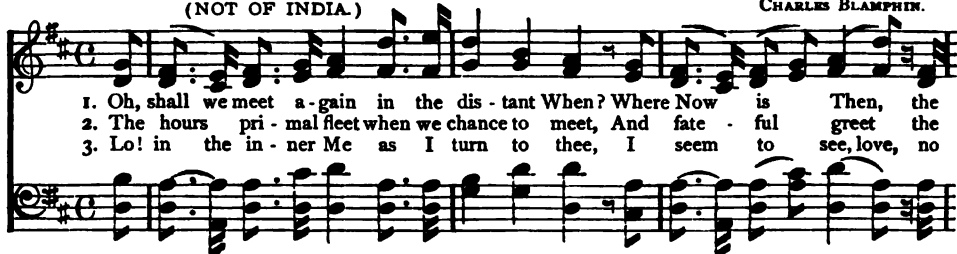
THERE is much beauty and unaffected simplicity in the modulation and general character of the native songs and music of all nations; they seldom fail to convey delight to persons of all classes, although uninfluenced by early or local associations; the words and tunes are usually well adapted to each other, whether it be in strains of tender passion and refined sentiment, or of comic humor and rustic festivity. The origin of national music in nearly all countries remains obscure and uncertain, though much inquired into. It has been supposed by some that the ancient melodies, especially those of Scotland, in their structure and succession of intervals, are similar to the scale of the Greek music, and some trace the same melodies to the

time of the Romans; others discover in them a resemblance to the ecclesiastical modes; but we do not find much existing historical evidence of any considerable antiquity relative to the national popular tunes anywhere; even in Scotland there is little of an older date than the fifteenth century, and the ancient music of all nations, beyond that time, we have only been able to trace by uncertain traditions or conjectures except in a few instances. Knox's Liturgy and Psalms show a date of 1565; Wood's manuscripts 1566; and the Skene manuscripts probably between 1615 and 1620, being left by the last descendants of the family to the Faculty of Advocates in Edinburgh. These manuscripts are now considered very ancient.—*Moore.*

BRAHMIN LOVE SONG.

(NOT OF INDIA.)

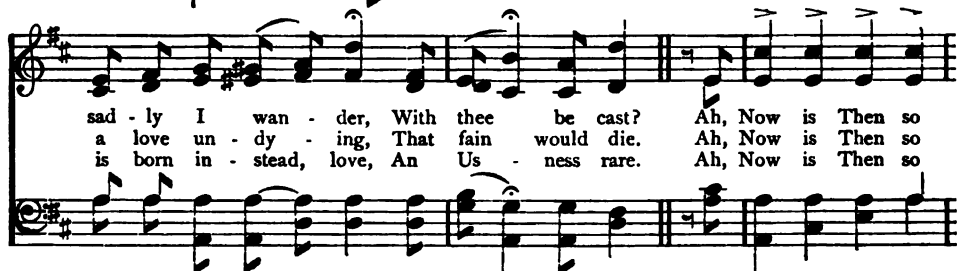
CHARLES BLAMPHIN.



1. Oh, shall we meet a-gain in the dis-tant When? Where Now is Then, the
 2. The hours pri-mal fleet when we chance to meet, And fate-ful greet the
 3. Lo! in the in-ner Me as I turn to thee, I seem to see, love, no



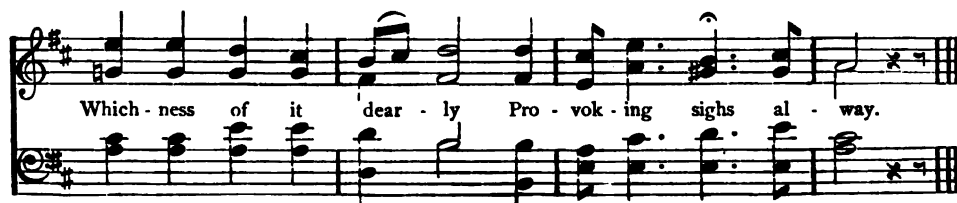
Pres-ent Fast; Oh, shall the mys-tic Yon-der, on which I pon-der, as
 How and Why; Then all the Thee-ness fly-ing from a Here-ness sigh-ing for
 E-go there; But the Me-ness dead, love, and the Thee-ness fled, love, now



sad-ly I wan-der, With thee be cast? Ah, Now is Then so
 a love un-dy-ing, That fain would die. Ah, Now is Then so
 is born in-stead, love, An Us-ness rare. Ah, Now is Then so



clear-ly, And Here is There so near-ly, The

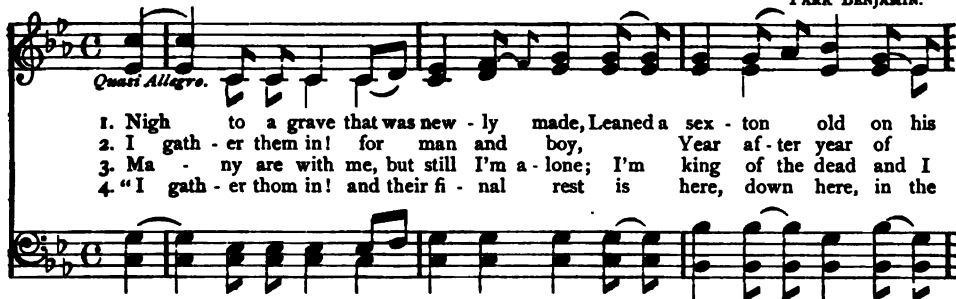


Which-ness of it dear-ly Pro-vok-ing sighs al-way.

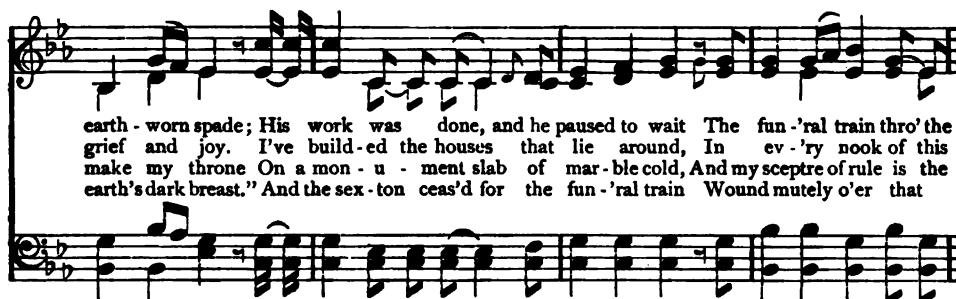
THE OLD SEXTON.

HENRY RUSSELL.
PARK BENJAMIN.

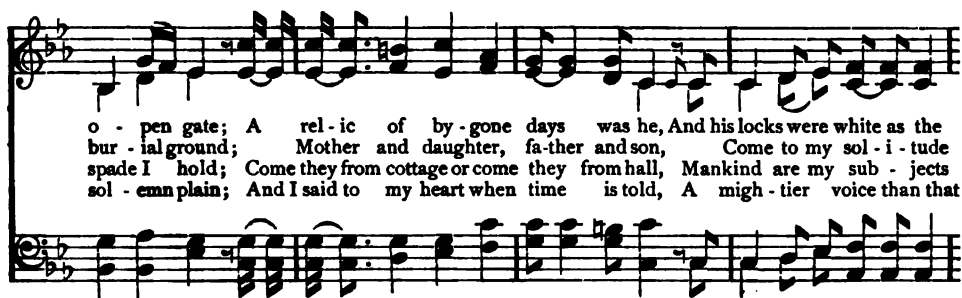
Quasi Allegro.



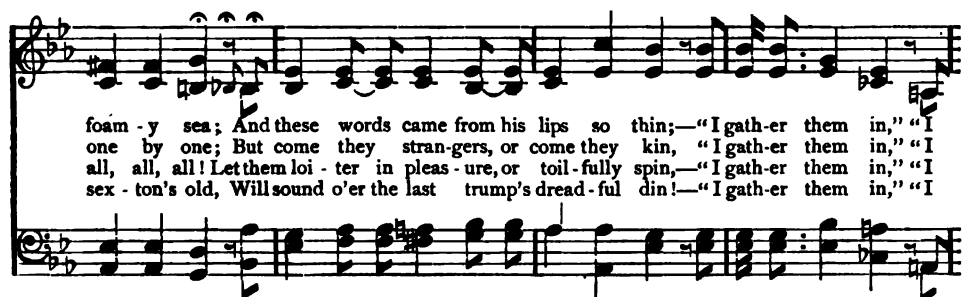
1. Nigh to a grave that was new - ly made, Leaned a sex - ton old on his
 2. I gath - er them in! for man and boy, Year af - ter year of
 3. Ma - ny are with me, but still I'm a - lone; I'm king of the dead and I
 4. "I gath - er them in! and their fi - nal rest is here, down here, in the



earth - worn spade; His work was done, and he paused to wait The fun -'ral train thro' the
 grief and joy. I've build - ed the houses that lie around, In ev -'ry nook of this
 make my throne On a mon - u - ment slab of mar - ble cold, And my sceptre of rule is the
 earth's dark breast." And the sex - ton ceas'd for the fun -'ral train Wound mutely o'er that



o - pen gate; A rel - ic of by - gone days was he, And his locks were white as the
 bur - ial ground; Mother and daughter, fa - ther and son, Come to my sol - i - tude
 spade I hold; Come they from cottage or come they from hall, Mankind are my sub - jects
 sol - emn plain; And I said to my heart when time is told, A migh - tier voice than that



foam - y sea; And these words came from his lips so thin;—"I gath - er them in," "I
 one by one; But come they stran - gers, or come they kin, "I gath - er them in," "I
 all, all, all! Let them loi - ter in pleas - ure, or toil - fully spin,—"I gath - er them in," "I
 sex - ton's old, Will sound o'er the last trump's dread - ful din!—"I gath - er them in," "I



gather them in, gath - er, gath - er, gath - er, I gath - er them in."

SINGERS, good and bad, are often troubled with an apparent stoppage in the throat, and this inconvenience seems to be at its worst just at that moment when they wish to sing. To displace or to cure this stoppage, they begin hacking and coughing ("clearing the throat" as it is called,) which proceeding, however, only makes bad worse for the time being, and finally grows into a habit, till at last such people cannot venture to open their mouths without first subjecting the throat to a series of these irritating "hacks." A good master will soon cure this complaint by refusing to

continue the lesson whenever the pupil gives way to the bad habit. It is in many cases simply a nervous trick, and if the singer will accustom himself to swallow instead of coughing, whenever he feels the sensation of which we are speaking, he will soon be rid of it. If it result in any case from real weakness of the throat, it may be beneficial to gargle three or four times a day with moderately-strong salt and water, especially before singing. This does not harm the voice, and by bracing and strengthening the muscles of the throat renders them more obedient to the singer's will.

SEE THE SUN'S FIRST GLEAM.

GERMAN.

Allegro.

1. See the sun's first gleam on the mountain stream, Now chant our cho - rus gay, Tra la la, Come,
2. Now the cham-ois fleet we long to meet, With dawn's first blushing ray, Tra la la, With
3. Then at ev - en tide, when the sun doth hide Be - hind yon moun-tain gray, Tra la la, And

com - rades, rouse from the sloth - ful dream, With joy - ous hearts view the morn-ing beam, For we
smil - ing face and with bounding feet, We'll seek him then in his lone re - treat; Then a -
sha - dows veil all the land - scape wide, A - down the rock - y steep we'll glide, Bidding

soon must a - way, must a - way, way to the hills, then a - way, hail to the close of the day,
For we soon must a - way, must a - way, Tra la la, For we
Then a - way to the hills, then a - way, Tra la la, Then a -
Bidding hail to the close of the day, Tra la la, Bidding

soon must a - way, must a - way, way to the hills, then a - way, hail to the close of the day,
For we soon must a - way, must a - way.
Then a - way to the hills, then a - way.
Bid - ding hail to the close of the day.

THE body should not be kept in a perfectly upright position when singing. The best position is with its chief weight upon the right leg and foot, the head gently leaning forward, the arms and, indeed, the whole carriage disposed in a manner that would indicate to the audience a sort of desire on your part to persuade them and bring them over to your feelings and sentiments. When the right leg begins to tire with the weight of the body, the left can take its turn. A sitting position is a very bad one in which to practice.

Singing should always be done in a standing position. Instead of sitting at the pianoforte, and accompanying an exercise or "solfeggio," it is far better to sound the first note of each passage therein, and master the same without any accompaniment. The advantages of this mode of practising must be obvious; but one of the most important is, that the attention is not divided between piano and voice, while it leaves the singer free to give all his attention and care to the production of the notes which he is endeavoring to sing artistically.

CHRISTMAS IS COMING.

HENRY PHILLIPS.



1. "I want for - ty doz - en of fine wax - en dolls, And for - ty - four thousand be -
 2. "There's Malcolm, and Har - ry, and Clarence, and John, Hope no end of hol - i - day
 3. "And wonder - ful pic - tures, books, mu - sic, and flowers, And birds singing gai - ly in

side them; I've a tel - e - phone or - der for good bouncing balls, So ma - ny I nev - er can
 treas - ure; Of San - ta Claus' vis - it from evening till dawn They talk or they dream without
 ca - ges, Ten thousand good things to make happy the hours Of folks of all sta - tions and

hide them! Toys needed by millions, and trumpets, and drums, With cargoes of candies as -
 meas - ure. There's Nellie, and Jennie, and Mary, and Bess, What rare things they'd have me go
 a - ges. Move lively, my lads, with full boxes and trays, Kind people will ev - ry - where

sort - ed, And oranges, almonds, and sweet su - gar plums, Quick pack them or have them im -
 hunt - ing! The' darlings I love them, and always can guess Silks, ribbons, furs, jewels they're
 hail them, The time is fast speeding and it would a - maze If San - ta Claus ev - er should

port - ed. want - ing. fail them. } For Christmas is coming, a week from to - morrow, And all must be read - y, be -

lieve me; If Santa Claus missed it, ah! there would be sorrow, From blame none could ever relieve me."

SOLDIERS' CHORUS.

"FAUST."
C. F. GOUNOD.*Spirited.*

Glo - ry and love to the men of old, Their sons may cop - y their vir - tues bold,

Cour - age in heart and a sword in hand, Yes, read - y to fight or read - y to die for

Pine.

Fa - ther - land. Who needs bidding to dare by a trum - pet blown?

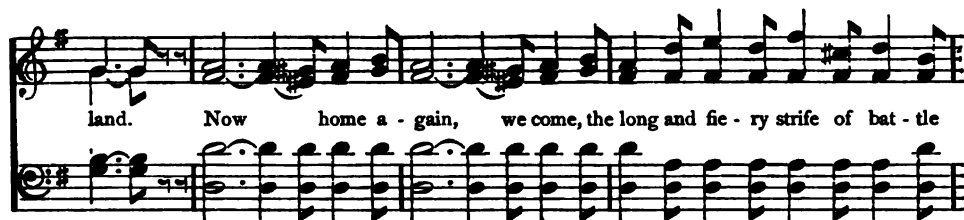
Who lacks pi - ty to spare, when the field is won? Who would fly from a foe,

if a - lone or last? And boast he was true, as coward might do, when per - il is past?

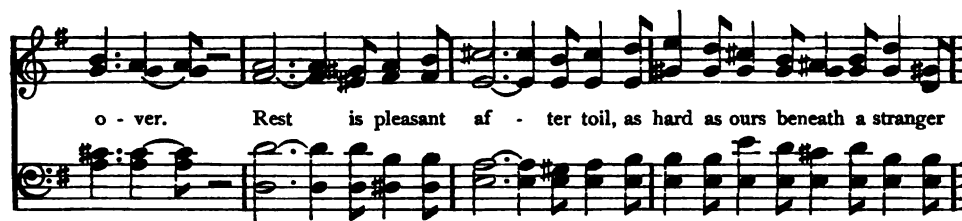
Glo - ry and love to the men of old, Their sons may cop - y their vir - tues bold.



Cour - age in heart, and a sword in hand, Read-y to fight for Fa - ther -



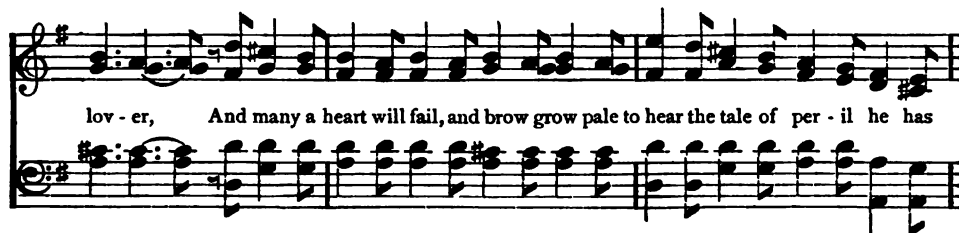
land. Now home a - gain, we come, the long and fie - ry strife of bat - tle



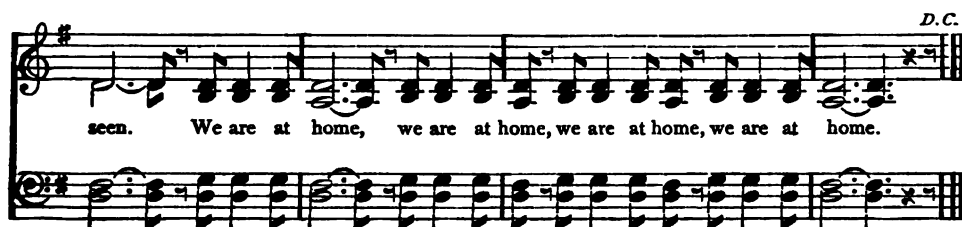
o - ver. Rest is pleasant af - ter toil, as hard as ours beneath a stranger



sun. Ma - ny a maid-en fair is wait-ing here to greet her tru-ant sol-dier



lov - er, And many a heart will fail, and brow grow pale to hear the tale of per - il he has



seen. We are at home, we are at home, we are at home, we are at home. D.C.

WHEN THE SUMMER RAIN IS OVER.

DOMESTIC.
L'ÉLISIR D'AMOUR.

1. When the summer rain is o - ver, And the pearly clouds are fly - ing, From the valley, low - ly
2. Now a - cross the rest - less billows, See the summer sunlight glancing, Watch the flashing wavelets


ly - ing, Floats away the misty veil. See! the sun breaks forth in glory, Nature fresh and bright re - dancing Round the white and sunny sail. Bright upon yon darkling storm - cloud, See the rainbow spans the

veal - ing, Grate - ful earth, her flowers un - seal - ing, Breathes her balm on
o - cean, Stilled is all the wild com - mo - tion, Hushed to rest the


ev - 'ry, ev - 'ry gale. Grate - ful earth, her flowers un - seal - ing,
sink - ing, sink - ing gale. Stilled is all the wild com - mo - tion,

Breathes her balm on ev - 'ry gale, Hearts a - dor - ing, glad - ness feeling, Heaven's
Hushed to rest the sink - ing gale, Hearts a - dor - ing, glad - ness feeling, Heaven's

smiles with welcome hail, Hearts adoring, gladness feeling, Heaven's smiles with welcome hail, Hearts a -



doring, gladness feeling, Heaven's smiles with welcome hail, Hearts adoring, gladness feeling, Heaven's





smiles with welcome hail, with welcome hail, with welcome hail, with welcome hail, with welcome hail.

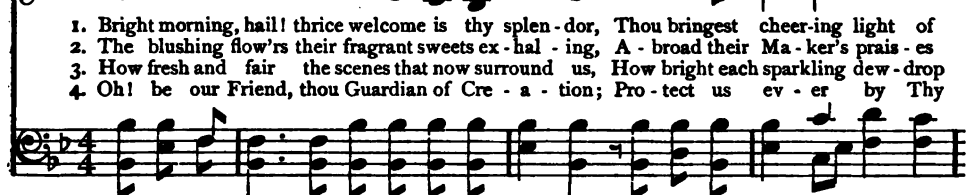


BRIGHT MORNING, HAIL!

GERMAN.




1. Bright morning, hail! thrice welcome is thy splen - dor, Thou bringest cheer - ing light of
2. The blushing flow'rs their fragrant sweets ex - hal - ing, A - broad their Ma - ker's prais - es
3. How fresh and fair the scenes that now surround us, How bright each sparkling dew - drop
4. Oh! be our Friend, thou Guardian of Cre - a - tion; Pro - tect us ev - er by Thy



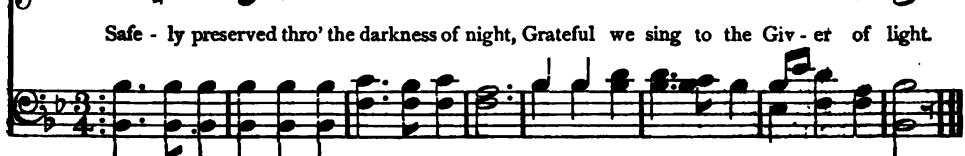

day; A grateful trib - ute shall our voices ren - der, To Him whose bounty gives thy ray;
 speak; The morning breezes ev - 'ry sense re - gal - ing, Their bounteous Giver bid us seek,
 gleams! What copious good from Nature's store has crown'd us! How radiant shine these early beams!
 might, And guide our steps, secure from all tempta - tion, To hap - py realms of heavenly light.



Chorus.



Safe - ly preserved thro' the darkness of night, Grateful we sing to the Giv - er of light.



THE words of the beautiful duet, "What Are the Wild Waves Saying?" suggested by the well-known scene in "Dombey and Son," were written by Dr. Joseph Edwards Carpenter, the music by Stephen Glover, who was born in London, in 1813. The editor of "Our Familiar Songs" says of him: "He composed music correctly at the age of nine, and his life was devoted to his art. His instrumental music has had an immense circulation, and some of his songs have been widely popular. His themes were characterized by a melodious sweetness, and were pathetic, lively or tender, in accordance with the words of the song, to which they were always carefully suited. His own favorites were his adaptations of Scripture words, which breathe a simple trust in the Christian faith—the ruling principle of his life. Mr. Glover

was passionately fond of country life, and most of his compositions were written in rural retirement. During a visit to the seaside in 1867, he met with a severe accident, from the effects of which he never recovered and which virtually closed his musical career. He travelled from place to place in search of health, and died Dec. 7, 1870. A memoir of him, published in an English journal, closes with this paragraph, penned in all the sincerity of affection by one who knew him well: 'The editor cannot allow this brief notice to go forth without bearing his testimony to the gentleness, the courtesy, the manifold Christian virtues of his departed friend. To the great ability which has secured for his compositions a world-wide fame, Mr. Glover added that self-negation which is even more rare than the exquisite skill of the sweet singer.'

TWILIGHT DEWS.

THOMAS MOORE.



1. When twi-light dews are fall - ing fast Up - on the ro - sy sea, I watch that star whose
2- There's not a gar - den walk I tread, There's not a flow'r I see, But brings to mind some

beam so oft Has light - ed me to thee; And thou, too, on that orb so dear, Ah! hope that's fled, Some joy I've lost with thee; And still I wish that hour were near When

dost thou gaze at ev'n, And think, tho' lost for - ev - er here, Thou'lt yet be mine in Heaven? friends and foes forgiven, The pains, the ills we've wept thro' here May turn to smiles in Heaven!

THERE is a story told somewhere, of a celebrated musician, who lay upon his dying bed. A youth entered an adjoining apartment, sat down to a piano, and began to play a tune. For some reason, he stopped abruptly in the midst of a strain, and left the room. The air was a favorite one with the dying son of song, and the notes untouched so haunted him as he lay there, that he arose from his couch, seated himself at the instrument, took up the tune where the youth had left it, played it out, returned to his pillow, and in a moment was dead. I know not that it is true; but it is touching and suggestive enough to be so. The world is full of life: each life is a tune; so the world is a great orchestra; and of them all how few tunes are played through! how many have ended as they were not begun. Marches are so ended

every day: strong, brave marches, that end all too soon in a "dying fall." Whirling waltzes set off to the time of the youngest, merriest hearts, subside into dirges sad and low. Peans turn to plaints, and all at last are hushed in the measured beat of the "muffled drums" of life. And of these strains of hope and harmony, how many are unended—no dying musician to take them up when those that struck them first are dumb or dead. But it is a pleasant thought that perhaps somebody may take up the tune, when we are dead—not a note lost, not a jar, not a discord, but all a swan-like harmony. May neither your life nor mine be composed of random "scores," but be a beautiful anthem, harmony in its parts, melody in all its tones, till the "daughters of music are brought low," and the life-anthem on earth is ended.

LET ME DREAM AGAIN.

Andante espressivo.

ARTHUR SULLIVAN.

1. The sun is set-ting and the hour is late, Once more I stand beside the
 2. The clock is strik-ing in the bel-fry tower, And warns us of the ev-er-

wick-et gate; The bells are ringing out the dy-ing day, The chil-dren
 fleet-ing hour; But neith-er heeds the time which on-ward glides, For time may

sing-ing on their homeward way, And he is whisp'ring words of sweet in-tent, While
 pass a-way, but love abides, I feel his kiss-es on my fe-v'ed brow,

I, half doubting, whis-per a con-sent. Is this a dream? then wak-ing would be
 If we must part, ah! why should it be now? Is this a dream? then wak-ing would be

pain. Oh! do not wake me, let me dream a-gain. Is this a dream? then

waking would be pain, Oh! do not wake me, do not wake me, let me dream a-gain,

WHAT ARE THE WILD WAVES SAYING?

PAUL.

S. GLOVER.
J. E. CARPENTER.*Andante con espressione.*

1. What are the wild waves say - ing, Sis - ter, the whole day long, That
 2. Yes; but the waves seem ev - er Sing - ing the same sad thing, And

agitato cres.

ev - er a - mid our play - ing I hear but their low, lone song? Not by the sea - side
 vain is my weak en - deav - or To guess what the sur - ges sing! What is that voice re -

dolce.

on - ly— There it sounds wild and free,— But at night, when 'tis dark and lone - ly, In
 peating, Ev - er by night and day? Is it a friend - ly greeting, Or a

dreams it is still with me, But at night, when 'tis dark and lone - ly, In
 warn - ing that calls a - way? Is it a friend - ly greeting, Or a

FLORENCE.

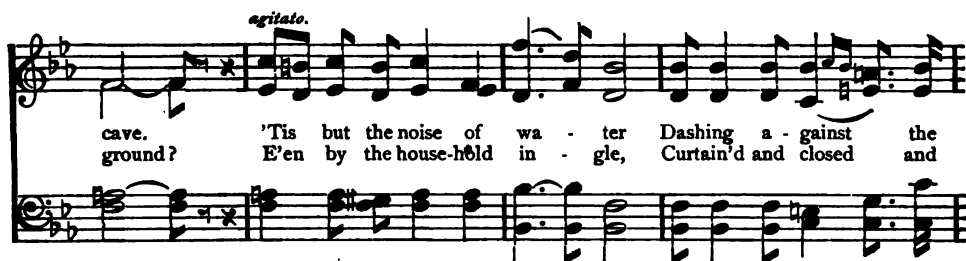
piu animato.

dreams it is still with me. Brother, I hear no sing - ing: 'Tis but the roll - ing
 warn - ing that calls a - way? Brother, the in - land mountain, Hath it not voice and

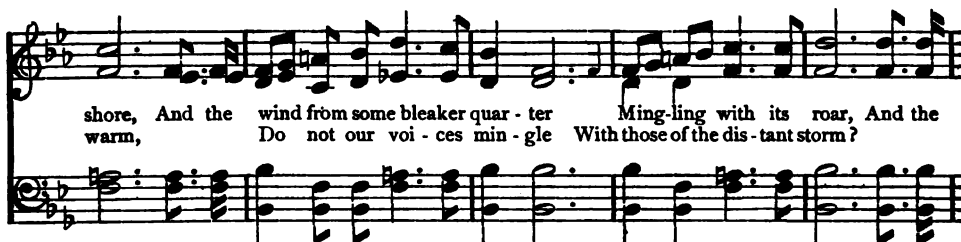
dolce.

wave, Ev - er its lone course wing - ing O - ver some o - cean
 sound? Speaks not the drip - ping foun - tain As it be - dews the

agitato.



cave. 'Tis but the noise of wa - ter Dashing a - gainst the
ground? E'en by the house-hold in - gle, Curtain'd and closed and

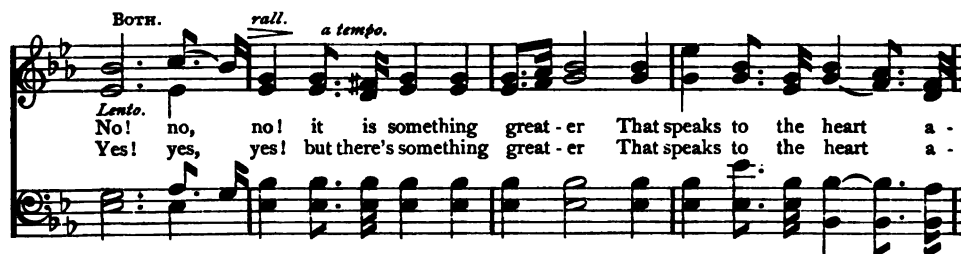


shore, And the wind from some bleaker quar - ter Ming-ling with its roar, And the
warm, Do not our voi - ces min - gle With those of the dis - tant storm?



wind from some bleaker quar - ter Ming-ling, ming - ling with its roar.
Do not our voi - ces min - gle With those of the dis - tant storm?

Both. rall. a tempo.

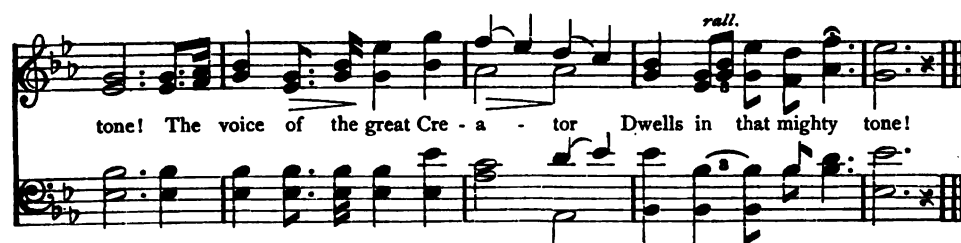


Lento.
No! no, no! it is something great - er That speaks to the heart a -
Yes! yes, yes! but there's something great - er That speaks to the heart a -



lone, The voice of the great Cre - a - tor Dwells in that mighty

rall.



tone! The voice of the great Cre - a - tor Dwells in that mighty tone!

ROBERT BURNS.—His works are singularly various and splendid; the greater part of them consists of songs, either completely original or re-castings of such compositions of older date: in performing this difficult task of altering and improving existing lyrics, in which a beautiful thought was often buried under a load of mean and vulgar expression, Burns exhibits a most exquisite delicacy and purity of taste, and an admirable ear for harmony. His own songs vary in tone and subject through every changing mood, from the sternest patriotism and agonizing

pathos to the broadest drollery: in all he is equally inimitable. Most of his finest works are written in his own Lowland dialect, and give a picture, at once familiar and ideal, of the feelings and sentiments of the peasant. It is the rustic heart, but glorified by passion, and elevated by a perpetual communing with nature. But he has also exhibited perfect mastery of pure English, and many admirable productions might be cited in which he has clothed the loveliest thoughts in the purest language. Consequently, his rare genius was not obliged to depend

GENTLY REST.

(THE MOTHER'S SONG.)

KÜCKEN'S "SCHLUMMERLIED."
Words by W. POWELL.

1. Gent - ly rest! the night stars gleam; Soft thy slum - ber; bright thy dream.
2. Let but an - gels whisp' - ring tell In thy dream - ing where they dwell;
3. Ah! 'twere vain to tell thee now Of the love my heart can know;

Fear no harm, for I will keep Watch with love while thou'rt a - sleep,
In that land where no de - cay Steals the flow'rs they love a - way,
On - ly now for thee I pine, All a moth - er's love is thine.

Watch with love while thou'rt a - sleep:
Steals the flow'rs they love a - way. } Oh! hush thee now in slum - ber
All a moth - er's love is thine.

mild, While watch I keep; Oh, sleep my child.

upon the adventitious charm of a provincial dialect. There never perhaps existed a mind more truly and intensely poetical than that of Burns. In his verses to a "Mountain Daisy," which he turned up with his plow, in his reflections on destroying, in the same way, the nest of a field-mouse, there is a vein of tenderness which no poet has ever surpassed. In the beautiful little poem, "To Mary in Heaven," and in many other short lyrics, he has condensed the whole history of love—its tender fears, its joys, its

frenzy, its agonies, and yet its sublimer resignation—into the space of a dozen lines. No other poet ever seems so *sure* of himself; none goes more directly and more certainly to the point; none is more muscular in his expression, encumbering the thought with no useless drapery of words, and trusting for effect to nature, truth, and intensity of feeling. No poet more abounds in those picture-like phrases which at once present the object almost to our senses, and which no reflection could improve.—*T. B. Shaw.*

NEARER, MY GOD, TO THEE.

FRANK ABT.
SARAH F. ADAMS, 1840.

Andante. *p*

1. Near - er, my God, to Thee, Near - er to Thee! E'en though a cross it be
2. Though like a wan - der - er, The sun gone down, Dark - ness be o - ver me,
That rais - eth me, Still all my song shall be, Near - er, my
My rest a stone; Yet in my dreams I'd be Near - er, my
God, to Thee, Near - er, my God, to Thee, Near - er to Thee!

3. There let the way appear
Steps unto heaven;
All that Thou sendest me,
In mercy given;
Angels to beckon me
Nearer, my God, to Thee,
Nearer to Thee!

4. Then with my waking thoughts
Bright with Thy praise,
Out of my stony griefs
Bethel I'll raise;
So by my woes to be
Nearer, my God, to Thee,
Nearer to Thee!

5. Or if on joyful wing,
Cleaving the sky,
Sun, moon, and stars forgot,
Upward I fly,
Still all my song shall be,
Nearer, my God, to Thee,
Nearer to Thee.

BREAD OF THE WORLD.

"WALTER'S CHORALS."
REGINALD HEER, 1827.

1. Bread of the world, in mer - cy bro - ken, Wine of the soul, in mer - cy shed,
2. Look on the heart by sor - row bro - ken, Look on the tears by sin - ners shed;
By whom the words of life were spok - en, And in whose death our sins are dead;
And be Thy feast to us the to - ken That by Thy grace our souls are fed. A - men.

A FALSE view of life is our radical defect. Our political problems always hinge on some money problem, our educational system looks primarily to the fitting of men for money-getting, for our young men even success means riches, and our very worship implies that the poor are unfit for the kingdom of Heaven. Thus we lose sight of man and think only of money; increase our wealth, while faith and hope and love and intelligence diminish. We build great cities to be inhabited by little men, are keen to drive a bargain and slow to recognize a noble man. We have eyes for bank notes, and move dumb and unraised beneath the starlit heavens. If it were possible that a great philosopher or poet should arise among us, some foreigner would have to point him out to

us; but we know our own, our men of boundless wealth, whom we envy and despise. So long as our whole national life-struggle continues to be carried on around this single point of finance, what hope is there of avoiding fatal conflicts? The rich will worship their god Mammon alone, and the poor will plot and scheme to shatter the idol; and mechanical contrivances, such as arbitration boards and legislative enactments, will leave the root of the evil untouched. It is essential that we should know that the real and final test of a government, as of a religion, is the kind of man, and not the amount of money, it produces. We must return to the ideals of our forefathers, who preferred freedom, intelligence and strength to wealth.—*Bishop Spaulding.*

A GREENNESS LIGHT AND TENDER.

GERMAN FOLK-SONG.

p *Grassioso.*

1. A greenness light and ten - der Is seen on field and plain, It is the new year's
 2. The grass springs in the val - ley, The hill-side clothes a - main, The bird - song from the

mf *p*

gladness Re - turn - ing once a - gain. Re - turn - ing once a - gain. It is the spring so
 bushes Of nest - ing tells a - gain. Of nest - ing tells a - gain. It is the spring so

mf *rit.*

wel - come Suc - ceeds chill winter's sway, That bids each sorrow van - ish, And ev - ery heart be

a tempo. *p* *mf*

gay. I too a - wake from dreaming, For oh! I look on thee! So is my win - ter

f *p* *f*

o - ver, And spring re - vives in me, And spring re - vives in me.

RISE, MY SOUL, AND STRETCH THY WINGS.

R. SEAGRAVE, 1742.
DR. NARES. "AMSTERDAM."

1. Rise, my soul, and stretch thy wings, Thy bet-ter por-tion trace; Rise from tran-si-
 2. Riv-ers to the o-cean run, Nor stay in all their course; Fire, as-cend-ing,
 3. Fly me, rich-es, fly me, cares, Whilst I that coast ex-plore; Flattering world, with
 4. Cease, ye pilgrims, cease to mourn, Press on-ward to the prize; Soon our Sa-viour

to-ry things Towards heaven, thy native place: Sun and moon and stars de-cay;
 seeks the sun; Both speed them to their source: So a soul that's born of God,
 all thy snares, So-lic-it me no more! Pil-grims fix not here their home;
 will re-turn Tri-um-phant in the skies: Yet a sea-son, and you know

Time shall soon this earth remove; Rise, my soul, and haste a-way To seats prepared a-bove.
 Pants to view His glo-rious face, Upward tends to His a-bode, To rest in His em-brace.
 Stran-gers tar-ry but a night; When the last dear morn is come, They'll rise to cheerful light.
 Hap-py entrance will be given, All our sor-rows left be-low, And earth exchanged for heaven.

COME, TREMBLING SINNER, IN WHOSE BREAST.

"BALEMA."
WM. JONES.

1. Come, trembling sin-ner, in whose breast A thou-sand thoughts re-volve,
 2. "I'll go to Je-sus, though my sin Hath like a moun-tain rose;
 3. "Pros-trate I'll lie be-fore His throne, And there my guilt con-fess;

Come, with your guilt and fear oppressed, And make this last re-solve:
 I know His courts, I'll en-ter in, What-ev-er may op-pose.
 I'll tell Him I'm a wretch un-done, With-out His sover-eign grace.

"Perhaps He will admit my plea,
 Perhaps will hear my prayer;
 But if I perish, I will pray,
 And perish only there.

"I can but perish if I go;
 I am resolved to try;
 For if I stay away, I know
 I must forever die.

"But if I die with mercy sought,
 When I the King have tried,
 This were to die (delightful thought!)
 As sinner never died."

THE organ, to one familiar with its structure, and with an eye that readily seizes a symbol, suggests a valuable lesson concerning the diversities of the religious world. Every organ is composed of several series of pipes, each series being called a stop. The value of each stop is, that it breathes out and modulates, with more or less compass, a certain pervading quality of tone. Some stops cannot be played together without producing painful discord, so penetrative and total is their dissonance, while, if a larger number are drawn, so that we get nearer to the full compass of the instrument, they broaden and enrich the harmony. Now, have we not

here a noble language for expressing the structure and diversities, the uses and the service, of the parties and the literatures of the Christian church? The church is one, like an organ; it is diverse and broken, like the ranges of its pipes. The sects are its stops. I beg you to see, by an attentive consideration, that this is not a fancy, and that it is not merely speculative and impractical. I beg you to see that the organ is able to help us to a principle that is just and generous, and that stimulates a wise charity. The church universal lives by the breath of the Holy Spirit. It is the Holy Spirit, sweeping into history from the infinite deep of

CHEERILY, CHEERILY.

FAVORITE GLEE.

m *Spirited.*

1. Never go gloomily, man with a mind, Hope is a better companion than fear; Providence ev-er be -
 2. Many a foe is a friend in disguise; Many a sorrow a blessing most true, Helping the heart to be

nignant and kind, Gives with a smile what you take with a tear. All will be right, Look to the light, Morning
 happy and wise, With love ever precious and joys ever new. Stand in the van. Strive like a man, This is the

m *cres.*

daughter of night, All that was black will be all that is bright. Cheerily, cheerily, then cheer up, then cheer up,
 cleverest plan, Leave the event while you do what you can. Cheerily, cheerily, then cheer up, then cheer up,

cres. *f*

Then cheer up, then cheer up, then cheer up, Cheerily, cheerily, then cheer up, All will be right.

God, and making itself vocal in the literature and life of Christendom, through consecrated minds and sanctified souls and beneficent hands. So broad is the current of the truth which first broke into our stagnant air over Palestine, and has been widening since upon the nations, that it wakens peculiar tones of every temperament, and strikes, as we may say, a fresh chord in every century. We cannot too often repeat that Christianity is not a certain amount of religious truth locked up in a written record, but that it is a holy influence from the spiritual world, which struck one or two keynotes at its first coming, filling the souls of the few Apostles of Jesus,

with their melody, and which pours on to waken some new chord and variation in every nation and age. The true point in Scripture from which to survey it, and by which it should be interpreted, is the record of Pentecost, when the rushing, mighty wind filled the house where the disciples gathered, and kindled such speech that men of various kingdoms heard each class in their own tongue. So it has been ever since. Out of various temperaments, which cannot coincide precisely in their tones, and which lie open by their structure to different modulations of religious truth, the Spirit evokes the voices which it needs.—*Rev. T. S. King.*

GENTLY SIGHS THE BREEZE.

STEPHEN GLOVER.

Andante.

Gent - ly, gent - ly sighs the breeze, Like a whisper thro' the trees, Like a voice of ser - aph

dim.

bright, Sing - ing to the world, good night, Gent - ly, gent - ly sighs the

pp *cres.*

breeze, Like a whis - per thro' the trees, Like a voice of ser - aph

Like a

cres.

bright, Sing - ing to the world, good night, good night, Sing - ing to the world, good

voice of ser - aph bright, Sing - ing to the world, good night, good

night, good night, good night, good night, good night, good night, good night, good

night, good night, good night, good night, good

pp *dim.*

night, good night, good night..... good night, good night, good night.

night, good night, good night, good night.

LEANING idly over a fence, a few days since, we noticed a little four-year-old amusing himself in the grass, by watching the frolicsome flight of birds, that were playing around him. At length a beautiful bobolink perched on a bough of an apple tree which extended within a few yards of where the urchin sat, and maintained his position, apparently unconscious of his close proximity to one whom birds usually consider a dangerous neighbor. The boy seemed astonished at his impudence, and after regarding him steadily for a minute or two, obeying the lower instinct, he picked

up a stone lying at his feet, and was preparing to throw it, steadying himself for a good aim. The little arm was drawn backward without alarming the bird, and "Bob" was within an ace of danger, when lo! his throat swelled, and forth came nature's plea: "a-link, a-link, a-link, bob-a-link, bob-a-link, a-no-weet! I know it, I know it, a-link, a-link, don't throw it, throw it, throw it." And he didn't. Slowly the little arm fell to its natural position, and the now despised stone dropped. The minstrel had charmed the would-be murderer! We heard the songster through, and saw

KELLER'S AMERICAN HYMN.

M. KELLER.
Per. OLIVER DITSON & Co.

Maestoso.

1. Speed our re-pub-lic, O Fa-ther on high! Lead us in path-ways of jus-tice and right;
2. Fore-most in bat-tle, for Freedom to stand, We rush to arms when aroused by its call;
3. Rise up, proud eagle, rise up to the clouds, Spread thy broad wings o'er this fair western world!

cres.

Rul-ers as well as the ruled, one and all, Gir-dle with vir-tue—the ar-mor of might!
Still as of yore, when George Washington led, Thun-ders our war-cry, We con-quer or fall!
Fling from thy beak our dear banner of old! Show that it still is for Freedom un-furl'd!

Hail! three times hail to our country and flag! Rul-ers as well as the ruled, one and all,
Hail! three times hail to our country and flag! Still as of yore, when George Washington led,
Hail! three times hail to our country and flag! Fling from thy beak our dear banner of old—

Gir-dle with vir-tue, the ar-mor of might! Hail! three times hail to our country and flag!
Thunders our war-cry, We conquer or fall! Hail! three times hail to our country and flag!
Show that it still is for Freedom unfurl'd! Hail! three times hail to our country and flag!

his unharmed flight, as also did the boy with a sorrowful countenance. Anxious to hear an expression of the little fellow's feelings, we asked, "Why didn't you stone him, my boy? you might have killed him and carried him home." The poor little fellow looked up doubtfully, as though he suspected our meaning, and, with an expression half shame and half sorrow, he replied, "Couldn't, cos he sung so!" Who will say that "music hath no charms to soothe the savage breast," or that God hath not made melody to move the purer fountains of our nature, to awaken those sympathies

that are kindred to Heaven, the angels, and to God himself? Let the sweet tones of music break upon the ears of the dull school-boy, and he awakes into new life and energy. Pour the notes of melody into the ears of the wilful child, and you disarm him; anger is subdued, and he may become obedient and attentive. Let music break the silence of the school-room in the morning, and the chords of some young hearts will continue to vibrate in harmony during the day. Then give some attention daily to vocal music. This may be done without any loss, even with gain, to other branches.

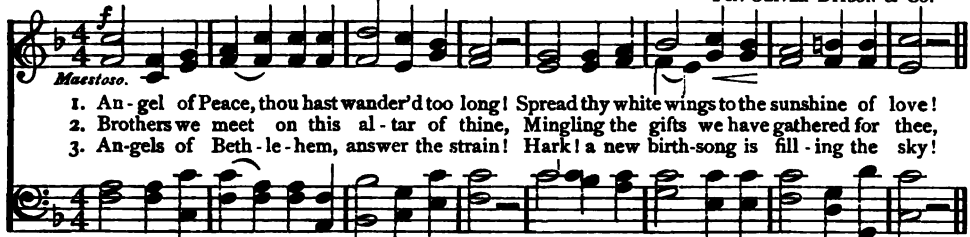
THE common impression in the churches is that music is excellent in proportion as a multitude of people join in the singing. To a certain extent this is true. A volume of sound is an important part of church music, but it is by no means all that is necessary. There may be a great noise without much music. The general exhortation with which congregations are stimulated to effort is "Now, brethren, all unite in singing!" The musical training of congregations is sadly neglected. Even where there are skilled and paid choirs the people are seldom gathered and in-

structed in music. The church which sets on foot a practical system of teaching music will lead its congregation into the happiest results in sacred worship. There was something in the old-fashioned singing-school, as maintained in rural communities, which was both a civilizer and educator. It was rude, perhaps, yet it was good in its way. A modified form of it could be introduced with great advantage, under proper supervision of the pastor and others, if in sympathy with improvement in the music, as they should be, since it is an essential feature of our religious worship.

ANGEL OF PEACE.

DR. O. W. HOLMES. M. KELLER.
PER. OLIVER DITSON & CO.

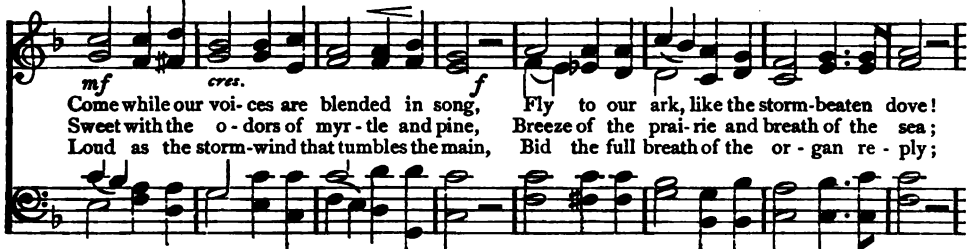
Maestoso.



1. An-gel of Peace, thou hast wander'd too long! Spread thy white wings to the sunshine of love!
2. Brothers we meet on this al-tar of thine, Mingling the gifts we have gathered for thee,
3. An-gels of Beth-le-hem, answer the strain! Hark! a new birth-song is fill-ing the sky!

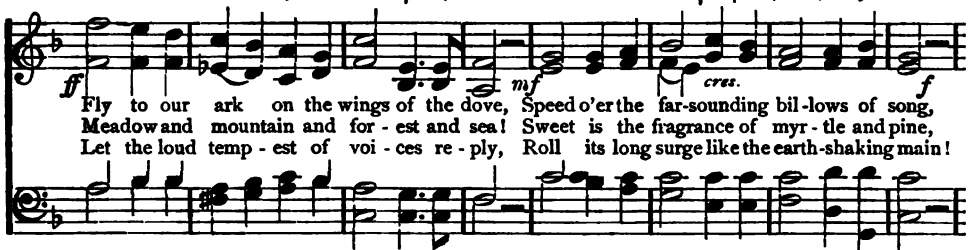
Sing 1st verse f, and verse pp, 3d verse ff.

mf cres. f



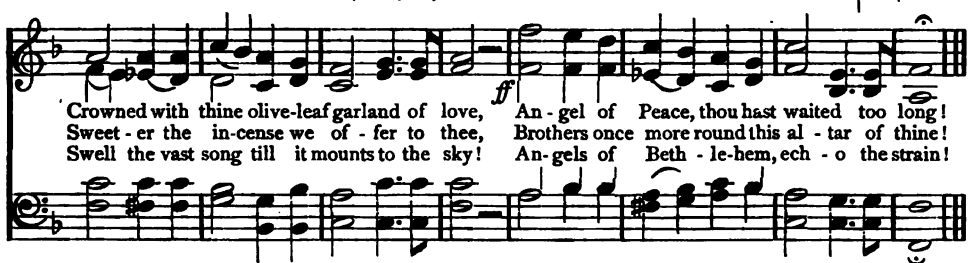
Come while our voi-ces are blended in song, Fly to our ark, like the storm-beaten dove!
Sweet with the o-dors of myr-tle and pine, Breeze of the prai-rie and breath of the sea;
Loud as the storm-wind that tumbles the main, Bid the full breath of the or-gan re-ply;

f mf cres. f



Fly to our ark on the wings of the dove, Speed o'er the far-sounding bil-lows of song,
Meadow and mountain and for-est and sea! Sweet is the fragrance of myr-tle and pine,
Let the loud temp-est of voi-ces re-ply, Roll its long surge like the earth-shaking main!

f



Crowned with thine olive-leaf garland of love, An-gel of Peace, thou hast waited too long!
Sweet-er the in-cense we of-fer to thee, Brothers once more round this al-tar of thine!
Swell the vast song till it mounts to the sky! An-gels of Beth-le-hem, ech-o the strain!

THE gifts of the Wise Men were of such intrinsic value that they furnished the Holy Family for their flight into Egypt, in order that they might escape the cruelty of Herod. The gold was good anywhere. The frankincense and myrrh were current in Egypt, since there passed by Midianites with their camels, bearing spicery, and balm, and myrrh, going to carry it down to that land of many shrines and many plagues. The Magi did not serve the Lord their God of that which cost them nothing. They worshiped Him with their best. They gave gold, which is the representative of

all values. They gave frankincense, which is the symbol of worship. They gave myrrh, which is the emblem of all benevolence. They presented unto Him gifts, because God wills to be served with gifts; secret gifts, for God loves not ostentation; valuable gifts, which hasten God's kingdom; self-denying gifts, the fruit of their own labors; perfect gifts, without reservation; well-ordered gifts—first, the Gold of their substance; then, the Frankincense of their piety; and last, the Myrrh of their charity, without which whosoever liveth is counted dead before God.—Churchman.


It is the purpose of our free schools to provide for the public good, rather more than for the individual good, on the principle that the public good is the individual good; hence the policy that has for its aim the greatest general good for the greatest number is in full conformity with the spirit of national education. The "three R's" should no longer be deemed a sufficient education. They are essential, we readily grant, but to make them sufficient for the present age they must be adorned. As an adornment for the essential in any education, there is perhaps nothing more desirable than a knowledge of music and the ability to sing or play. Besides, to cultivate one musically is to cultivate him intellectually as well, for

the study of music lays under contribution all the faculties of the mind. It is a fact well worthy of observation, that the highest grade of both general and individual culture in school education to-day, is found in the cities and towns where music is taught in the public schools. The effect is very elevating and never degrading. No danger of unbidden thoughts of evil character entering the mind of a child when he is singing pure words set to sweet melody. Let the children tune their hearts to pure music: let the sweet minstrel of song be theirs to sweep the chords of love and good-will, whether they toil with lessons or romp in the sunlight of the social hour, and the moral atmosphere about them will be improved.



THERE'S ROOM ENOUGH FOR ALL.

T. WOOD.

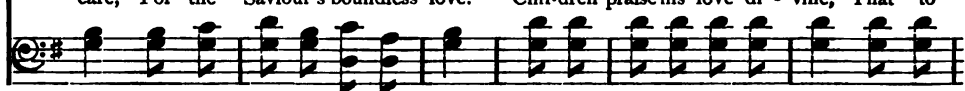
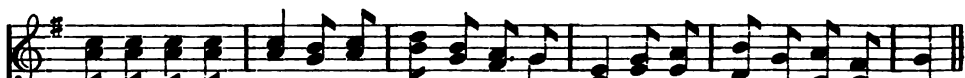
HIRAM OLMSTED.

Spirited.


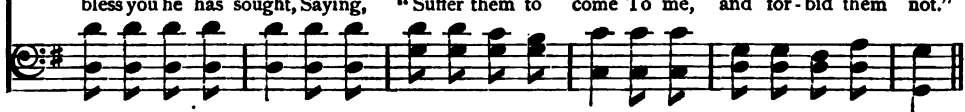
1. Will you come to Sabbath School? 'Tis a most de-light-ful place, Here we learn the gold - en
2. Let us each one strive to bring, From the ways of sin and shame, Some poor child who here may
3. Here we lift the voice of prayer, Here we thank the God above, For our Father's watch - ful

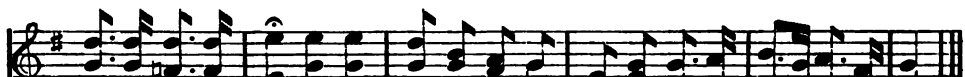
rule, Here we seek the Saviour's face. How much bet-ter here to meet On the
sing Of the Saviour's blessed name. We will bring the children here, For we
care, For the Saviour's boundless love. Chil-dren praise his love di - vine, That to

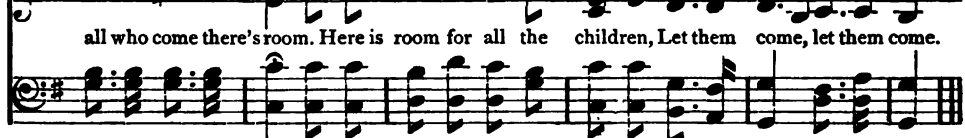
ho - ly Sabbath day, Than to wan-der in the street, Or in paths of sin to stray.
love the gol-den rule. And we wish that all might share, In our pleasant Sabbath School.
bless you he has sought, Saying, "Suffer them to come To me, and for-bid them not."


Chorus.


For there's room enough for all, For there's room enough for all, Yes! for

all who come there's room. Here is room for all the children, Let them come, let them come.



THE CHURCH'S ONE FOUNDATION.

SAMUEL J. STONE.
S. S. WESLEY. "AURELIA."


1. The Church's one foun - da - tion Is Je - sus Christ, her Lord; She is His new cre -
2. E - lect from eve - ry na - tion, Yet one o'er all the earth, Her char - ter of sal -

a - tion By wa - ter and the word: From heav'n He came and sought her, To
va - tion One Lord, one faith, one birth; One ho - ly Name she bless - es, Par -

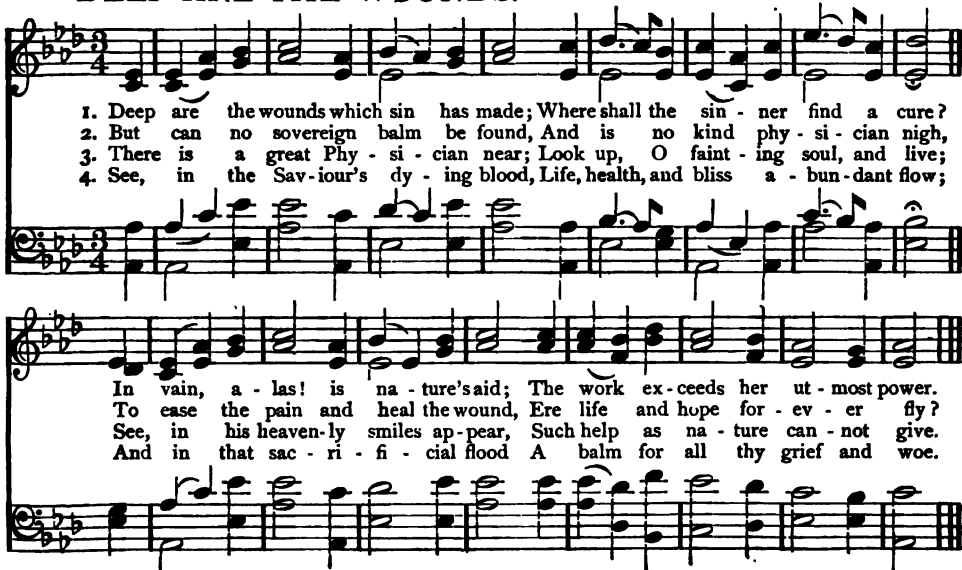
be His ho - ly Bride; With His own blood He bought her, And for her life He died.
takes one ho - ly food, And to one hope she press - es, With ev - ery grace en - dued.

3.
Though with a scornful wonder,
Men see her sore oppress,
By schisms rent asunder,
By heresies distrest;
Yet saints their watch are keeping,
Their cry goes up, "How long?"
And soon the night of weeping
Shall be the morn of song.

4.
'Mid toil and tribulation,
And tumult of her war,
She waits the consummation
Of peace for evermore;
Till with the vision glorious
Her longing eyes are blest,
And the great Church victorious
Shall be the Church at rest.

5.
Yet she on earth hath union
With God, the Three in One,
And mystic sweet communion
With those whose rest is won:
O happy ones and holy!
Lord, give us grace that we
Like them, the meek and lowly,
On high may dwell with Thee.

DEEP ARE THE WOUNDS.

ANNE STEELE.
V. C. TAYLOR. "LOUVAN."


1. Deep are the wounds which sin has made; Where shall the sin - ner find a cure?
2. But can no sovereign balm be found, And is no kind phy - si - cian nigh,
3. There is a great Phy - si - cian near; Look up, O faint - ing soul, and live;
4. See, in the Sav - iour's dy - ing blood, Life, health, and bliss a - bun - dant flow;

In vain, a - las! is na - ture's aid; The work ex - ceeds her ut - most power.
To ease the pain and heal the wound, Ere life and hope for - ev - er fly?
See, in his heav - en - ly smiles ap - pear, Such help as na - ture can - not give.
And in that sac - ri - fi - cial flood A balm for all thy grief and woe.

I REGRET that time is not left me to develop the points of analogy between a man—each human soul—and an organ; affinities that are no more interesting than they are impressive, practical, and searching. St. Paul compared the human soul to a temple, which was the grandest work of genius he knew; and the highest value of any commanding piece of art is to reflect back upon us some testimony to the complexity and marvel of our own constitution. There is no one whose spirit is not an unspeakably more intricate and delicate organism

than the instrument we are speaking of. Your powers, as related to the chief duties of life and the structure of society, are fitly represented by the sets of pipes in the organ. In every man there is the domestic stop, the business stop, the political stop, the religious stop. Some men do not show the fineness of their capacity till a particular one of these stops is drawn and played alone. They are hard in trade, but genial and sweet at home; or they honor integrity in their dealings, but do not support national loyalty to the highest truth in

ARMS ARE STRONG AND HEARTS ARE TRUE,

J. B. PHILLIPS.

Not too fast.

1. There's mel-o-dy, boys, in the splashing oar, And many a beau-ti-ful, beaming eye
 2. We love our barque, and we love the foam Which sparkles around us, as mer-ry we
 3. Row gallantly, brothers, a-way from the shore, Our boat like a fairy barque dances a-long:

Looks on our boat as it leaves the shore, Like a bird o'er the crested wave to fly.
 Pull brisk-ly, and sing the mar-i-ner's home, The bright, the beau-ti-ful, boundless sea.
 Pull a-way, pull a-way, every dip of the oar As it kisses the water keeps time with the song:

Arms are strong and hearts are true, Merrily o'er the waters blue, Swiftly and cheerily now we go,

Pull, lads, steadily, row lads, row, Swiftly and cheerily row, lads, row, row, lads, row, lads, row.

Row, lads, row, row, lads, row.

their votes and public influence; or they are good citizens and good parents, but not reverent citizens of God's kingdom, the range of their religious affections being small and seldom waked into articulation. The true man is in tune through the whole series of his faculties, and will not suffer that any powers which God has wrought into his nature shall be closed against his spirit and be wasted by disuse. Ah, brethren, we should call it desecration if the instrument that leads our choir should be profaned every Sunday by the touch of levity,

waking only inane or frivolous music from its deeps. But how is it with us? What if God hears more Christian melody, more religious aspiration, more of the phrasings of humanity and the soarings of devout joy, from that instrument than from us! What if we are lower than that, condemned by it! What if it is our souls that are desecrated by successions of trivial thoughts, by frivolous habits, impure passions, unserviceable living, so that they send no music, comparable with that of this unconscious Cyclops, to the throne'

It would be a good test of the breadth and richness of the faith of any sect to manifest how much of the whole amplitude of the organ, from its rumbling ground-tier of pipes to the softest lute-vibrations it would call into play. No sect can command the whole chromatic gamut which the Gospel sweeps. Here is the continual call for charity and humility and joy in the comprehensiveness of Christianity. It needs the full choir of churches for its expression. It cannot spare any stop in the organ-growth of history. Each new sect that endures is a new range of pipes taking up a slighted

sentiment, or working up some more delicate tone or elaborate variation into the symphony of grace. We shall drop our intellectual differences about trinity and unity, free-will and constraining grace, when we reach Heaven. But we shall still be ranged, there as here, by the sentiments we most naturally give utterance to. We shall see then, doubtless, what need there is of the utmost power of every party to celebrate the circle of the Divine glory, how deep is the justice, how high the love, how wide the providence, that are twined into the pure harmony of the heavenly hallelujah.—*Starr King.*

SING GLAD SONGS FOR HIM.

C. F. GOUNOD.
CLARA MORTON.*Spirited.*

Who is he plants for the days to come! Crown him with lau-rel, nor po-et be dumb!

Sing of him, shout for him, tell it round, The good he hath done, the praise he hath won! Let

Fine.

song re-sound. { Oak, elm, ma-ple and pine, To "strength of hills" a-kin;
Dew-drops bright in the sun, Gems they gleam for him!
Vines that clamber and sway, Sing your song for him!

Plum, pear, ap-ple and vine— Lo! we but be-gin: Fruit, shade, beauty the sign
Bird-notes thro' the woods run, E-den dream for him; Bees hum, "What hath he done!"
Leaves that rus-tle in play, Sing your song for him! Buds fast swelling to-day,

Of royal soul with-in.
Prais-es teem for him. } To all he hath been*fond lover, I ween, Then sing glad songs for him.
Sing your song for him. }

I DREAM OF MY FATHERLAND.

ALPINE MELODY.
As sung by JENNY LIND.

1. I dream, I dream of my Fa-ther-land, As fan-cy my slumber be-guiles;
2. I dream of eyes where af-fec-tion beams, Of eyes that with pleasure are bright;

Where the spell of beau-ty each heart in-thralls, Where the home of my childhood smiles. Ah,
And of hearts that are more than fancy's dreams, As my dear one's with happiness light; While

yes, I dream of wealth and power The wild-est of vis-ions could will; But I
here, where wealth her gifts hath spread, A-round me are slaves of my will, It is

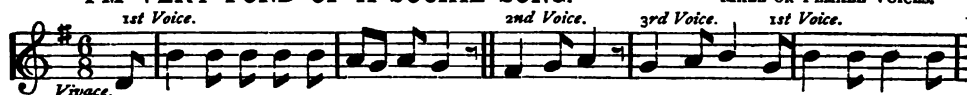
wake to the truth, in af-flic-tion's hour, Of the heart that loves me still. I
there I know one who when wealth is fled, With de-vo-tion will love me still. I

dream, I dream of my Fa-ther-land, I dream of my Fa-ther-land, I

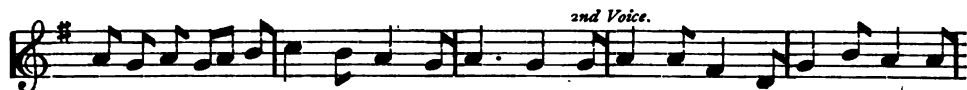
dream, I dream of my Fa-ther-land, I dream of my Fa-ther-land.

I'M VERY FOND OF A SOCIAL SONG.

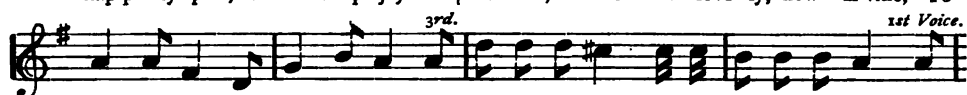
MALE OR FEMALE VOICES.



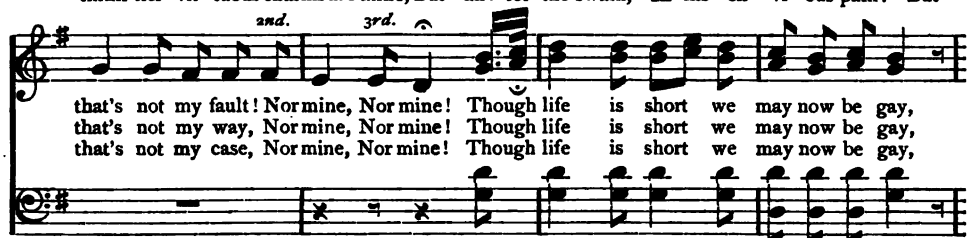
1. I'm ve - ry fond of a so - cial song, So am I, So am I, It makes the time glide
 2. I like with neighbors an hour to - pass, So do I, So do I, And he that does not
 3. I'm ve - ry fond of a pret - ty lass, So am I, So am I, With her the time doth



mer - ry a - long, And fills the hour with pleas - ure, For spark - ling wit doth brighter shine, When
 them pos - sess, Can - not en - joy true pleas - ure, For friendship's joys are so di - vine, When
 hap - pi - ly pass, In friendship's joys and pleas - ure, And O! how love - ly, how di - vine, To



thus be - got by songs of thine, But 'tis nev - er kind, When a dis - cord you find! O
 round the heart they fond - ly twine, And cold grows our love, If e'er heartless they prove, But
 think her vir - tuous charms are thine, But ah! for the swain, In his en - vi - ous pain! But



that's not my fault! Normine, Nor mine! Though life is short we may now be gay,
 that's not my way, Normine, Nor mine! Though life is short we may now be gay,
 that's not my case, Normine, Nor mine! Though life is short we may now be gay,



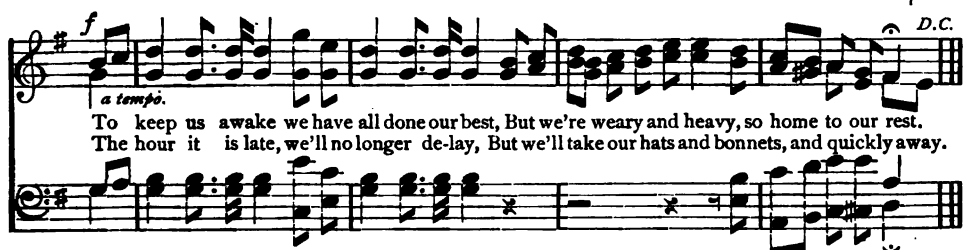
Ban - ish far all care and sorrow, Wisdom says en - joy to - day, Tho' trouble come to - mor - row.

WE ARE ALL NODDIN'

FAVORITE GLEE.



1. We are all nod - din', nid, nid, noddin', We are all noddin', and dropping off to sleep.
 2. We are all nod - din', nid, nid, noddin', We are all noddin', and dropping off to sleep.



To keep us awake we have all done our best, But we're weary and heavy, so home to our rest.
 The hour it is late, we'll no longer de - lay, But we'll take our hats and bonnets, and quickly away.

O FAIR DOVE, O FOND DOVE.

*Allegro moderato.*JEAN INGELW.
A. S. GATTY. C. MATZ arr.

1. Me - thought the stars were blink - ing bright, And the old brig-sails un - furled: I
2. My true-love fares on this great hill, Feed - ing his sheep for - aye: I

said I will sail to my love this night, At the oth - er side of the world. I
look'd in his hut, but all was still, My love was gone a - way. I

cres. *mf*
stepp'd a - board, we sail'd so fast, The sun shot up from the bourn; But
went to gaze in the for - est creek, And the dove mourned on a - pace; No

Poco lento con molto espress.
dove that perch'd up - on the mast Did mourn, and mourn, and mourn. O fair dove! O
flame did flash, nor fair blue reek Rose up to show me his place. O last love! O

fond dove! And dove with the white, white breast! Let me a-lone, the dream is my own, And the
first love! My love with the true, true heart! To think I have come to this your home, And

pp rall. *mf*
heart is full of rest. } 3. My love, he stood at my right hand, His eyes were grave and sweet, Me -
yet we are a - part.

cres. *mf*

thought he said, In this far land, O is it thus we meet? Ah, maid most dear, I

mf

am not here, I have no place, no part, No dwelling more, by sea or shore, But

dim. e rall. *pp*

on - ly in thy heart, O fair dove! O fond dove! till night rose o - ver the

dim e rall.

bourne The dove on the mast, as we sail'd fast, Did mourn, and mourn, and mourn.....

SONG OF NIGHT.

GERMAN.

Fine.

Slowly. *p*

1. Now night's dark shades ap - pear—*(dark shades appear,) I to my couch re - pair;
And safe in qui - et rest— (in qui - et rest,) My dreamings all are blest.
2. Yes, while I sleep and dream— (I sleep and dream,) Bright forms around me gleam;
To guard my slumbers still— (my slumbers still,) From all approach of ill.

D. C.

There an - gels are keep - ing Their watch while I'm sleep - ing,
From Heav'n they're de - scend - ing, And o'er me are bend - ing,

* The small notes may be played or sung as an echo.

WE'LL LAUGH AND SING ALL CARES AWAY.

VERDI.
"LA TRAVIATA."

Allegretto.

1. Come, laugh and be hap-py and ban-ish care..... True mirth is a
 2. They say that this life is o'er-fraught with woe..... That hap-pi-ness

bless-ing few mor-tals share! Our days are but brief, and our joys de-cay,....
 fled this earth long a-go, They know not the sweets on this earth we find,....

..... Let us mer-ry then be while we may! Each hour and scene hath
 When Friendship and Love are en-twined, 'Tis best to take what

bliss in store, And pleasure shines be-fore us; If sometimes grief comes o'er us, 'Tis
 for-tunesends, And smile at fu-ture sor-row, Why should we fear the mor-row When

fruit-less to de-lore, Then let us be hap-py while yet we may, And
 joy to-day at-tends? Then let us be hap-py while yet we may, And

1st time. and time.
 laugh and sing all cares a-way! way! Come, Come..... And laugh cares a-

f way! Come, Come, and laugh cares a - way! Come laugh, laugh cares a - way.

WHEN THE BLOOM IS ON THE RYE.

H. R. BISHOP.
EDWARD FITZBALL.

Not too slow.

1. My pret - ty Jane, my pret - ty Jane! Ah, never, nev - er look so shy; But
2. But name the day, the wedding day, And I will buy the ring, The

meet me, meet me in the eve - ning, When the bloom is on the rye. The
lads and maids in fa - vors white, And vil - lage bells, the village bells shall ring, The

Spring is wa - ning fast, my love, The corn is in the ear, The summer nights are

coming, love, The moon shines bright and clear, Then pretty Jane, my dearest Jane! Ah, never look so

shy, But meet me, meet me in the eve - ning, When the bloom is on the rye.

WELL-A-DAY! AH, WELL-A-DAY!

G. LINLEY.

Allegretto.

1. Well-a-day, ah! well - a-day! Merry is the month of May, Skies are bright and flow'rs are gay, And
 2. Youth is thorny, life is vain! Thus doth run the poet's strain, Oh, if so, what can we gain By

Chorus.

sum - mer birds are sing - ing, Well - a - day, ah! well - a - day! Mer - ry is the month of May,
 sor - row - ing or sigh - ing, Youth is thorny, life is vain! Thus doth run the po - et's strain;

rallant. *tempo.*

Skies are bright, and flow'rs are gay, And summer birds are singing. Time has but to turn a glass, The
 Oh, if so, what can we gain, By sor - row - ing or sigh - ing! Let us as we wan - der on, Still

flow'rs will fade, the sun - shine pass; Ev - er thus their course alas! The brightest things are winging,
 pluck the flow'rs, enjoy the sun; Each fair thing we light upon, Make cap - tive ere fly - ing.

Time has but to turn a glass, The flow'rs will fade, the sun - shine pass; Ev - er thus their
 Let us as we wan - der on, Still pluck the flow'rs, en - joy the sun; Each fair thing we

course a - las! The brightest things are wing - ing, Ah, Well - a - day, ah! well - a - day!
 light up - on, Make cap - tive ere fly - ing, Ah, Youth is thorny, life is vain!

rallant.

Mer-ry is the month of May, Skies are bright, and flow'rs are gay, And summer birds are singing,
Thus doth run the poet's strain; Oh, if so, what can we gain By sor-row-ing or sigh-ing!

THE WATCHER.

SPANISH MELODY.

Sadly.

1. The night was dark and fear - ful, The blast swept wail - ing by, A
2. With - in that dwell - ing lone - ly, Where want and dark-ness reign, Her
3. A hun - dred lights are glanc - ing In yon - der man - sion fair, And
4. The morn - ing sun is shin - ing, She heed - eth not its ray; Be -

watch-er, pale and tear - ful, Look'd forth with anxious eye; How wist-ful - ly she gaz - eth, No
precious child, her on - ly, Lay moaning in his pain; And death a - lone can free him, She
mer - ry feet are danc - ing, They need not morning there. Oh! young and joy-ous creatures, One
side her dead, re-clin - ing, The pale, dead mother lay; A smile her lips was wreathing, A

gleam of morn is there, Her eyes to Heav'n she rais - eth, In ag - o - ny of prayer.
feels that this must be, "But oh! for morn to see him Smile once a - gain on me!"
lamp from out your store Would give that poor boy's features To his mother's gaze once more.
smile of hope and love, As tho' she still were breathing, "There's light for us a - bove."

THE EVENING BELL.

Soft and slow. *pp*

1. Hark! the peal - ing, soft - ly stealing, Eve - ning bell, Sweetly echoed down the dell.
2. Welcome, wel - come is thy mu - sic, Sil - very bell, Sweetly tell - ing day's fare - well.
3. Day is sleep - ing, flow'rs are weeping Tears of dew; Stars are peeping, ev - er true.
4. Grove and mountain, field and fountain, Faint - ly gleam In the rud - dy sun - set beam.
5. Hap - py hour, may thy pow - er Fill my breast, Each wild passion soothe to rest.

ONE BY ONE.

*Allegro Moderato.*VINCENTO BELLINI.
ADELAIDE ANNE PROCTOR.

1. One by one the sands are flow - ing, One by one the mo - ments fall; Some are
2. Ev - 'ry hour that fleets so slow - ly, Has its task to do or bear: Lu - mi -

com - ing, some are go - ing, Do not strive, ah! do not strive to grasp them all! One by
nous the crown and ho - ly, If thou set each, if thou set each gem with care. Do not

one thy du - ties wait thee, Let thy whole strength go to each; Let no
look at life's long sor - row, See how small each mo - ment's pain; God will

fu - ture dreams elate thee, Learn thou first what these can teach, what these can teach, One by one, bright [gifts from
help thee for to - morrow, Ev - 'ry day be - gin a - gain, be - gin a - gain, Do not linger with re -

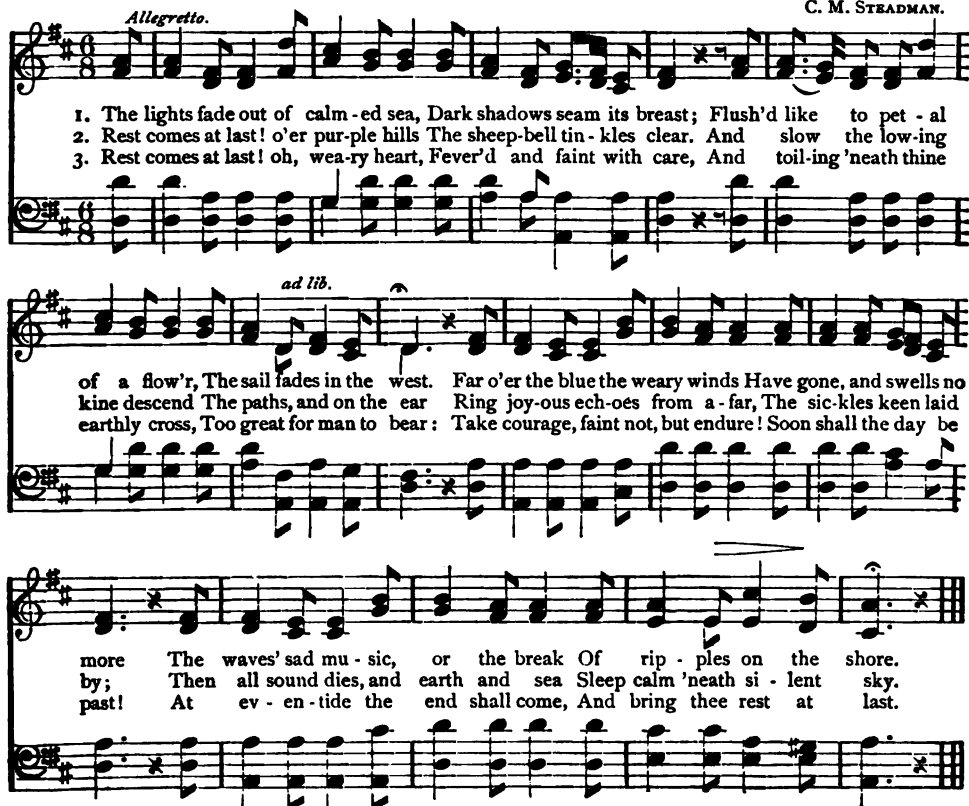
Heaven, Joys are sent thee here below; Take them readily when given, Ready too to let them go.
getting, Or for passion's hour despond; Nor, the daily toil forgetting, Look too eagerly be - yond.

One by one thy griefs shall meet thee, Do not fear an arm - ed band; One will fade while others
Hours are golden links, God's token, Reaching Heav'n, but one by one Take them lest the chain be



greet thee, Shadows passing thro' the land. One by one thy griefs shall meet thee, Do not fear an armed brok - en Ere the pilgrimage be done. Hours are golden links, God's token, Reaching Heav'n, but one by band; One will fade while others greet thee, Shadows passing thro' the land; One will fade one, Take them lest the chain be brok-en Ere the pil-grim-age be done; Hours are gold - while oth - ers meet thee, Shadows pass - ing thro' the land, One by one. en links, God's tok - en, Reaching Heav-en one by one, One by one.

AT EVENING-TIME.

SPORLE.
C. M. STEADMAN.


Allegretto.

1. The lights fade out of calm-ed sea, Dark shadows seam its breast; Flush'd like to pet - al
2. Rest comes at last! o'er pur-ple hills The sheep-bell tin - kles clear. And slow the low-ing
3. Rest comes at last! oh, wea-ry heart, Fever'd and faint with care, And toil-ing 'neath thine

ad lib.

of a flow'r, The sail fades in the west. Far o'er the blue the weary winds Have gone, and swells no kine descend The paths, and on the ear Ring joy-ous ech-oes from a - far, The sic-kles keen laid earthly cross, Too great for man to bear: Take courage, faint not, but endure! Soon shall the day be

more The waves' sad mu - sic, or the break Of rip - ples on the shore.
by; Then all sound dies, and earth and sea Sleep calm 'neath si - lent sky.
past! At ev - en-tide the end shall come, And bring thee rest at last.

LOVE, I WILL LOVE YOU EVER.

*Slowly, with feeling.*DESPREZ,
P. BUCALOSI.

1. Be - neath the trees to - geth - er They wandered hand in hand, (Oh! it was summer
2. Be - neath the trees to - geth - er They went a - long, a - part, (Oh! it was autumn

weath - er,) And love was in the land; Their hearts were light, the sun shone bright, And
weath - er,) And heart had turn'd from heart, A - - cross the wood the air came cold, The

as they went a - long, With voi - ces sweetly blend - ing, They sang the same old song:
mists rose dull and gray, And in their ears like a mocking voice, They heard the well known lay:

Love, I will love you ev - er, Love, I will leave you nev - er; Ev - er to me

Precious to be, Never to part, Heart bound to heart, Love, I will love you ev - er,

Love, I will leave you nev - er; Faithful and true Ev - er am I, Never to say good-bye!

3. Yet, still while o'er the heath - er, They go their way a lone, (Oh! it is win - try

weath - er,) And all the summer's gone, They hear the air they love the most, Up -

on their fan - cy fall, " 'Tis better to have lov'd and lost, Than not have loved at all."

cres. *D. S.*

THE FORGET-ME-NOT.

KARL MUCHLER.
F. H. HIMMEL, 1808.

Dolce.

1. By the qui - et wa - ter gleam - ing, Like the moon - light sil - ver
2. Shimm'ring like the sky's blue a - zure, When no cloud is seen a -
3. Mild - ly like the guile - less glan - ces Beam - ing from thy star - ry
4. Ah, be - lov - ed, hear, I pray you, What the ten - der leaf - lets

clear, Stands a blos - som sweet and ten - der, More than
bove, Sym - bol 'tis of trust en - dur - ing, Which the
eyes, From a - far, in tones of warn - ing, "Oh, for -
cry, "On - ly tears are all my dew - drops, And 'For -

oth - er flow - ers dear, More than oth - er flow - ers dear.
loy - al heart doth prove, Which the loy - al heart doth prove.
get me not!" it cries, "Oh, for - 'get me not!" it cries.
get me not,' they sigh, And 'For - get me not,' they sigh."

dim.

WHAT Dr. Johnson once said of devotional poetry—that it is always unsatisfactory, and that no man has written it well—has often been refuted by example since his time. In fact it was sufficiently refuted before, in the sacred songs of the Hebrews, and in the grand hymn which Milton puts into the mouths of our first parents while yet in Paradise, as they stood at the door of their bower in the glory of the morning. I might instance also, as a proof of its fallacy, the magnificent hymn with which Thomson closes his poem on the Seasons—magnificent in spite of its blemishes. The "Hymn before Sunrise in the Valley of Chamouny," by Coleridge, one of the noblest poems in our language,

or any other, needs only to be mentioned in order to show how great was Johnson's mistake. A great number of shorter poems designed to be sung in religious assemblies, of such decided merit as to show the perfect compatibility of poetry and worship, have been written since Johnson's time and incorporated into our collections of hymns, such as that of Cowper, beginning with "God moves in a mysterious way;" that of Sir Walter Scott, with this initial line, "When Israel, of the Lord beloved;" that of Mrs. Adams, beginning with "Nearer, my God, to thee;" the Christmas hymn of the Rev. Dr. Sears, and others, of which we might make up a list quite too long for the limits of this article. Of late the

WHEN I REMEMBER.

Andante con molto espressione.

JEAN INGELW.
ALFRED SCOTT GATTY.

1. When I re-mem-ber something which I had, But which is gone and I must do with-
2. When I re-mem-ber something promised me, But which I nev-er had nor can have

out, I sometimes won-der how I can be glad, Ev-en in cow-slip time when
now, Be-cause the prom-is-er we no more see In coun-tries that ac-cord with

hed-ges sprout. It makes me sigh to think on it,—but yet My days will not be
mor-tal vow; When I re-mem-ber this I mourn,—but yet My hap-pier days are

bet-ter days, should I for-get, should I for-get.
not the days when I for-get, when I for-get.

attention of a large class of readers has been turned to devotional poetry, and numerous collections have been made to satisfy the demand for it—some by committees of religious denominations, and others by laymen on their own account. I do not include the Hebrew melodies of Byron in this enumeration, since they can scarcely be called devotional. Some of Moore's sacred songs may; and these are as well done as most of his other verses. But there is Keble, who has written largely and little else than poetry of a religious character, and who, if not always fervent, is always earnest and simple, and attains a certain classic dignity. The hymns of the Wes-

leys are of a warmer cast, and some of them have great literary merit, although Charles Wesley often yielded to his facility in composition, and diluted his verse too freely. That his hymns were frequently thrown off in moments of devotional enthusiasm is attested by their effect upon those who hear them sung at camp-meetings, when the throng of singers seem to catch inspiration from the words of the poet. To this stock of original poetry may be added the translations made within a few years, of the fine old mediæval hymns in Latin, well deserving by their simple grandeur to be domesticated in our language.—*Wm. Cullen Bryant.*

THOU WILT NEVER GROW OLD.

G. LINLEY.
E. C. HOWARTH.

Moderato.

1. Thou wilt nev-er grow old, thou wilt nev-er grow old, Nor wea-ry, nor
2. Ah, love, canst thou hear from thy home in the skies All the fond words that
3. Pray for me, sweet! I am lad-en with care; Dark are my

sad, in the home of thy birth. My beau-ti-ful flow'r, thy leaves will un-
lone I whis-per to thee? Dost thou look on me now with the soft ten-der
garments with mil-dew and mold; Thou, my bright an-gel, art sin-less and

fold In a clime that is pur-er and brighter than earth. Oh, ho-ly and
eyes That greet-ed me oft ere thy spir-it was free? So I think tho' the
fair, And wilt nev-er grow old, love, no, nev-er grow old. Oh, ho-ly and

fair! I re-joice thou art there, In that kingdom of light with its ci-ties of gold, In that
dark wea-ry shadows of time Hide from me the spir-it I yet shall be-hold, For
fair! I re-joice thou art there, In that kingdom of light with its ci-ties of gold, In that

kingdom of light with its ci-ties of gold, Where the air thrills with an-gel ho-
still thou wilt love me and-pleasure sub-lime! For still thou wilt love
kingdom of light with its ci-ties of gold, Where the air thrills with an-gel ho-

san-nas, and where }
pleasure sub-lime! } Thou wilt never grow old, love, thou wilt nev-er grow old.
san-nas, and where }

EVERY great theme leads at last, somehow, to him who gives us the stature of a perfect man—Jesus Christ. There is a singular legend connected with the village of Esserthal, in Switzerland, which takes its name from a convent that was once celebrated but has now disappeared. The choir of the church is still left, and is used as a place of worship. Large stories are told in the village of the enormous wealth of the convent, especially of a certain golden organ that once stood in the church, and was played during divine service. When the convent was on one occasion attacked, the first care of the monks was to secure this treasure. They

dragged it to a marsh which was formerly in the valley, and sank it as deep as they could. However, they had saved their treasure to no purpose, inasmuch as they were compelled to fly, and died in distant parts, while the convent fell to ruin. Every one is perfectly aware that the organ is still somewhere in the neighborhood of the church, but the precise spot where it lies is utterly unknown. Nevertheless, every seven years it rises out of the depths at midnight, and its sublime tones are heard in the distance. Nothing is at all comparable to the gentle breathings of the golden pipes in the open air during the solemn stillness of night. Soon the

GOLDEN DAYS.

A. S. SULLIVAN.
LIONEL H. LEWIN.

1. Once, in the days of gold-en weath-er, Days that were al-ways fair,
2. Ah! but the days brought changes af-ter, Clouds in the hap-py skies,

Love was the world we walk'd together, Oh! what a love was there! Fresh as a flow'r when rains are falling,
Care on the lips that curled with laughter, Tears in the radiant eyes; Parted asunder, worn with grieving,

rall. dim. p Pure as a child that prays, Once in the days be-yond re-call-ing, Once in the golden
Wea-ri-ly each one prays, Ah! for the days be-yond re-triev-ing, Ah! for the golden

f largamente. days! Once in the days be-yond re-call-ing, Once in the gold-en days.
days! Ah! for the days be-yond re-triev-ing, Ah! for the gold-en days.

soft tones swell into mighty billows of sound, which rush through the narrow valley, until the noise again subsides, and ends with a light echo in the forest. But no one has ventured to obtain a sight of the organist who holds the music in his power, and thus the discovery of the treasure is reserved for the future. So the Spirit of God once filled the avenues of our humanity in the soul of Jesus, mysteriously born, mysteriously taken from the world—the golden organ of celestial truth and human capacity and infinite love. And so, though buried deep by the thick selfishness and injustice of this world, that music once heard on the open

day in far-off Palestine rises again and swells over the din of war, over crime, over slavery, over all hatreds and all wrong. We listen when its sweetness rolls thus, and rises and swells and sweeps, and we say that is truth, that is religion, that is the music to which our souls were attuned in heaven. Strive and pray, my brother, to bring your soul into chord with it, that it may in part be repeated through you, and widened beyond you, so that you may do something to help the world come into harmony with it, so that the very mountains shall break forth into singing and all the valleys shall be filled with joy.—Rev. T. Starr King.

COME, YE SINNERS, POOR AND NEEDY.

JEREMIAH INGALLS.

1. Come, ye sin - ners, poor and need - y, Weak and wounded, sick and sore;
2. Now, ye need - y, come and welcome, God's free 'boun - ty glo - ri - fy,

Fin.
Je - sus read - y stands to save you, Full of pit - y, love, and power.
True be - lief and true re - pent - ance, Ev - ery grace that brings you nigh.
D. S. Glo - ry, hon - or, and sal - va - tion, Christ the Lord is come to reign.

Chorus.
Turn to the Lord, and seek sal - va - tion, Sound the praise of his dear name. *D. S.*

3. Let not conscience make you linger,
Nor of fitness fondly dream;
All the fitness He requireth,
Is to feel your need of Him.

4. Come, ye weary, heavy laden,
Bruised and mangled by the fall,
If you tarry till you're better,
You will never come at all.

GOD MOVES IN A MYSTERIOUS WAY.

WM. COWPER, 1774.
SCOTCH TUNE. "AVON."

1. God moves in a mys - ter - ious way His won - ders to per - form;
2. Deep in un - fath - om - a - ble mines Of nev - er - fail - ing skill;
3. Ye fear - ful saints, fresh cour - age take: The clouds ye so much dread

He plants his foot - steps in the sea, And rides up - on the storm.
He treas - ures up his bright de - signs, And works his sovereign will.
Are big with mer - cy, and shall break In bless - ings on your head.

4.
Judge not the Lord by feeble sense,
But trust him for his grace:
Behind a frowning providence
He hides a smiling face.

5.
His purposes will ripen fast,
Unfolding every hour;
The bud may have a bitter taste,
But sweet will be the flower.

6.
Blind unbelief is sure to err,
And scan his work in vain;
God is his own interpreter,
And he will make it plain.

FAITH and hope and love are the only eternal things. These are the three eternal elements of man's being. Cultivate kindness of heart here and there. You must do this in reference to the good time coming. You must always be looking forward to something better. If we do not look forward, we fail in one of the requisites of immortal being. Hope and love and faith must be trained, or no man can come into closer relations with God. We must not keep religion for Sunday, and ignore it the other

six days. We must saturate ourselves and our work with religion. God's children we are all the time. You can pull a boat, or practice at a piano, or take the baby to ride, with that same spirit with which an archangel goes to his duties. We should make life a joy, moving and being in God and for God. I have not spoken to you as students, but as children of a common Father, who gives us strength, and leads us, one step at a time, forward if we will, to the empire of perfect life.—*Rev. Edward Everett Hale.*

COME, COME QUICKLY AWAY.

Allegretto e Staccato.

1. Come, come quickly a - way! Soft winds chide our de - lay; Night's call let us o - bey, Come a -
2. All, all, circled in rest, On earth's boun - ti - ful breast, Our soft slumbers be blest, While we
3. Then shall beam on our sight, Morn, morn, dewy and bright, Our hearts, hap - py and light, Hail the

way; Night, night, welcome to thee; Our sleep gen - tle shall be; Come, come, hap - py and free, dream. Shad - ows dark'ning the plain, Moonbeams kissing the main, Till comes morning a - gain, day! Flow'rs a - dorn - ing the green, No dark cloud intervene, While we're crowning our queen,

Come a - way! Hark! hark! soft - ly and clear, Come a - way! Sweet sounds steal on the ear: With bright beam. Hark! hark! soft - ly and clear, Come a - way! Sweet sounds steal on the ear: Queen of May. Hark! hark! soft - ly and clear, Come a - way! Sweet sounds steal on the ear:

Come a - way! Come quickly a - way, quickly a - way, quickly a - way! Come, come

quickly a - way! Soft winds chide our de - lay; Night's call let us o - bey; Come a - way!

COME, THOU ALMIGHTY KING.

CHARLES WESLEY, 1757.
"America."—"God Save the King."

1. Come, Thou Al-might-y King, Help us Thy name to sing, Help us to praise. Fa-ther all
 2. Come, Thou e-ter-nal Lord, By Heaven and earth adored, Our prayer at-tend. Come, and Thy
 3. Be Thou our com-for-ter; Thy sa-cred wit-ness bear In this glad hour. Om-nip-o-

glo-ri-ous, O'er all vic-to-ri-ous, Come and reign o-ver us, An-cient of days.
 children bless; Give Thy good word success; Make Thine own holi-ness On us de-scend.
 tent Thou art, O, rule in ev-ery heart, And ne'er from us de-part, Spir-it of power.

1.
 Praise ye Jehovah's name;
 Praise through His courts proclaim;
 Rise and adore.
 High o'er the Heavens above,
 Sound His great acts of love;
 While His rich grace we prove,
 Vast as His power.

2.
 While His high praise ye sing,
 Shake every sounding string;
 Sweet the accord!
 He vital breath bestows—
 Let every breath that flows,
 His noblest fame disclose;
 Praise ye the Lord.

3.
 Now let the trumpet raise
 Triumphant sounds of praise,
 Wide as His fame!
 There let the harps be found,
 Organs with solemn sound,
 Roll your deep notes around—
 Filled with His name.

EVENING HYMN.

SCOTCH TUNE. "WARD."

1. For-give me, Lord, thro' Thy dear Son, The ills that I this day have done;
 2. Teach me to live that I may dread The grave as lit-tle as my bed;
 3. Be Thou my Guar-dian while I sleep; Thy watch-ful sta-tion near me keep;
 4. Lord, let my heart for-ev-er share The bliss of Thy pa-ter-nal care;

That with the world, my-self, and Thee, I, ere I sleep, at peace may be.
 Teach me to die that so I may With joy be-hold the judg-ment day.
 My heart with love ce-les-tial fill, And guard me from ap-proach of ill.
 'Tis heaven on earth, 'tis heaven a-bove, To see Thy face and sing Thy love.

1.
 Awake, my soul, and with the sun,
 Thy daily stage of duty run;
 Shake off dull sloth, and joyful rise,
 To pay thy morning sacrifice.

2.
 Lord, I my vows to Thee renew—
 Scatter my sins like morning dew;
 Guard my first springs of thought and
 And with Thyself my spirit fill. [will,

3.
 Direct, control, suggest, this day,
 All I design, or do, or say, [might,
 That all my powers, with all their
 In Thy sole glory may unite.


THE SHAMROCK, according to Bentham's British Flora, was originally the wood-sorrel. The ancient legend says that St. Patrick illustrated to the Irish king how three could be one by picking from the turf at his feet a three-leaved clover. The true shamrock those who have investigated believe to have been the *Oxalis*, which grows abundantly in our Northern States as well as in Ireland, of which the sour-grass eaten by children, *Oxalis stricta*, is a good representative. The British Druids and bards had an extraordinary veneration for the number three. The mistletoe was sacred to the Druids, because not only its berries but its leaves grow in clusters of three united to one stalk. The

Christian Irish hold the seamroy sacred in like manner. The seamroy is described as clover trefoil, worn by the Irish in their hats by way of a cross on St. Patrick's Day. Spenser, in his view of the state of Ireland, 1596, says the inhabitants were so reduced that if they found a plot of watercress or shamrocks there they flocked as if to a feast. The general impression is, a variety of clover that grows nowhere else but in the land of saints. Ireland produces but twelve varieties of *Trifolium* out of 131 varieties grown elsewhere. If the clover leaf is to be accepted as the true shamrock, preference must be given to *Trifolium repens*, common white clover, universal in all climates.


THE DEAR LITTLE SHAMROCK.

J. W. CHERRY.


Moderate.



1. There's a dear lit-tle plant that grows in our isle, 'Twas Saint Patrick him-self, sure, that
 2. That dear lit-tle plant still grows in our land, Fresh and fair as the daughters of
 3. That dear lit-tle plant that springs from our soil, When its three lit-tle leaves are ex-



set it; And the sun on his la-bor with pleasure did smile, And with dew from his
 E-rin, Whose smiles can bewitch and whose eyes can command, In each cli-mate they
 tended, De-notes from the stalk we to- geth-er should toil, And ourselves by our-



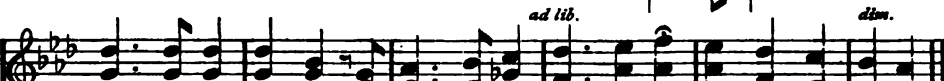
eye oft-en wet it. It shines thro' the bog, thro' the brake, and the mireland, And he
 ev-er ap-pear in. For they shine thro' the bog, thro' the brake, and the mireland, Just
 selves be befriended. And still thro' the bog, thro' the brake, and the mireland, From

rall. *a tempo.*



call'd it the dear lit-tle shamrock of Ireland, The dear lit-tle sham-rock, the
 like their own dear lit-tle shamrock of Ireland, The dear lit-tle sham-rock, the
 one root should branch, like the shamrock of Ireland, The dear lit-tle sham-rock, the

ad lib. *dim.*



sweet lit-tle sham-rock, The dear lit-tle, sweet lit-tle sham-rock of Ireland.

PLAY-TIME SONGS.

LITTLE FOLKS.

We come to see Miss Jen-nie Jones, Jen-nie Jones, Jennie Jones, We come to see Miss Jennie Jones,

Spoken.

How is she to day?

1. She's washing:	} We're right glad to hear it, To
2. She's ironing:	
3. She's sweeping:	
4. She's sick:	
5. She's dead:	

 We're right sorry to hear it, To

hear it, to hear it, We're right glad to hear it, And how is she to-day?
 hear it, to hear it, We're right sorry to hear it, And how is she to-day?

2.

1. Come, all you young men, in your mer-ry ways, And use well your time in
 2. The day is far spent, and the night's coming on, So give us your arm and we'll

your youthful days, That you may be happy, That you may be hap-py When you grow old.
 jour-ney a-long, That you may be happy, That you may be hap-py When you grow old.

3.

Ring around a ros-y, Sit up-on a pos-y, All the girls in our town Vote for Uncle Jo-sie.

MAY MARGARET.

THRO. MARZIALS.

Marcato.

1. "If you be my May Mar-ga-ret, That dwells on Kendal green, What have you done with that
2. "If you be my May Mar-ga-ret, May Marg'ret now as then, What have you done with that

Sadly.

long bright hair, That crown'd you like a queen?" "That long bright hair is pale, lad, That
bon - ny smile, That stole the hearts of men?" "The bon - ny eyes are dim, lad, That

rit.

once was like a crown; The red gold turn'd to grey, lad, The night a ship went down."
yearn and watch for years. And oh! the smile is wan, lad, That hides a world of tears."

Rather quicker.

3. "If you be my May Mar-ga-ret, As you now say to me, Then where's that proud, cold

Slow and very sad.

heart of yours, That sent your love to sea?" "That proud, cold heart is broke, lad, That scornful heart is

Quick and joyful.

dead, For one harsh word I spoke, lad, For one great love un-said." "Then Mar-ga-ret, my

Mar - ga - ret, If you now tell me true, Your hair is yet the red, red gold, Your eyes the sweetest

blue, And fairer yet and dearer yet, What time or change may be, You're still the bonniest lass, sweetheart, In

all the world to me! You're still the dearest, dearest lass, In all the world to me!"

NEVA BOATMAN'S SONG.

SIDNEY NELSON.

1. Day - light fades, eve - ning shades O'er the si - lent wa - ters creep; Winds a - rise,
2. Eve has passed, shades at last 'Round the dark'ning wa - ters cast; Yet one star

D.C.—Brothers, row while the glow Sheds the two - light part - ing beam, Till our lay

and with sighs Wake the stream from slum - bers deep; Swift o'er the Ne - va tides
shines a - far, Gild - ing ev - 'ry wave that flows; So shall the hand of night

fades a - way, And dies up - on the Ne - va stream.

Mark how our ves - sel glides, O'er the curled waves she rides, Scatt'ring pearl - drops from her sides.
Hang up her cres - cent light, Mild yet, with splendor bright, Chasing ev - 'ry gloom from sight.

THE greatest triumphs of Castelar, the famous Spaniard, have been mainly achieved before the Spanish parliamentary assembly. He has long been the acknowledged first orator of that presence. Every deputy readily makes way for him. "Place to Castelar" is a motto of the assembly. His eloquence has been familiar to Spain now (1887) for twenty years, but it is still considered an event in Madrid to hear him speak. His friend, the Italian Edmonds de Amicis, in his "Spain and the Spaniards," has thus graphically described him as he appears before the Cortes: "On the day he is to speak . . . the President arranges matters so that his turn comes when the tribunes are

crowded and all the deputies are in their places; the newspapers announce his speech the evening before, so that the ladies may procure tickets. Before speaking he is restless and cannot keep quiet one instant. He enters the chamber, leaves it, re-enters, goes out again, wanders through the corridors, goes into the library and turns over the leaves of a book; rushes into the café to take a glass of water; seems to be seized with a fever; fancies he will not know how to put the words together, that he will be laughed at or hissed; not a single lucid idea of his speech remains in his head—he has confused and forgotten everything. 'How is your pulse?' his friends ask smilingly. When the solemn moment

DRAW THE SWORD, SCOTLAND.

Lively, with accent.

1. Draw the sword, Scotland, Scotland, Scotland, Over moor and mountain hath past the war sign; The
 2. Sheathe the sword, Scotland, Scotland, Scotland, Sheathe the sword, Scotland, for dim is its shine; Thy

pi - broch is peal - ing, peal - ing, peal - ing, Who heeds not the summons is nae son o' thine.
 foe - men are flee - ing, flee - ing, flee - ing, And who kens nae mer - cy is nae son o' thine.

The clans they are gath'ring, gath'ring, gath'ring, The clans they are gath'ring by loch and by lea, The
 The struggle is o - ver, o - ver, o - ver, The strug - gle is o - ver, the vic - to - ry won; There are

ban - ners are fly - ing, fly - ing, fly - ing, The ban - ners they are fly - ing, that lead to vic - to - ry.
 tears for the fall - en, fall - en, fall - en, And glo - ry for all who their du - ty have done.

Fine.
D.C.

arrives, he takes his place with bowed head, trembling and pallid as a man condemned to death, who is resigned to losing in a single day the glory acquired with so many years of fatigue. He gives a glance around him and says, 'Senores.' He is saved. His courage returns. His mind grows clear, and his speech comes back to him like a forgotten melody. The President, the Cortes, the tribunes disappear. He sees nothing but his gestures, hears nothing but his own voice, and feels naught but the irresistible flame which burns within him, and the mysterious force which sustains and upholds him." His eloquence is music; he has harmony in his mind and follows it. One must hear

him in order to credit the fact that human speech without poetical measure can so closely approach to the harmony of song. "He speaks by the hour, and not a single deputy leaves the room; not a person moves in the tribunes; not a voice interrupts him; not even when he breaks the regulations has the President sufficient courage to interrupt him. He displays at his ease the picture of his republic clothed in white and crowned with roses, and the monarchists do not dare protest, because, so clothed, they too find it beautiful. Castelar is master; he thunders, lightens, sings, rages, and gleams like fireworks, makes his auditors smile, calls forth shouts of enthusiasm, and goes away with his head in a whirl."

AMID THE GREENWOOD.

THALBERG.

Andante, with expression.

1. A - mid the green-wood smiling, Once stood a love - ly cot; A huntsman's blooming
 2. The huntsman hath de - part - ed, The maid - en, too, is gone, The cot, in ru - ins

daughter Gave beau - ty to the spot; And when a - broad she wander'd, Then
 fall - ing, Is des - o - late and lone; A wil - low shall be plant - ed Up -

p *cres.*

p *f*

I was ev - er nigh; When friendly I address'd her, Full sweet was her re - ply.
 on this orphan ground. Oh, tree! may'st thou still flourish, Shed bloom and freshness round!

DIP, BOYS, DIP THE OAR.

SARONA.

Allargetto.

1. 'Tis moonlight on the sea, boys, Our boat is on the strand; She
 2. The zeph - yrs woo the spray, boys, Their laugh - ter fills the air; We'll
 3. What tho' the dark rocks frown, boys, Their home is on the shore; When

Chorus.

bids us all be free, boys, And seek a fair - er land.
 bid them wake our song, boys, And steal a - way our care. } Dip, boys, dip the oar,
 fair - er lands ap - pear, boys, Our dangers will be o'er. }

Bid farewell to the dusk - y shore; Free - dom ours shall be, As we cross the deep blue sea.

I THINK that every religious denomination has felt the need of some kind of guidance for religious thought, and some assistance toward putting into a becoming form the petitions and acknowledgments addressed to the Supreme Being. The Psalms of the Hebrew Scriptures are themselves compositions of this character—acts of praise or supplication, or expressions of humility and dependence upon the Source of all Good. There is no religious work, properly so called—for I leave polemics entirely out of the question—which does not, when read in proper temper, awaken a desire to reach a higher standard of virtue, a more complete abnegation of self, a warmer love for our fellow creatures—in short, a nearer resemblance in character to the founder of the Christian religion. As long as the human mind

occupies itself with those important subjects, its relation to God and the relations of men to each other under his government, books on religious subjects will be produced and published, and some of them will, of course, be the work of minds finely endowed by nature and cultivated and invigorated by study and reflection. These writings, whether they are of the hortatory or mediative class, whether they take the form of prayer or precept, or that of hymns expressive of some religious emotion or religious truth, supply ample matter to be incorporated into a selection which shall form a daily companion for the devotions of the closet or the family, and which, by referring to the authors, remind us of the sympathies by which we are connected with all those of our generation who hold to the Christian faith. Dis-

SWEET MEMORIES OF THEE.

ITALIAN AIR.

Slow and plaintive.

1. When soft stars are peep-ing Thro' the pure a-zure sky, And south-ern gales
 2. The bright rose, when fad-ing Speaks last o'er its tomb, Its leaves the air
 3. As sweet lute that lin-gers In si-lence a-lone, Un-swept by light

sweep-ing In warm breathings by, Like sweet mu-sic peal-ing Far
 lad-ing With sweet-est per-fume; Thus round me will ho-ver, In
 fin-gers, Scarce mur-murs a tone; My young heart re-sem-bled That

calando.

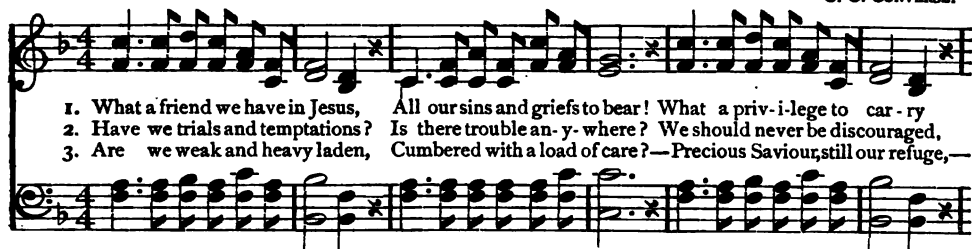
o'er the blue sea, There came o'er me steal-ing, Sweet mem'-ries of thee.
 grief or in glee, Till life's dream be o-ver, Sweet mem'-ries of thee.
 lute light and free, Till o'er its chords trembled Those mem'-ries of thee.

tant as they may be from us in space, we bring them into communion with ourselves by adopting their words. It is hardly extravagant to say that in this manner they become sharers in our devotions, and impart to the most solitary of them somewhat of a social character. Devotion is no exception to those emotions which love to express themselves in verse. When to words aptly chosen is added the charm of measure and rhyme, and these are wedded to musical modulation, the highest and most moving expression of devotional feeling is attained. Wordsworth, in one of his prefaces, referring, I think, to Pope's Epistle of Eloisa to Abelard, remarks that by the power of verse Pope has contrived to render the plainest common sense interesting, and fre-

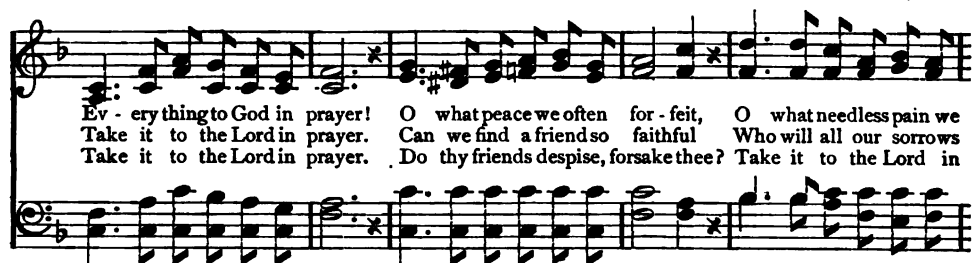
quently to invest it with the appearance of passion. It is thus with devotional poetry—the want of novelty in the thought is often compensated for by the melody of the versification, which lifts it out of the level of commonplace and deepens the impression made by it on the mind. The human mind, whatever creed it may hold, turns naturally and with strong impulse to an all-wise, all-powerful and supremely benignant Being, and is not satisfied without being in some way brought into communion with him. The unutterable yearning of the spirit to hold converse with the Creator, of which the apostle speaks, is not repressed even by those sceptical tendencies which pare down one's religious belief to the slenderest remnant of doctrine.—*Wm. Cullen Bryant.*

WHAT A FRIEND WE HAVE IN JESUS.

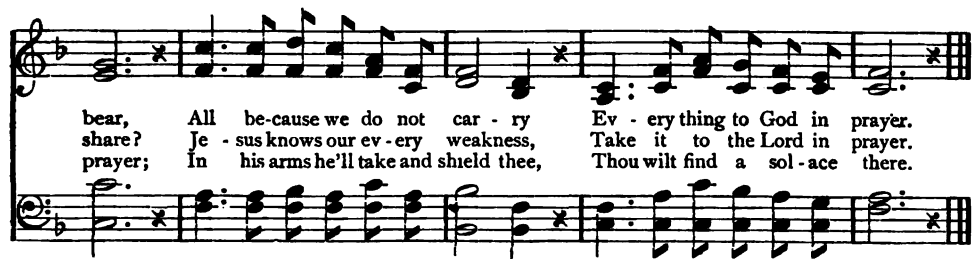
C. C. CONVERSE.



1. What a friend we have in Jesus, All our sins and griefs to bear! What a priv-i-lege to car-ry
 2. Have we trials and temptations? Is there trouble an-y-where? We should never be discouraged,
 3. Are we weak and heavy laden, Cumbered with a load of care?—Precious Saviour, still our refuge,—



Ev-ery thing to God in prayer! O what peace we often for-feit, O what needless pain we
 Take it to the Lord in prayer. Can we find a friend so faithful Who will all our sorrows
 Take it to the Lord in prayer. Do thy friends despise, forsake thee? Take it to the Lord in

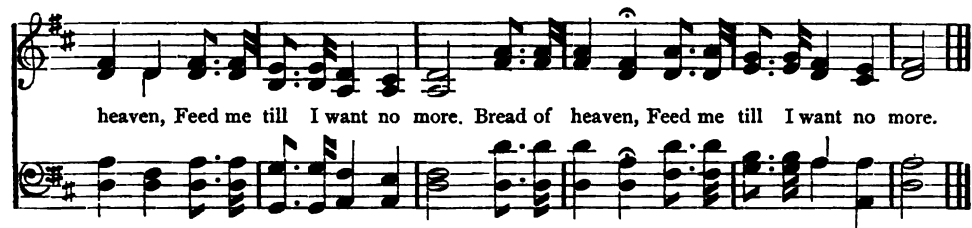


bear, All be-cause we do not car-ry Ev-ery thing to God in prayer.
 share? Je-sus knows our ev-ery weakness, Take it to the Lord in prayer.
 prayer; In his arms he'll take and shield thee, Thou wilt find a sol-ace there.

GUIDE ME, O THOU GREAT JEHOVAH.

WILLIAM WILLIAMS.
T. HASTINGS. "ZION."


1. { Guide me, O thou great Je-ho-vah, Pil-grim thro' this bar-ren land: } Bread of
 I am weak, but thou art migh-ty; Hold me with thy powerful hand: }



heaven, Feed me till I want no more. Bread of heaven, Feed me till I want no more.

2. Open now the crystal fountain,
 Whence the healing waters flow;
 Let the fiery, cloudy pillar,
 Lead me all my journey through:
 Strong Deliverer,
 Be thou still my strength and shield.

3. When I tread the verge of Jordan,
 Bid my anxious fears subside;
 Bear me through the swelling current;
 Land me safe on Canaan's side:
 Songs of praises
 I will ever give to thee.

THE matinee programme was made up of quiet things from Schumann, "Songs without words" from Mendelssohn, and like selections. But two names appeared upon it—those of Von Bulow and a singer unknown to us. "Thou'rt like unto a flower" was the one song announced—we can almost see the programme—and when it came it was but a single verse. But what a verse, as Lizzie Cronyn sang it to Von Bulow's accompaniment! Again and again—three times she sang it, until a sense of courtesy compelled the large audience to forbear further calls upon the singer. Twice afterwards we went a long distance to the great pianist's

concerts, in the hope of again hearing this one song. Each time she sang it again and again, to the delight of an appreciative audience. It is one of the perfect bits of work we recall, in a long experience of the concert and operatic stage, taking rank—in our enjoyment on first hearing it, and the pleasure with which we have since remembered it—along with Nilsson's "Angels ever bright and fair," Patti's "Home, sweet home," Scalchi's "It is better to laugh than be sighing," "The last rose of summer," as an Italian prima donna once sang it, and some other things, the memory of which is always pleasure unalloyed, a delight pure and simple.

THOU'RT LIKE UNTO A FLOWER.

H. HEINE.
ANTON RUBINSTEIN.

Moderato.

Thou'rt like un - to a flow - er, As fair, as pure, as bright, I gaze on
Du bist wie ei - ne Blu - me so hold und schön und rein, ich schau' dich

thee, and sad - ness steals o'er my heart's de - light, I long on those golden tres -
an, und Weh - muth schleicht mir in's Herz hin - ein mir ist, als ob ich die Hän -


ses My folded hands to lay, Praying that Heav'n may preserve thee So fair, so
de auf's Haupt dir le - gen soll't be - tend, das Gott dich er - hal - te So rein, und

cres cen do.
 pure al - way, Pray - ing that Heav'n may preserve thee, So fair, so pure al -
schön und hold, Be - tend, das Gott dich er - hal - te, So rein, und schön, und

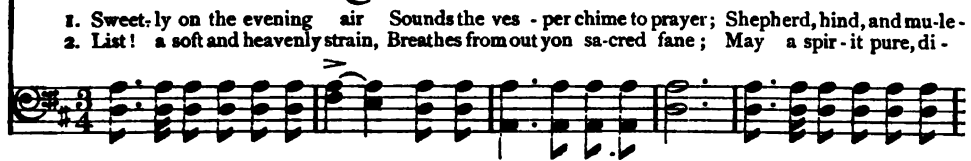

way, Praying that Heav'n may preserve thee, So fair, so pure al - way.
hold, Be - tend, das Gott dich er - hal - te, So rein, und schön, und hold.

THE VESPER CHIME.

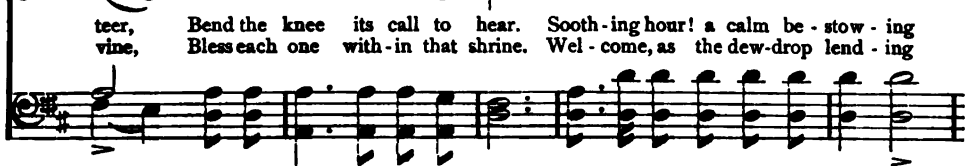

GEORGE LINLEY.



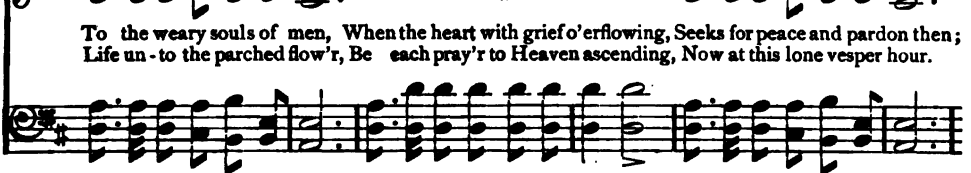

1. Sweet-ly on the evening air Sounds the ves-per chime to prayer; Shepherd, hind, and mu-le-
2. List! a soft and heavenly strain, Breathes from out yon sa-cred fane; May a spir-it pure, di-

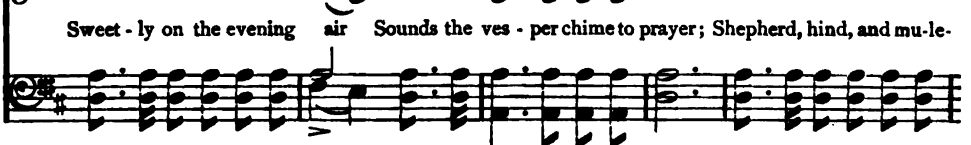

teer, Bend the knee its call to hear. Sooth-ing hour! a calm be-stow-ing
vine, Bless each one with-in that shrine. Wel-come, as the dew-drop lend-ing

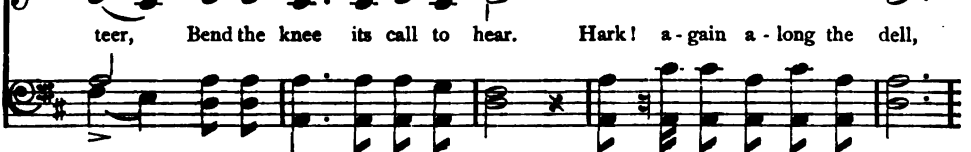
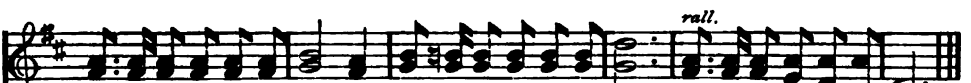
To the weary souls of men, When the heart with grief o'erflowing, Seeks for peace and pardon then;
Life un-to the parched flow'r, Be each pray'r to Heaven ascending, Now at this lone vesper hour.

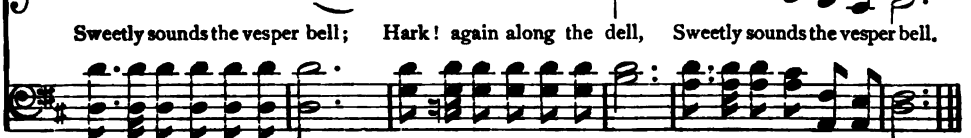
Sweet-ly on the evening air Sounds the ves-per chime to prayer; Shepherd, hind, and mu-le-

teer, Bend the knee its call to hear. Hark! a-gain a-long the dell,

Sweetly sounds the vesper bell; Hark! again along the dell, Sweetly sounds the vesper bell.



THIS extract is from Grillparzer's funeral sermon at the grave of Ludwig Von Beethoven, who was born in 1770 at Bonn, died at Vienna in 1827: As we stand here at the grave of Beethoven, we represent a whole nation mourning over his death. Yet he lives; and may he live long—the hero of song in the German tongue! The master of song, the heir of Handel and Bach, of Haydn and Mozart's immortal renown, has finished his earthly career; and, weeping, we stand by the broken strings of the harp. He was an artist, and that only through his art. Life's thorns wounded him deep, and, like the shipwrecked sailor striving to the shore, so he

rushed into thy arms, oh, mighty Art! And thou, good and true, like an excellent sister-comforter, yea, thou didst console him. Firmly he held to thee, and even after the door was locked through which thou didst enter to him, he still heard thy voice. And when blindness had overtaken him he still carried thy picture in his heart, and, when he died, it lay upon his breast. As an artist, who may stand beside him? From the cooing of a dove to the roll of the thunder, from the subtle intercession of capricious art to the formidable point where education comes into contact with the contending powers of nature, everything he seemed to

LITTLE CHILDREN'S DAY.

CHAS. W. GLOVER.

1. The hap-py day is com-ing, The lit-tle children's day, With what sweet childish rapture They
 2. Far o-ver hill and val-ley, In cottage and in hall, In school-room and on play-ground, A
 3. Naught should they show of envy, This happy holi-day; Naught do or say un-kind-ly As

wel-come it al-way! Their song and shout and laughter Are echoed where they roam, But
 greet-ing comes from all; To San-ta Claus glad welcome, With pack and reindeer sleigh, He
 fleet the hours away. The Christ that made their Christmas, Their thoughts and deeds doth know, And

mer-riest is the mu-sic Of childhood's voice at home. We welcome thee, oh, Christmas! The
 is the gen-ius kindly, Of mer-ry Christmas day. We welcome thee, oh, Christmas! The
 He would have them ev-er, The Christmas spir-it show. We welcome thee, oh, Christmas! The

chil-dren ev-er say. Oh, fes-tal day the dear-est, The lit-tle children's day.

measure. Come, make a circle around his grave, and bestrew it with laurel. He was also a man in every sense of the word. Because he did not mingle with the world, they said he was hostile; because he failed to show perception, they judged him unfeeling. He who knows himself to be hard of heart will not fly; it is the over-measure of perception that avoids display of feeling. If he shunned the world it was because in the depths of his amiable nature there was no weapon to fight against the world. If he did not associate with the people, it was because, while he gave them everything, he wished nothing in return. He remained

alone, because he found no heart throb in close kinship to his own. So he lived, so he died, so will he live forever. But you—you who attend us here at his grave—a balm for your aching hearts. You have not lost, but won him. When the gate of life has closed behind us, and we reach the temple of immortality, we shall hope to find him there, still great among the greatest. Therefore, though we part in mourning, calm yourselves, and if ever in life, when overpowered by his divine harmonies, your tears shall flow, remember this hour, and think: "We were there as they laid him in his grave; and when he died we wept."

MARY AND MARTHA.

SLAVE HYMN.

1. Ma-ry and a Martha's just gone 'long, Mary and a Martha's just gone 'long, Mary and a Martha's
 2. The preacher and the elder's just gone 'long, The preacher and the elder's just gone 'long, The preacher
 [and the elder's]

just gone 'long, To ring those charming bells; Crying, free grace and dying love, Free grace and dying love,

Free grace and dy-ing love, To ring those charming bells, Oh! 'way o - ver Jordan, Lord,

'Way o - ver Jor-dan, Lord, 'Way o - ver Jor-dan, Lord, To ring those charming bells.

3. My father and mother's just gone 'long, etc. 4. The Methodist and Baptist's just gone 'long, etc.

ROLL, JORDAN, ROLL.

SLAVE HYMN.

Roll, Jordan, roll, roll, Jordan, roll, I want to go to Heaven when I die, To hear Jordan roll.

1. Oh, brothers, you ought t'have been there, Yes, my Lord! A-sitting in the Kingdom, to hear Jordan roll.
 2. Oh, preachers, you ought t'have been there, Yes, my Lord! A-sitting in the Kingdom, to hear Jordan roll.
 3. Oh, sinners, you ought t'have been there, Yes, my Lord! A-sitting in the Kingdom, to hear Jordan roll.

4. Oh, mourners, etc. 5. Oh, sisters, etc. 6. Oh, mothers, etc. 7. Oh, children, etc.

WHAT character, what infinite variety, belong to the voice! sometimes it is a flute, sometimes a trip-hammer; what range of force! In moments of clearer thought or deeper sympathy, the voice will attain a music and penetration which surprises the speaker as much as it does the auditor. The Persian poet Saadi, tells us that a person with a disagreeable voice was reading the Koran aloud, when a holy man, passing by, asked what was his monthly stipend. He answered "Nothing at all." "But why, then, do you take so much trouble?" He replied "I read for the sake of God." The other rejoined "For His sake, then do not read; for if you read the Koran in this manner you will destroy the splendor of Islamism." Then there are persons of natural fascination, with certain frankness, winning manners, almost endearments in their style; like

Bouillon, who could almost persuade you that a quar-tan ague was wholesome; like Louis XI. of France, whom Commynes praises for "the gift of managing all minds by his accent and the caresses of his speech;" like Galiani, Voltaire, Robert Burns, Barclay, Fox, and Henry Clay. What must have been the discourse of St. Bernard, when mothers hid their sons, wives their husbands, companions their friends, lest they should be led by his eloquence to join the monastery. It is said that one of the best readers of his time was John Quincy Adams. I have heard that no man could read the Bible with such powerful effect. I can easily believe it, though I never heard him speak in public until his fine voice was much broken by age. But the wonders he achieved with that cracked and disobedient organ showed its power in his earlier manhood—*Emerson.*

THE HOLLY WREATH.

T. CRAMPTON.

1. Nev - er is my heart so gay In the budding month of May, Nev - er does it
2. Braid your gir - dles fresh and gay, Children, in the blooming May, Twine your chaplets

beat a tune Half so sweet in blooming June; Nev - er know such hap - pi - ness
in young June, Maid - ens, they will fall full soon; Twine rich ro - ses Ju - ly red,

As on such a day as this, When the Christ - mas tree is seen,
Lov - ers, for the dear one's head; Mine the rich - er wreath shall be,

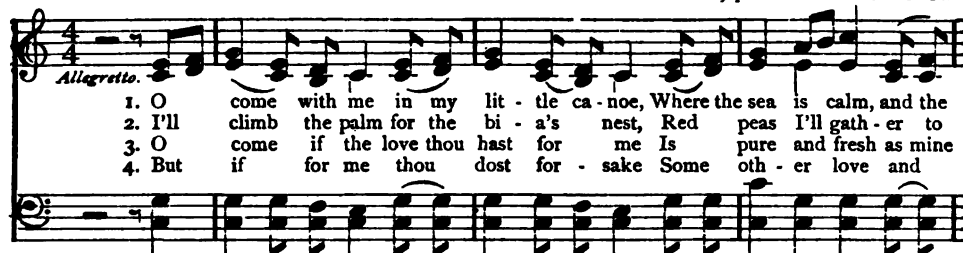
And the Christmas hol - ly green, And the Christmas hol - ly green,
From the Christmas hol - ly tree, From the Christmas hol - ly tree,

hol - ly green, When the Christmas tree is seen, And the Christmas hol - ly green.
hol - ly tree, Mine the rich - er wreath shall be, From the Christmas hol - ty tree.

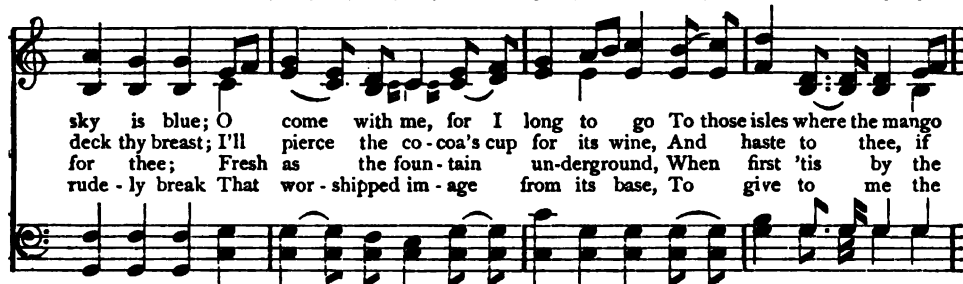
OSSIAN'S SERENADE.

OSSIAN E. DODGE.
By per. OLIVER DITSON & Co.

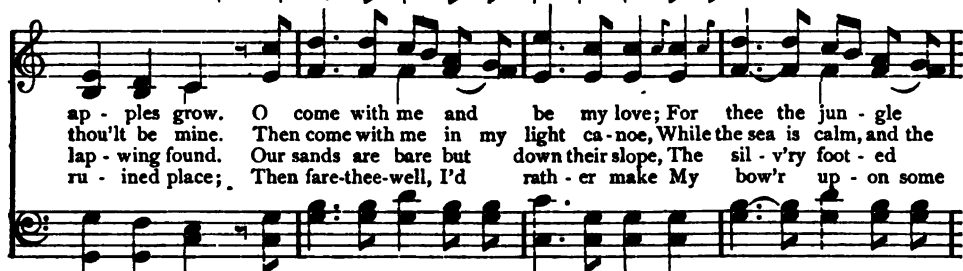
Allargretto.



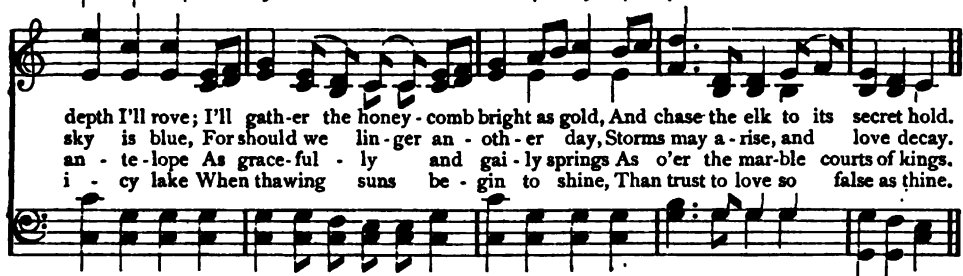
1. O come with me in my lit - tle ca - noe, Where the sea is calm, and the
2. I'll climb the palm for the bi - a's nest, Red peas I'll gath - er to
3. O come if the love thou hast for me Is pure and fresh as mine
4. But if for me thou dost for - sake Some oth - er love and



sky is blue; O come with me, for I long to go To those isles where the mango
deck thy breast; I'll pierce the co-coa's cup for its wine, And haste to thee, if
for thee; Fresh as the foun-tain un-derground, When first 'tis by the
rude - ly break That wor - shipped im - age from its base, To give to me the



ap - ples grow. O come with me and be my love; For thee the jun - gle
thou'lt be mine. Then come with me in my light ca - noe, While the sea is calm, and the
lap - wing found. Our sands are bare but down their slope, The sil - v'ry foot - ed
ru - ined place; Then fare-thee-well, I'd rath - er make My bow'r up - on some



depth I'll rove; I'll gath - er the honey - comb bright as gold, And chase the elk to its secret hold.
sky is blue, For should we lin - ger an - oth - er day, Storms may a - rise, and love decay.
an - te - lope As grace - ful - ly and gai - ly springs As o'er the mar - ble courts of kings.
i - cy lake When thawing suns be - gin to shine, Than trust to love so false as thine.



I'll chase the an - te - lope o - ver the plain, The ti - ger's cub I'll bind with a chain, And the



wild ga - zelle, with its sil - ver - y feet, I'll give thee for a play-mate meet.

Words, except first verse, adapted from Lalla Rookh.

MENDELSSOHN, the favorite of the muses, was destined to enjoy the happiness of a sympathetic family life. Cecilia Jeanne, the youngest daughter of a reformed pastor in Frankfort-on-the-Main, a highly educated, graceful lady, became the wife of the amiable composer. Nothing is known about the influence of Mendelssohn's wife on his artistic career, for in musical questions Mendelssohn generally sought advice from his favorite sister Fanny, who was very talented. Some of the much admired "songs without words" were really composed by Fanny. They were published

under Mendelssohn's name, for she was too modest to publish them under her own. Fanny died suddenly while playing at the piano, and the news of her death so greatly affected her brother that he himself passed away six months later from strong nervous excitement. His deeply-grieved widow retired to her own home, and lived there only for the education of her children. She died in 1853, just after she had lost her son Felix.

"THE musician, and the orator," says Cecil, "in perhaps equal degree falls short of the full power of his science, if the hearer be left in possession of himself."

ROY'S WIFE OF ALDIVALLOCH.

Sharp Accent.

NEIL GOW.



1. Roy's wife of Al-di-valloch, Roy's wife of Al-di-valloch, Wat ye how she
2. O she was a can-ty quean And weel could dance the Highland walloch; How happy I, had
3. Her hair sae fair, her een sae clear, Her wee bit mou' sae sweet and bonnie; To me she ev - er

cheat-ed me, As I cam' o'er the braes o' Ballock? she been mine, Or I'd be Roy of Al-di-valloch! She vow'd, she vow'd she wad be mine,
will be dear, Tho' she's for-ev - er left her Johnnie.

She said she lo'ed me best of on-y, But oh! the fic-kle, faithless quean, She's

ta'en the carle, and left her Johnnie. O Roy's wife of Al-di-valloch, Roy's wife of

Al-di-valloch, Wat ye how she cheat-ed me, As I cam' o'er the braes o' Bal-lock?

SEARCH THRO' THE WIDE WORLD.

DONIZETTI.
"DAUGHTER OF REGIMENT."

Maestoso.

1. Search thro' the wide world, Where can ye find He- roes so dar- ing, Com- rades so
2. Brave sons of bat- tle, Hear the de- cree, Live ye but long enough, Gen' rals ye'll

kind? Pocket full or pen- ni- less, Go where ye may, All are proud to
be. Heel- less of dan- ger, On- ward ye go, Loved by the

cres.

serve ye well, Heedless of pay, Men look with en- vy, Ladies with de- light, On the corps re-
beau- ti- ful, Fear'd by the foe, Show but your col- ors, All do own their way, Yours it is to

rall. *p* *Allegro.*

sist- less in love as in fight. Matchless in fame, Foremost in glo- ry. In the camp, in the
conquer, and theirs to o- bey! Matchless in fame, Foremost in glo- ry. In the camp, in the

cres.

grave, on the field of war, There is not in the world such a gallant corps, There is not such a gal- lant

f

corps! War sounds the trump, to your standard ye fly, Vic- to- ry's wreath must be yours, or ye die!

It is told of Dabshelim, the king, that his library was so large as to require a hundred brahmin to care for it, a thousand dromedaries to transport it. He ordered all useless matter weeded out, and after thirty years' labor it was reduced to the carrying capacity of thirty camels. Still appalled by the number of volumes, he ordered it condensed to a single dromedary load, and when the task was completed, age had crept upon him and death awaited him. The Bidpay offered to compress the whole into a minute's reading. He wrote:—1. The greater part of science consists of but a single word—

perhaps; the whole history of man contains but three—born, suffered, died! 2. Love nothing but what is good, and do all thou lovest to do; think nothing but what is true, and speak not all thou thinkest. 3. O rulers! tame your passions, govern yourselves, and it will be child's play to govern the world. 4. O rulers! O people! it can never be repeated often enough that there is no happiness without virtue, no virtue without the fear of God.

If I have the least faculty for anything in this world it is for teaching children, and making them good and perfectly happy going along. My whole principle is

THE FIRE OF HOME.

With expression.

GEORGE WORSTER.



1. I hear them tell in far-off climes, — And treasures grand they hold — Of
 2. Sometimes I hear of no-ble deeds; Of words that move man-kind; How
 3. My husband comes, as shadows fall, With him my girl and boy; His
 min-ster walls where stain'd light falls On can-vas rare and old. My
 will-ing hands in oth-er lands Bring light to poor and blind. I
 lov-ing kiss brings with it bliss, That hath no base al-loy. From
 hands fall down, my breath comes fast, But ah, how can I roam? My
 dare not toil in lands a-far, I fear to cross the foam; Who,
 new-plowed meadows, fresh and brown, I catch the scent of loam; Heart,
 task I know, to spin and sew, And light the fire of home.
 if I go, will spin and sew, And light the fire at home?
 do not fret, 'tis something yet To light the fire of home!

that no government is of the least use except self-government, and the worst children will do right, if told which is right and wrong, and that they must act for themselves. Then I have a fashion, told me by a friend when Francesca was a baby; which is this—*never see evil, but praise good*; for instance, if children are untidy, do not find fault or appear to notice it, but the first time possible, praise them for being neat and fresh, and they will soon become so. I dare say you can account for this: I cannot, but I have tried it many times, and have never known it fail. Certain other instruction I limited to

paying my little friends for learning Dr. Watts' "Though I'm now in younger days," but I suppose that, like my system generally, is hopelessly old-fashioned. Very young children can learn this verse from it:

I'll not willingly offend,
 Nor be easily offended;
 What's amiss I'll strive to mend,
 And endure what can't be mended.

There was an old American sea captain who said he had been many times round the world, making the voyage comfortably by the help of this verse.—*John Ruskin.*

THE EXILE OF ERIN.

THOMAS CAMPBELL.
Air, "SAVOURNEEN DHEELISH."

Andante.

1. There came to the beach a poor Ex - ile of E - rin, The dew on his thin robe was
2. "Oh! sad is my fate," said the heart-broken stran-ger, "The wild deer and wolf to a
3. "Oh! E - rin, my coun-try, tho' sad and for - sak - en, In dreams I re - vis - it thy

heav - y and chill; For his coun-try he sighed, when at twi - light re - pair - ing To
cov - ert can flee; But I have no ref - uge from fam - ine and dan - ger, A
sea - beat - en shore; But, a - las! in a far for - eign land I a - wak - en, And

wan - der a - lone by the wind - beat - en hill. But the day - star at - tract - ed his
home and a coun-try re - main not to me. Ah! nev - er a - gain in the
sigh for the friends who can meet me no more. Ah! cru - el fate! wilt thou

eyes' sad de - vo - tion, For it rose o'er his own na - tive isle of the o - cean, Where
green sun - ny bow - ers, Where my fore - fa - thers lived, shall I spend the sweet hours, Or
nev - er re - place me In a man - sion of peace, where no per - ils can chase me? Ah!

once, in the fire of his youthful e - mo - tion, He sang the bold anthem of E - rin go brag!
cov - er my harp with the wild - woven flow - ers, And strike to the numbers of E - rin go brag!
nev - er a - gain shall my brothers em - brace me! They died to de - fend me, or live to deplore!

"Oh, where is my cabin-door, fast by the wildwood?
Sisters and sire! did ye weep for its fall?
Where is the mother that looked on my childhood?
And where is the bosom friend, dearer than all?
Ah! my sad heart! long abandoned by pleasure,
Why did it doat on a fast-fading treasure?
Tears, like the rain-drops, may fall without measure;
But rapture and beauty they cannot recall.

"But yet, all its sad recollection suppressing,
One dying wish my lone bosom shall draw:
Oh, Erin! an exile bequeathes thee his blessing!
Dear land of my forefathers! Erin go brag!
Oh, buried and cold, when my heart stills its motion,
Green be thy fields, sweetest isle of the ocean,
And thy harp-striking bards sing aloud with devotion,
Oh, Erin mavourneen!—Erin go brag!"*

* "Ireland, my darling, and Ireland forever!"

PRACTICE OF ACCENTS.—We must first find the unit of thought upon which time in music is based, before we can make an intelligent presentation of the idea to the mind. We find this to be the *whole* measure. But what is a measure? Dr. Lowell Mason says that "a measure is a portion of time;" but does this give us any tangible idea to present? We find a measure of music to be a group of accents, and no idea can be given through the eye. Through the senses of hearing and feeling, only, can the idea of the different forms of measure be conveyed to the mind.

The various effects in rhythm or time in music come from the varying accents; and the teaching of time simply resolves itself into practice of accents. This being the case, it becomes all-important that these accents should be definitely and distinctively named. Notes give us no idea of the length of sounds, and we shall gain no knowledge of time in music by learning their fractional names and values as notes. They represent pulsations or accents, and they should not be seen by the pupils until these pulsations or accents are established in the mind. Those who have taught

DUBLIN BAY.

MRS. CRAWFORD.
GEORGE BARKER.



1. They sailed a-way in a gal-lant bark, Roy Neal and his fait young bride; They had
2. Three days they sail'd when a storm a-rose, And the lightning swept the deep; When the
3. On the crowded deck of that doom-ed ship, Some fell in their mute des-pair, But

ven-tured all in that bounding ark, That danc'd o'er the sil-v'ry tide; But their hearts were young and
thunder crash broke the short repose Of the wea-ry sailor's sleep. Roy Neal he clasp'd his
some more calm, with a holier lip, Sought the God of storm in pray'r. "She has struck on a rock!" the

spir-its light, And they dashed the tears a-way, As they watch'd the shore re-
weep-ing bride, And he kiss'd the tears a-way, "Oh, love, 'twas a fear-ful
sea-men cried, In the depth of their wild dis-may; And the ship went down with that

cede from sight Of their own sweet Dub-lin Bay.
hour," he cried, "When we left sweet Dub-lin Bay."
fair young bride, That..... sailed from Dub-lin Bay.

3rd verse.

the fractional names of notes and rests and measured their values by set motions of the hand all their lives, will be slow to believe in a more effective and less complicated way of teaching this subject. A two-part measure is simply a *strong* accent followed by a weak one, and as soon as children are made to feel these regular, recurring strong and weak accents, they are prepared to sing intelligently in plain two-part measures. A three-part measure is simply one strong and two weak accents. A four-part measure consists of a strong accent followed by a weak one and another

less strong than the first, and followed by another weak one. A four-part measure is not two two-part measures united, nor a six-part measure two three-part measures. How can these various groups of accents be most clearly presented and named to the mind? Our appeal to the mind must be through the senses of hearing and feeling; we can only use the eye to assist in regulating the movement. The real objects to be taught in both time and tune are mental objects; no idea of them can be given through any picture or drawings that we can make to the eye.—H. E. Holt.

SMILING FACES.

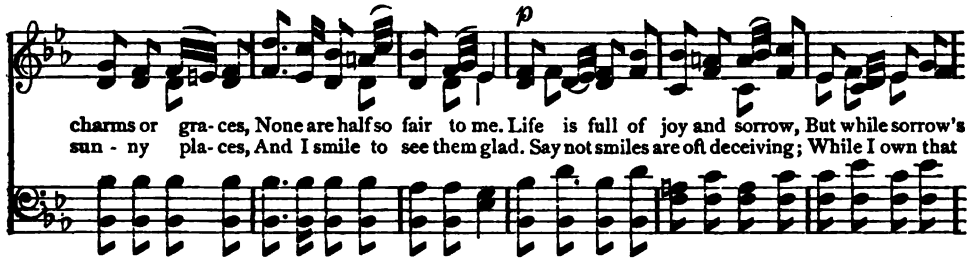
E. M. SPENCER.
STEPHEN GLOVER.

Allegro vivace.



1. I love to gaze on smil-ing fa - ces, Beaming mer - ry mirth and glee; Of all the world's glad
2. Oh! when I gaze on smil-ing fa - ces, Though my spirits may be sad, I seem borne to

p



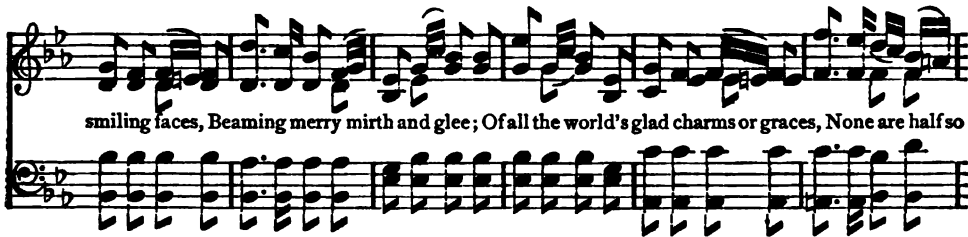
charms or gra - ces, None are half so fair to me. Life is full of joy and sorrow, But while sorrow's
sun - ny pla - ces, And I smile to see them glad. Say not smiles are oft deceiving; While I own that

dim. e ritard. *p a tempo.*



form we see, Joy from some the heart may borrow: Oh! a smil-ing face for me! I love to gaze on
some may be, There are many worth be-liev-ing; Oh! a smil-ing face for me! I love to gaze on

smiling faces, Beaming merry mirth and glee; Of all the world's glad charms or graces, None are half so

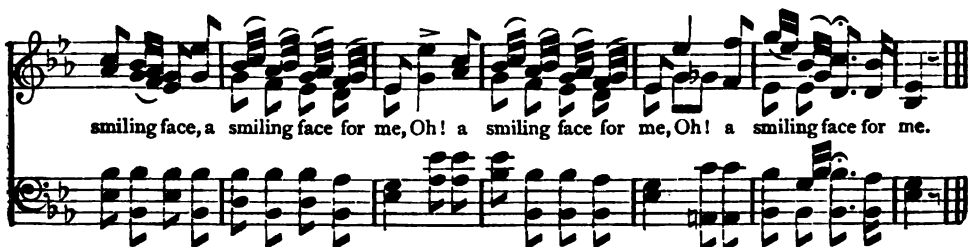


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fair to me; A smil-ing face, a smil-ing face, a smil-ing face for me, A smil-ing face, a

smiling face, a smiling face for me, Oh! a smiling face for me, Oh! a smiling face for me.



CABINET ORGAN.—The piano now has a rival in the United States in that fine instrument which has grown from the melodeon into the cabinet organ. It seems to us peculiarly the instrument for *men*. We trust the time is at hand when it will be seen that it is not less desirable for boys to learn to play upon an instrument; and how much more a little skill in performing may do for a man than for a woman! A boy can hardly be a perfect savage, nor a man a mere money-maker, who has acquired sufficient command of an instrument to play upon it with pleasure. How often, when we have been listening to the swelling music of the cabinet organs at the warerooms of Mason and Hamlin, in Broadway, have we desired to put one of those instruments into every clerk's boarding-house room, and tell him to take all the ennui, and half the peril, out of his life by learning

to play upon it! No business man who works as intensely as we do, can keep alive the celestial harmonies within him,—no, nor the early wrinkles from his face,—without some such pleasant mingling of bodily rest and mental exercise as playing upon an instrument. The simplicity of the means by which music is produced from the cabinet organ is truly remarkable. It is called a “reed” instrument; which leads many to suppose that the canebrake is despoiled to procure its sound-giving apparatus. Not so. The reed employed is nothing but a thin strip of brass with a tongue slit in it, the vibration of which causes the musical sound. One of the reeds, though it produces a volume of sound only surpassed by the pipes of an organ, weighs about an ounce, and can be carried in a vest-pocket. In fact, a cabinet organ is simply an accordion of immense power and improved

HEAVILY WEARS THE DAY.

GERMAN AIR.

Softly, and with much feeling.

1. Heav-ily wears the day in sighs and tears away, Heavily wears the day in sighs and tears away; With
2. Oft did he tell me so, when I would bid him go, Oft did he tell me so, when I would bid him go,— My
3. Oh, that it could be so! Yes, I would let him go; Oh, that it could be so! Yes, I would let him go, And

weeping I am weary, weary, When at the door I stand, seeing the darken'd land all still and dreary, I am so trifling never made him weary: "When I am far away, over the bounding spray, You will be dreary, dear one, and of my weeping never weary, Only to have him come back to his own lov'd home, To hear his cheery "Do not be

weary; When at the door I stand, seeing the darken'd land, All still and dreary, I am so weary.
weary; When I am far away, over the bounding spray, You will be dreary, dear one, and weary."
dreary;" Only to have him come back to his own lov'd home, To hear his cheery "Do not be dreary."

mechanism. Twenty years ago, one of our melodeon-makers chanced to observe that the accordion produced a better tone when it was drawn out than when it was pushed in; and this fact suggested the first great improvement in the melodeon. Before that time, the wind from the bellows, in all melodeons, was forced thro' the reeds. At this point of development, the instrument was taken up and covered with improvements, making it one of the most pleasing musical instruments in the possession of mankind. When we remarked above, that the American piano is the best in the world, we expressed only the opinion of others, but now that we assert the superiority of American cabinet organs over similar instruments made in London and Paris, we are communicating knowledge of our own. Indeed, the superiority is so marked that it is ap-

parent to the merest tyro in music. In the new towns of the great West, the cabinet organ is usually the first instrument of music to arrive, and, of late years, it takes its place with the piano in the fashionable drawing-rooms of the Atlantic States.—*James Parton.*

THE first effect of culture in its most popular form—scientific knowledge—is sometimes to unsettle faith and unchurch the souls of men. The remedy for this moral and religious unsettling lies, not in a cowardly retreat from knowledge, but in a manful advance into a larger knowledge. The higher up in the scale of humanity a people stands, the profounder its homage to the moral law. Fire the poet or painter or musician with the passion of patriotism, the enthusiasm of humanity, the worship of the infinite and eternal God, and you will get the work which shall prove immortal.—*R. H. Newton.*

OH, WHAT IS THE MATTER WITH ROBIN?

AUNT CLARA.
From "THE NURSERY."*Lively.*

1. "Oh, what is the matter with Robin, That makes her cry round here all day? I think she must be in great
2. "He carried them home in his pocket; I saw him, from up in this tree: Ah me! how my lit-tle heart
3. "Nor I!" said the birds in a cho-rus: "A cru-el and mischievous boy! I pit-y his fa-ther and

trou-ble," Said Swallow to lit-tle Blue Jay. "I think she must be in great trou-ble, Said flut-tered For fear he would come and rob me! Ah me! how my lit-tle heart flut-tered For moth-er; He surely can't give them much joy; I pit-y his fa-ther and moth-er; He

Swallow to little Blue Jay. "I know why the Robin is cry-ing," Said Wren with a sob in her fear he would come and rob me! "Oh, what little boy was so wick-ed?" Said Swallow, beginning to surely can't give them much joy. I guess he forgot what a pleas-ure The dear lit-tle rob-ins all

D.S. "I guess he for-got that the rule is, To do as you would be done

breast, "A naugh-ty bold rob-ber has stol-en, Three lit-tle blue eggs from her
cry; "I wouldn't be guil-ty of rob-bing A dear lit-tle bird's-nest—not
bring, In ear-ly spring-time and in sum-mer, By beau-ti-ful songs that they

by; I guess he for-got that from Heav-en There looks down an All-See-ing

D.S. to last verse only.

nest, A naugh-ty bold rob-ber has stol-en Three lit-tle blue eggs from her nest.
I," I wouldn't be guil-ty of rob-bing A dear lit-tle bird's-nest—not I."
sing, In ear-ly spring-time and in sum-mer, By beau-ti-ful songs that they sing."

Eye, I guess he for-got that from Heav-en There looks down an All-See-ing Eye."

DERMOT ASTORE.

F. W. N. CROUCH.

1. Oh! Der - mot As - tore! between waking and sleeping, I heard thy dear voice, and I
 2. Oh! Der - mot As - tore! how this fond heart would flutter, When I met thee by night in the

wept to its lay; Ev' - ry pulse of my heart the sweet measure was keeping, Till Kil - sha - dy bo - reen, And heard thine own voice in a soft whis - per ut - ter Those

lar - ney's wild ech - oes had borne it a - way. Oh! tell me, my own love, is words of en - dear - ment, "Mavourneen Co - leen," I know we must part, but oh!

this our last meet - ing, Shall we wan - der no more in Kil - lar - ney's green bow'rs, To say not for - ev - er, That it may be for years adds e - nough to my pain; But I'll

watch the bright sun o'er the dim hills re - treat - ing, And the wild stag at cling to the hope that tho' now we must sev - er, In some rare bles - sed

rest in his bed of spring flow'rs? Oh! Der - mot As - tore! between wak - ing and hour I shall meet thee a - gain. Oh! Der - mot As - tore! between wak - ing and

Reply to "KATHLEEN MAVOURNEEN," also by F. W. N. Crouch.



mf *mf* *mf* *mf* *mf* *mf* *mf*

sleeping, I heard thy dear voice, and I wept to its lay; Ev'-ry pulse of my

mf *mf* *mf* *mf* *mf* *mf*

heart, the sweet mea-sure was keeping, Till Kil-lar - ney's wild echoes had borne it a - way.

THE EVENING GUN.

THOMAS MOORE.



Andantino.

1. Re - memb'rest thou that set - ting sun, The last I saw with thee, When
2. Oft, when the toils of day are o'er, In pen - sive dreams of thee, I

loud we heard the even - ing gun Peal o'er the twi - light sea? The
sit to hear that even - ing gun Peal o'er the twi - light sea; And

sound ap - pear'd to sweep Far o'er the verge of day, Till in - to realms be -
while o'er bil - lows curled, The dis - tant sounds de - cay, I weep, and wish from

pp *adagio.*

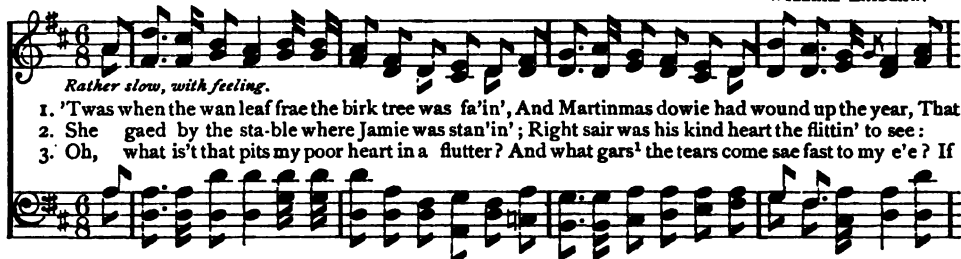
yond the deep, They seemed to die a - way— die a - way— die..... a - way....
this rough world, Like them to die a - way— die a - way— die..... a - way....

THE author of this sweetly simple and affecting song was William Laidlaw, for many years the steward and trusted friend of Sir Walter Scott. "Mr. Laidlaw," says Lockhart, "has not published many verses, but his song of 'Lucy's Flittin',' a simple and pathetic picture of a poor Ettrick maiden's feelings on leaving a service where she had been happy, has long been, and must ever be, a favorite with all who understand

the delicacies of the Scottish dialect and the manners of the district in which the scene is laid." The air here given is that to which it is sung in Scotland. It is thoroughly Scotch in character, and well adapted to the sentiment which is the plaintive burden of the words. The lyric verse of Scotland is a contribution to the world's wealth of song that is unique in kind and unfading in the charm of its delightful variety.

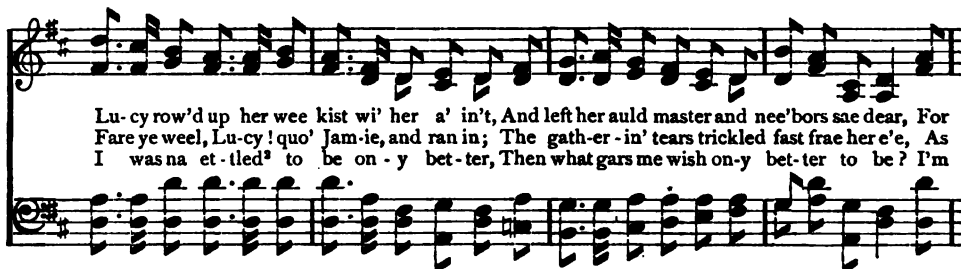
LUCY'S FLITTIN'.

WILLIAM LAIDLAW.

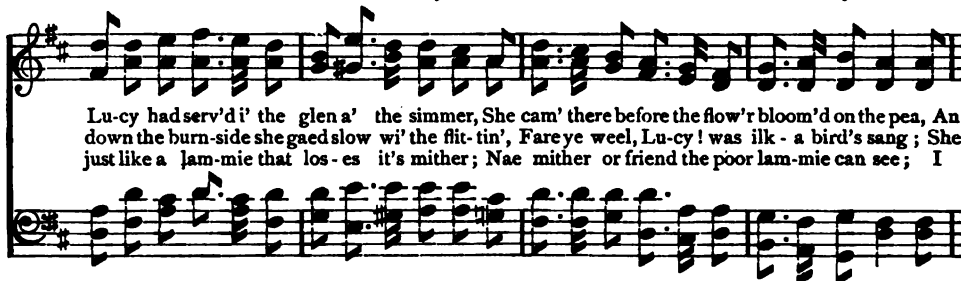


Rather slow, with feeling.

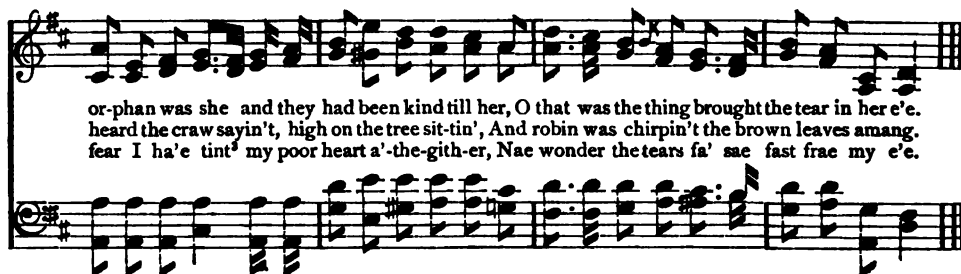
1. 'Twas when the wan leaf frae the birk tree was fa'in', And Martinmas dowie had wound up the year, That
2. She gaed by the sta-ble where Jamie was stan'in'; Right sair was his kind heart the flittin' to see:
3. Oh, what is't that pits my poor heart in a flutter? And what gars¹ the tears come sae fast to my e'e? If



Lu-cy row'd up her wee kist wi' her a' in't, And left her auld master and nee'bors sae dear, For Fare ye weel, Lu-cy! quo' Jam-ie, and ran in; The gath-er-in' tears trickled fast frae her e'e, As I was na et-²led³ to be on - y bet-ter, Then what gars me wish on-y bet-ter to be? I'm



Lu-cy had serv'd i' the glen a' the simmer, She cam' there before the flow'r bloom'd on the pea, An down the burn-side she gaed slow wi' the flit-tin', Fare ye weel, Lu-cy! was ilk - a bird's sang; She just like a lam-mie that los-es it's mither; Nae mither or friend the poor lam-mie can see; I



or-phan was she and they had been kind till her, O that was the thing brought the tear in her e'e. heard the craw sayin't, high on the tree sit-tin', And robin was chirpin't the brown leaves amang. fear I ha'e tint' my poor heart a'-the-gith-er, Nae wonder the tears fa' sae fast frae my e'e.

Wi' the rest o' my claes I ha'e rowed⁴ up the ribbon,
The bonny blue ribbon that Jamie ga'e me;
Yestreen, when he ga'e me't and saw I was sabbin'
I'll never forget the wae blink o' his e'e.
Though now he said naething but, Fare ye weel, Lucy!
It made me I neither could speak, hear, nor see:
He couldna say mair but just, "Fare ye weel, Lucy!"
Yet that I will mind till the day that I dee.

The lamb likes the gowan⁵ wi' dew when it's droukit;⁶
The hare likes the brake and the braird⁷ on the lea,
But Lucy likes Jamie,—she turned and she lookit,
She thought the dear place she would never mair see.
Ah! weel may young Jamie gang dowie⁸ and cheerless,
And weel may he greet⁹ on the bank o' the burn!
His bonnie sweet Lucy, sae gentle and peerless,
Lies cauld in her grave and will never return!

¹ makes. ² intended. ³ lost. ⁴ rolled. ⁵ daisy. ⁶ wet. ⁷ tender green. ⁸ sad. ⁹ weep.

THE one instrument that comes nearest the voice in its ability to interpret musical expression is not the piano, but the violin. The piano is only an improved harp. Heretofore young girls have spent laborious years in learning how to play the piano, an accomplishment difficult to acquire, and requiring incessant practice to retain proficiency. But there has been a change lately that may make the violin as popular

among women as the piano has been. Thousands of girls are now learning how to finger the strings. The mastery of the violin is easier to obtain than that of the piano, and does not require so much strength of hand and wrist. The delicate fingering it involves is just what girls can more easily learn. It is no novelty for women, for the painters of the middle ages represented the angels as playing on viols as well as harps.

PLEASURE CLIMBS TO EVERY MOUNTAIN.

Soprano Solo.

GOLLMICK.

1. Pleasure climbs to ev-'ry moun-tain, Waves in ev-'ry bush and tree, Whispers
2. Ev-'ry blos-som round us spring-ing, Sweet to smell, and fair to see, Seems with

Vocal Accompaniment.

1. Pleasure climbs to ev-'ry moun-tain, Waves in ev-'ry bush and tree,
2. Ev-'ry blos-som round us springing, Sweet to smell, and fair to see,

in each bubbling foun-tain, O how sweet this world can be! When with ear-liest ray of
fra-grant voices sing-ing, "O how fair this world can be!" E'en in tem-pests wildly

Whispers in each bubbling fountain, O how sweet this world can be. When with earliest
Seems with fragrant voices sing-ing, "O how fair this world can be!" E'en in tem-pests

morn-ing, All things wake to life and glee, Sparkling fresh they hail the dawning, O how
burst-ing, Nature still has charms for me, For my heart securely trusting, Knows whose

ray of morning, All things wake to life and glee, Sparkling fresh they hail the dawning,
wildly bursting, Nature still has charms for me, For my heart se-curely trusting,

bright this world can be! O how bright! O how bright! how bright this world can be!
world this world must be! Knows whose world, Knows whose world, whose world this world must be!

O how bright this world can be! O how bright! O how bright this world can be!
Knows whose world this world must be! Knows whose world, Knows whose world this world must be!

WHILE word-music appeals to our intellect through its force of representation, instrumental music appeals directly to the emotions. The former appears clad in shadowy generalities, and the latter arises in its primitive life-giving power. Music is of a lyrical nature, and therefore remains all-powerful where the expression of poetry ceases. Music can be an aid to poetry and can increase its effect on the ear and heart by means of melody, but it can also act independently, forming its theme from its own resources. In the former case it is hampered by the

text and must conform itself to the pace of the stream of words. Its compass of tone is prescribed and its liberty restricted thereby. Instrumental music stands alone in its unapproachable sovereignty. In its lyric nature it unfolds the most tender, mysterious feelings hidden in the inmost depths of the human heart. The orchestral instruments are the highest means through which the composer expresses his genius, as well as the purest utterances of his soul in tender or powerful strains, representing the same in the form of a symphony. While in the opera the combination of song,

THREE FISHERS.

JOHN HULLAH.
CHARLES KINGSLEY.

Andantino.

1. Three fish-ers went sail- ing out in - to the west, Out in - to the west as the
 2. Three wives sat up in the light-house tow'r, And they trimm'd the lamps as the
 3. Three corpses lay out on the shin - ing sands, In the morn - ing gleam, as the

un poco rall.

sun went down; Each tho't on the woman who lov'd him the best, And the children stood watching them
 sun went down; They look'd at the squall and they look'd at the show'r, And the night rack came rolling up,
 tide went down; And the women are weeping and wringing their hands, For those who will never come

a tempo.

out of the town; For men must work, and women must weep, And there's little to earn, and
 ragged and brown; But men must work, and women must weep, Tho' storms be sudden and
 back to the town; For men must work, and women must weep, And the sooner it's ov-er, the

cres. f > dim.

ma - ny to keep; Tho' the har - bor bar be moan - - - ing.
 wa - ters deep; And the har - bor bar be moan - - - ing.
 sooner to sleep; And good-bye to the bar and its moan - - - ing.

D. S. to last verse.

poetry, decoration, acting, costumes, and orchestral effects produce an impression on the listener, and through their union take possession of the senses by their representations of the outer world, it is the sphere of pure instrumental music, of the symphony itself, to enter the recesses of the heart, and find an echo there where love, joy, friendship, sorrow, hope, and earnest striving reign supreme.—*M. Steinhert.*

THE author of "Three Fishers" was a noted poet, preacher and novelist of England. He was professor of modern history at Cambridge, afterwards Canon of

Westminster and chaplain to the Queen. He died in 1875. During his boyhood his father was rector of a small parish on the sea-coast, from which he had often seen the herring fleet put out to sea. On these occasions it was customary to hold a short but impressive religious service on the quay, at which not only the fishermen, but also their wives, sweethearts and children were present. Recalling this scene vividly, at the close of a weary day, he wrote this touching poem, whose beauty is enhanced by the plaintive air to which it has been set by John Hullah, an English composer of reputation.

BRING FLOWERS.

FELICIA HEMANS.
"MUSETTE DI NINA."

mp

1. Bring flow'rs, fresh flow'rs for the bride to wear! They were
 2. Bring flow'rs to the cap - tive's lone - ly cell, They have
 3. Bring flow'rs, pale flow'rs, o'er the bier to shed, A
 4. Bring flow'rs to the shrine where we kneel in prayer, They are

born to blush in her shin - ing hair; She is leaving the
 tales of the joy - ous woods to tell; Of the free blue
 crown for the brow of the ear - ly dead; For this its
 na - ture's off - ring, their place is there! They speak of

home of her child - hood's mirth, She hath bid fare - well to her
 streams, and the glow - ing sky, And the bright world shut from his
 leaves hath the white rose burst, For this in the woods was the
 hope to the faint - ing heart, With a voice of prom - ise they

mf

fa - ther's hearth, Her place is now by an - oth - er's
 lan - guid eye; They will bear him a thought of the sun - ny
 vi - o - let nursed; Tho' they smile in vain for what once was
 come and de - part; They sleep in dust thro' the win - try

mf

side; Bring flow'rs for the locks of the fair young bride!
 hours, The dream of youth— bring him flowers, wild flowers.
 ours, They are love's last gift— bring ye flow'rs, pale flow'rs.
 hours, They break forth in glo - ry— bring flow'rs, bright flow'rs.

BUT you have been longing, perhaps, all this time, to hear more about Lady Why; and why she set Madam How to make Bracknell's Meadows. My dear child, the only answer I dare give to that is: Whatever other purposes she may have made it for, she made it at least for this—that you and I should come to it this day, and look at it, and talk over it, and become thereby wiser and more earnest, and we will hope more humble and better people. Whatever else Lady Why may wish or not wish, this she wishes always—to make all men wise and all men good. For what is written in the Bible of her whom, as in a parable, I have called Lady Why? (Prov. 8: 22-32) That we can say, for it is said for us already. But beyond that we can say, and need say, very little. We were not there, as we read in the Book of Job, when God laid the foundations of the earth. "We see," says St. Paul, "as in a glass darkly, and only know

in part." "For who," he asks again, "has known the mind of the Lord, or who hath been His counsellor? For of Him, and through Him, and to Him, are all things: to whom be glory for ever and ever. Amen." Therefore we must not rashly say, this or that is Why a thing has happened; nor invent what are called "final causes," which are not Lady Why herself, but only our little notions of what Lady Why has done, or rather what we should have done if we had been in her place. It is not, indeed, by thinking that we shall find out anything about Lady Why. She speaks not to our eyes or to our brains, like Madam How, but to that inner part of us which we call our hearts and spirits, and which will endure when eyes and brain are turned again to dust. If your heart be pure and sober, gentle and truthful, then Lady Why speaks to you without words, and tells you things which Madam How and all her pupils,

I'M A PILGRIM.

ITALIAN AIR.
MARY S. SPINDLER.

1. I'm a pil-grim, and I'm a strang-er, I can tar-ry, I can tar-ry but a night;
2. There the sunbeams are ev-er shin-ing, I am longing, I am longing for the sight;
3. Of that coun-try to which I'm go-ing, My Redeemer, my Re-deem-er is the light;

Do not de-tain me, for I am go-ing To where the streamlets are ev-er flow-ing; I'm a
Within a coun-try unknown and drear-y, I have been wand'ring forlorn and wea-ry; I'm a
There is no sor-row, nor an-y sigh-ing, Nor an-y sin there, nor an-y dy-ing; I'm a

pilgrim, and I'm a stran-ger, I can tar-ry, I can tar-ry but a night.

the men of science, can never tell. When you lie, it may be, on a painful sick-bed, but with your mother's hand in yours; when you sit by her, looking up into her loving eyes; when you gaze out towards the setting sun, and fancy golden capes and islands in the clouds, and seas and lakes in the blue sky, and the infinite rest and peace of the far west sends rest and peace into your young heart, till you sit silent and happy, and know not why; when sweet music fills your heart with noble and tender instincts which need no thoughts or words; ay, even when you watch the raging thunder-storm, and feel it to be, in spite of its great awfulness, so beautiful that you cannot turn your eyes away: at such times as these Lady Why is speaking to your soul of souls, and saying, "My child, this world is a new place, and strange, and often terrible: but be not afraid. All will

come right at last. Rest will conquer restlessness; faith will conquer fear; order will conquer disorder; health will conquer sickness; joy will conquer sorrow; pleasure will conquer pain; Life will conquer Death; Right will conquer Wrong. All will be well at last. Keep your soul and body pure, humble, busy, pious—in one word, be good: and ere you die, or after you die, you may have some glimpse of Me, the Everlasting Why; and hear with the ears, not of your body but of your spirit, men and all rational beings, plants and animals, ay, the very stones beneath your feet, the clouds above your head, the planets and the suns away in farthest space, as they shine, singing eternally, 'Thou art worthy, O Lord, to receive glory and honor and power, for Thou hast created all things, and for Thy pleasure they are and were created.'"—Charles Kingsley.

THE SOUND OF HARPS.

"I MARTIRI."

Allegro vivace.

The sound of harps an - gel - i - cal Seems now to hov - er o'er me; A hundred suns re -
Il suon dell' ar - pa an - ge - li - che in torno a me già sen - to, La lu - ce io veg - go

splendently Are shining out be - fore me: A gen - tle voice is whis - pering, Be - hold that blessed
splen - de - re di cen - to so - li a cen - to: Di me non ho che l'a - ni - ma già son dei nume al

shore, Where joy will beam e - ter - nal - ly, And we shall meet, shall meet to part no more.
pie E - ter - na - men - te vi - ve - re mie da - to in ciel con te, in ciel con te.

meet, Where we shall
te, in ciel con

to part no more, we shall meet to part no more, Where we shall meet.
in ciel con te, si m'e da - to in ciel con te, Sì, sì con te,

meet, Where we shall meet, shall meet to part no more, Where we shall
to, in ciel con te, si m'e da - to in ciel con te, Sì, sì con

1st time.

D.S.

meet to part no more, meet to part no more, Hark thee! A - gain love, The
Sì, sì, sì con te, ah! in ciel con te, Spo - so' M'ab - brac - cia.

meet to part no more, to part no more. Hark thee! A - gain love, The
te, Sì, sì, con te, in ciel con te. Spo - so' M'ab - brac - cia,

2nd time.

more, Our sorrows now are o'er, and we shall part no more, we shall part no more.
te, In . . . ciel con te in ciel con te, ah! sì con te.

THE presenting of the best hymns to the congregation in such a way as to give them their highest effect is a matter that concerns ministers as well as church or parish committees who select the books. The effect of the very best hymns depends materially on the appropriateness of the *time and manner of their use*. Every pastor who would make the most of the instruments at his command should habitually select his hymns with the utmost care, so adjusting the several parts of the service to each other that no incongruity may appear, but that, while all shall not say the same things, all shall breathe the same spirit, and conspire to produce the desired result. Then, the service, instead of appearing disjointed and fragmentary, will interest and satisfy by its unity, and be like a noble anthem that, from first to last, rises in interest and impression. On

the reading, too, as well as the selection, very much of the power of hymns will depend. We will not insist that every hymn in every service should be read by the minister; but to omit the reading altogether, as the manner of some is coming to be, we are persuaded is a decided loss. If, indeed, a clergyman does not know how to read a hymn and cannot learn, he does well simply to announce it; but, by the good reading of a hymn, the congregation, even with books in hand, will be enabled by the accent and emphasis and intonation of the reader the better to enter into the spirit and meaning of the piece, and will be more likely to sing it with more heartiness and effect. Many eminent preachers have been scarcely less famous for the impression made on their audiences by their reading of the hymn than by that of the sermon itself. This was true, for in-

THE HEART THAT KNOWS NO SORROW.

Slow. *Gung'l.*

1. The heart that knows no sor - row, That is ev - er light and gay, That cares not for the
 2. The heart whose depths are measured By each care-less pass - er - by, That hath no beauties
 3. The heart that trusts me on - ly When no doubt of me is heard, But leaves me sad and

mor-row, If there's hap - pi - ness to - day; That throbs not with e - mo - tion, Yet
 treasured That meet not ev' - ry eye; The heart whose faith a - bid - eth When it
 lone - ly At sus - pi - cion's light-est word; Whose love is not sin - cer - est When all

bounds with child-like glee, That swells not with de - vo - tion,— Is not the heart for me.
 can no tri - al see, But from the darkness hid - eth,— Is not the heart for me.
 oth - ers from me flee, That draws not then the near - est,— Is not the heart for me.

stance, in the case of Dr. Nettleton, and more eminently of Dr. Edward D. Griffin. Hardly any one who ever heard the latter read, as he was fond of doing,

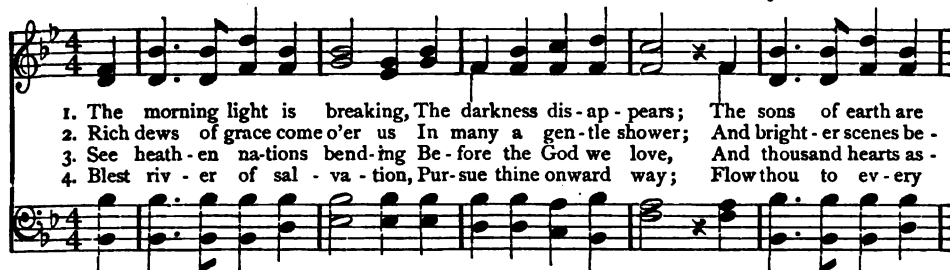
What equal honors shall we bring
 To thee, O Lord, our God, the Lamb?

or the magnificent hymn, which was another of his favorites, "Sing to the Lord who built the skies," could forget the powerful impression made, or ever see either of the hymns again without feeling it, in some degree, come back. It was not the effect of any rhetorical trick, but of the sympathetic power of a great, warm heart, that received into itself the whole sentiment and spirit of what was read, and, by a voice long and carefully cultivated, poured it forth on the audience with a pathos that was pre-eminently moving. The minister who selects each Sabbath, from one of the best manuals, the

hymns best suited to the occasion, and then reads them in such manner as to convey their force and meaning, will add greatly to the interest and the salutary influence of this part of public worship.—*Rev. Ray Palmer.*

THE music of the Sunday-school should be one of its greatest levers of power, for pleasant singing is undoubtedly more potent in its appeal to heart and mind than pleasant speaking; but to fulfill this mission Sunday-school hymns should be an educational force, and convey lessons which are dignified and noble. Luther used music as one of his strongest aids; so did the early Fathers of the Church. The latter used its influence so strongly that the Emperor Julian "the Apostate" tried to found Pagan singing-schools which should counteract its influence, and bring good hymn-singing to the service of heathen deities.

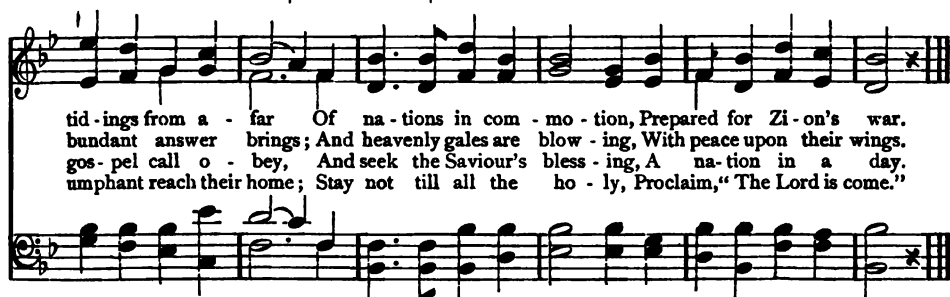
THE MORNING LIGHT IS BREAKING.

S. F. SMITH.
G. J. WEBB. "WEBB."


1. The morning light is breaking, The darkness dis-ap-pears; The sons of earth are
2. Rich dews of grace come o'er us In many a gen-tle shower; And bright-er scenes be-
3. See heath-en na-tions bend-ing Be-fore the God we love, And thousand hearts as-
4. Blest riv-er of sal-va-tion, Pur-sue thine onward way; Flowthou to ev-ery



wak-ing To pen-i-ten-tial tears; Each breeze that sweeps the o-cean Brings
fore us Are opening eve-ry hour; Each cry to Heav-en go-ing A-
cend-ing In grat-i-tude a-bove; While sin-ners, now con-fess-ing, The
na-tion, Nor in thy richness stay: Stay not till all the low-ly Tri-

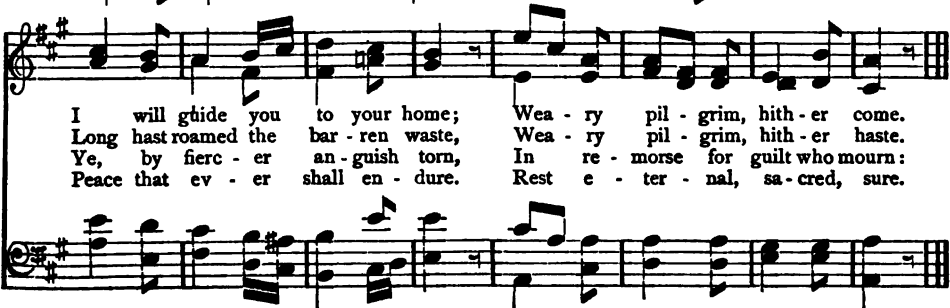


tid-ings from a-far Of na-tions in com-mo-tion, Prepared for Zi-on's war.
bundant answer brings; And heavenly gales are blow-ing, With peace upon their wings.
gos-pel call o-bey, And seek the Saviour's bless-ing, A na-tion in a day.
umphant reach their home; Stay not till all the ho-ly, Proclaim, "The Lord is come."

COME, SAID JESUS' GENTLE VOICE.

ANNA L. BARBAULD.
SCHNYDER. "HORTON"


1. Come, said Je-sus' gen-tle voice, Come, and make My paths your choice.
2. Thou, who, houseless, sole, for-lorn, Long hast borne the proud world's scorn,
3. Ye who, tossed on beds of pain, Seek for ease, but seek in vain.
4. Hith-er come, for here is found Balm that flows for ev-ery wound.



I will guide you to your home; Wea-ry pil-grim, hith-er come.
Long hast roamed the bar-ren waste, Wea-ry pil-grim, hith-er haste.
Ye, by fierc-er an-guish torn, In re-morse for guilt who mourn:
Peace that ev-er shall en-dure. Rest e-ter-nal, sa-cred, sure.

BOOK OF NATURE.—All children should settle in their own minds whether they will be Eyes or No Eyes; whether they will see for themselves, or let other people look for them, or pretend to look and dupe them and lead them about—the blind leading the blind, till both fall into the ditch. God has given you eyes and it is your duty to use them. If your parents tried to teach you in the most agreeable way by beautiful picture-books, would it not be ungrateful and wrong to shut your eyes and refuse to learn? Then is it not altogether wrong to refuse to learn from your Father in Heaven, the great God, who made all things, when he offers to teach you all day long by the most beautiful and wonderful of all picture-books, which is simply all things that you can see, hear and touch, from the sun and stars above your head to the mosses and insects at your feet? It is your duty to learn His lessons. God's

Book, which is the Universe, and the reading of God's Book, which is Science, can do nothing but good, and teach you nothing but truth and wisdom. God did not put this wondrous world about your young souls to tempt or mislead them. So, use your eyes, your senses and your brains, and learn what God is trying to teach you by them. I do not mean that you must stop there and learn nothing more. There are things which neither your senses nor your brains can tell you; and they are not only more glorious, but actually more true and more real than any things which you can see or touch. But you must begin at the beginning, and the more you try to understand *things* the more you will be able hereafter to understand men, and that which is above men. You begin to find out that truly Divine mystery that you have a mother on earth, simply by lying soft and warm upon her bosom: and so it is by watching the common

BUY MY STRAWBERRIES.

Allegretto. HOWARD.

1. With this hum-ble stock in store, Which is not mine own, I your pa-tron-
 2. Cheered by wo-man's kind-ly face, Aid-ed by her hand, In the bus-y
 3. Let a lit-tle maid-en's prayer, Void of an-y art, Reach the sym-pa-

age im-plore, For the sad and lone; List to lit-tle Ju-lia's cry, Buy my
 market-place, Here pray let me stand, And beseech those pass-ing night, Flow'rs and
 thet-ic ear, Move the friend-ly heart; List to lit-tle Ju-lia's cry, Buy my

ber-ries, come and buy; List to lit-tle Ju-lia's cry, Buy my ber-ries, come and buy!
 ber-ries, come and buy; And beseech those passing night, Flow'rs and ber-ries, come and buy.
 ber-ries, come and buy; List to lit-tle Ju-lia's cry, Buy my ber-ries, come and buy.

natural things around you, and considering the lilies how they grow, that you will *begin* at least to learn that far Diviner mystery—that you have a Father in Heaven. So you will be delivered out of the tyranny of darkness and fear, into God's free kingdom of light and faith and love; and will be safe from the venom of that tree which was planted long ago, and grows in all lands and climes, whose name is the Tree of Unreason, whose roots are conceit and ignorance and its juices folly and death. It drops its venom into the finest brains, making them call sense nonsense. It drops its venom into tenderest hearts, and makes them call wrong right, and love cruelty; but any little child who will use the faculties God has given him, may find an antidote to all its poison in the meanest herb beneath his feet.—*Charles Kingsley.*

MOZART and Haydn being at a party, the former laid a wager with the latter that he could not play at sight a piece of music which he (Mozart) would compose. Haydn accepted the challenge, and Mozart speedily wrote down a few notes and presented them to Haydn, who, having played a prelude, exclaimed, : "How do you think I can play that? My hands are at each extremity of the piano, and there is at the same time a note in the middle." "Does that stop you?" said Mozart; "well, you shall see me do it." On coming to the difficult passage, Mozart, without stopping, struck the note in the middle of the piano with his nose; and every one naturally burst out laughing. What made the act more ridiculous was that Haydn had a flat nose, while that of Mozart was prominent, well adapted for such notes.

PLAY-TIME SONGS.

LITTLE FOLKS.

. What care we for gold or sil - ver? What care we for house or land?

What care we for ships on the o - cean, On - ward go - ing, hand in hand?

2.

O pret - ty Pol - ly, don't you cry, You'll be hap - py by - and - by;

When he comes he'll dress in blue, That's the sign he'll mar - ry you.

3.

John - ny had a lit - tle dog, And Bin - go was his name, sir. B - i - n - g - o go,

B - i - n - g - o go, B - i - n - g - o go, Bin - go was his name, sir.

EXPRESSION is what gives to music its paramount charm. Let vocalist and performer but vocalist especially,—and the remark extends to choral singing as well—consider, first, what is the central idea or feeling of what he is going to sing or play; let him try to throw himself into the mental attitude of the author of the words or music, as it may happen. Having once mastered that, let him then study the individualities or phrases by which that idea or feeling has been expressed, and if he is to sing, let him read and re-read the words till he is able to give them their due articulation and balance. All this done, then let him take up the music and see how he may best clothe the dominant thoughts and varying shades of suggestion with sound, keeping at the same time sound ever sub-

servient to the sense. Thus, and thus only, will the practice of music, especially of song, be profitable to the performer himself, or bring home to the hearer's heart or mind what the author intended.—*Sir Theodore Martin.*

THE older pastoral love-songs generally represent lovers as shepherds and shepherdesses, billing and cooing amid their sheep, by the side of purling brooks. The pastoral mania lasted for a long time; next came the rural songs, which were of a higher class; the pleasures and enjoyments of country life affording themes for many songs, because descriptions of natural scenery intermingled with those sentiments and feelings which they naturally prompt; gayety to the gay, and sadness to the sad, are inspiring to the lyric. The songs of the succeeding age, like those which

AWAY NOW, JOYFUL RIDING.

F. KÜCKEN.

p Allegretto.

1. A - way now! joy - ful rid - ing, With heart and hope so light; My foaming steed now chiding, Then
 2. The trees were past us fly - ing, The mountains seem'd to race, My heart a - lone seemed dying, All
 3. At length a cot - tage shining, 'Mid flow'rets came to sight; My steed, its home di - vin - ing, Sprang
 4. Now by the warm hearth smiling, There's one, the star of home; With gentle words beguiling, She

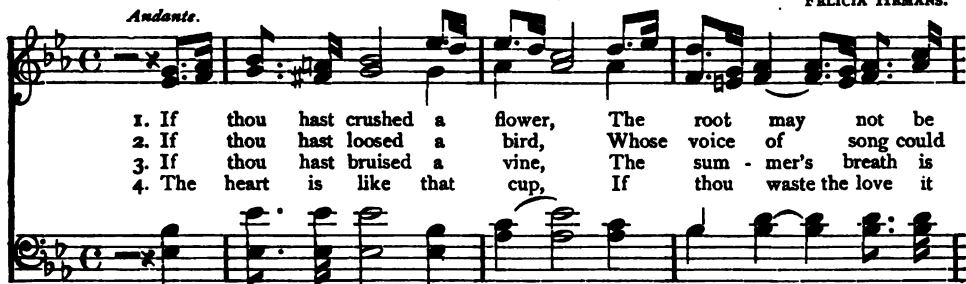
cheering his quick flight. Now urge thee still more fleet! We'll have a smile most sweet. Trot, trot, trot, trot, my
 mock'd our wea - ry pace. How slow the long hours glide! The road is free and wide. Trot, trot, trot, trot, a -
 cheer - ly on its flight, Now by the door I see Two bright eyes fix'd on me; Trot, trot, trot, trot, my
 bids me ne'er to roam, I can-not now say "Nay," Time seems to fleet a-way. Trot, trot, trot, trot a -

friendly steed! 'Tis love and home to meet; Trot, trot, trot, trot, my friendly steed! 'Tis love and home to meet.
 way! a - way! We must more fleetly ride! Trot, trot, trot, trot, away! a - way! We must more fleetly ride!
 own good steed! 'Tis home and rest for thee, Trot, trot, trot, trot, my own good steed, 'Tis home and rest for thee.
 far no more, With love and home I'll stay; Trot, trot, trot, trot, trot afar no more, With love and home I'll stay.

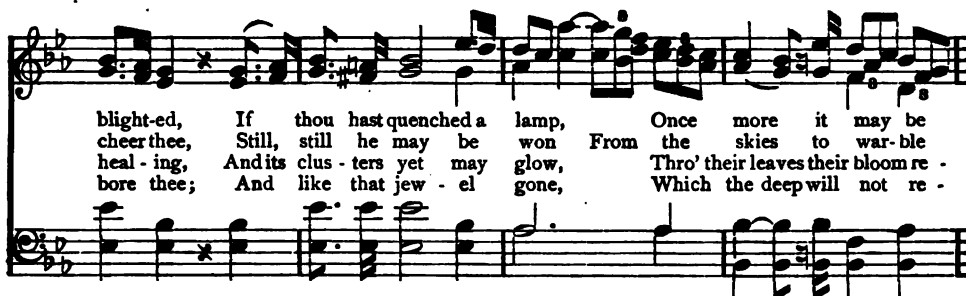
charmed our forefathers, and which to-day charm ourselves, draw largely from this source. Sympathy exists only when music answers to the spirit. "Give not a merry song to a heavy heart," although, indeed, you may give a grave strain to a light one. If rightly used, music is the medicine of an afflicted mind. Joy is heightened by exultant strains, but grief is eased only by such as are low, soft, and comforting. A sweet, sad measure is the balm of a wounded spirit. "Let there be no noise made, unless some hand of skill will whisper music to my weary spirit." Music lightens toil; the sailor pulls more cheerfully for his song; and even the slave feels in singing that he is a man. In our forms of labor in this country we have not enough of the lyric sentiment. Most of our work

is done in silence, and we hear few of those songs at the milking hour which render such seasons in Europe rich in pastoral and poetical associations. We too seldom hear the ploughman's whistle ringing over the field with a buoyant hilarity; we have no choruses of reapers, and, until the Grangers held meetings for improvement, no merry harvest feasts. "Music exalts each joy, allays each grief, expels diseases—softens every pain, subdues the rage of passion and of plague." Music in social intercourse brings people more into sympathy with one another. A good musical instrument, a violin, piano-forte, or organ, is often not less needed to soothe the ruffled spirit of a company than was the harp of David to calm down the fiend in the turbulent breast of Saul.—*Moore.*

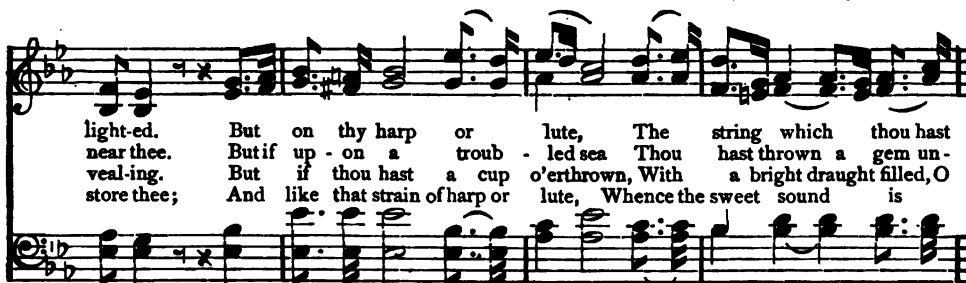
IF THOU HAST CRUSHED A FLOWER.

V. BELLINI.
FELICIA HERMANS.*Andante.*


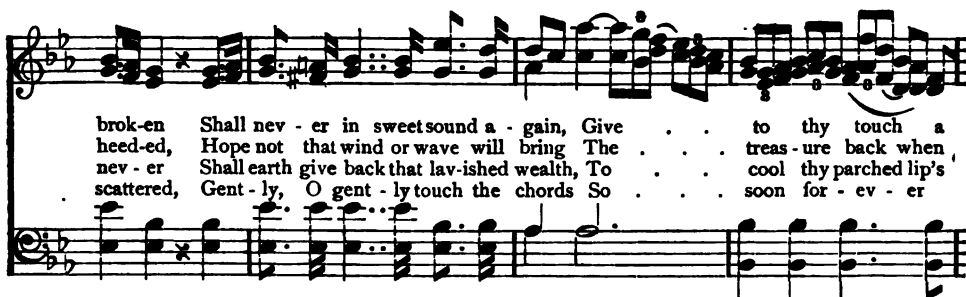
1. If thou hast crushed a flower, The root may not be
2. If thou hast loosed a bird, Whose voice of song could
3. If thou hast bruised a vine, The sum - mer's breath is
4. The heart is like that cup, If thou waste the love it



blight-ed, If thou hast quenched a lamp, Once more it may be
cheer thee, Still, still he may be won From the skies to war - ble
heal - ing, And its clus - ters yet may glow, Thro' their leaves their bloom re -
bore thee; And like that jew - el gone, Which the deep will not re -



light-ed. But on thy harp or lute, The string which thou hast
near thee. But if up - on a troub - led sea Thou hast thrown a gem un -
veal - ing. But if thou hast a cup o'erthrown, With a bright draught filled, O
store thee; And like that strain of harp or lute, Whence the sweet sound is



brok-en Shall nev - er in sweetsound a - gain, Give . . . to thy touch a
heed-ed, Hope not that wind or wave will bring The . . . treas - ure back when
nev - er Shall earth give back that lav - ished wealth, To . . . cool thy parched lip's
scattered, Gent - ly, O gent - ly touch the chords So . . . soon for - ev - er



to - ken.— Give to thy touch a to - ken.— Give to thy touch a to - ken.
needed.— The treas - ure back when needed.— The treasure back when needed.
fe - ver.— To cool thy parched lip's fe - ver.— To cool thy parched lip's fe - ver.
shattered, So soon for - ev - er shattered, So soon for - ev - er shattered.

THE "scold" has gone out, says some one, and the old laws for "ducking" and other penance are as dead as Pharoah. This is partly true. The anti-cruelty societies still find some angrily-abusive women, who make life a long fear and tremble for little children; but these are generally drunkards and do more than scold. The "brawling woman in a wide house," who scolded for something to do, is pretty nearly extinct. The complaining woman reigns in her stead. She frets and she worries, and she is never quite comfortable. She is gentle in her tone, and there is all the difference between her and the old-fashioned scold that there is between a thunderstorm and a dusty

street. The electric disturbance does end and is over for a half-a-day or week, but the dust pervades you, chokes you, irritates your eyes and spoils the prospect all along. So does the woman who generally complains for want of something to do. Busy women are not the chronic grumblers—they are too interested in matters out of themselves. The complaining women are really not in trouble about the day's mishaps, because the seats are on the sunny side, or the lunch-basket is forgot, or little Ned has torn his trousers. It is their own enormous sense of self that is the lens through which they look. If they looked not for themselves, but for the rest of the world, they would

IN THE GLOAMING.

META ORRER.
ANNIE F. HARRISON.

Andante.

1. In the gloaming oh, my darling! when the lights are dim and low, And the qui - et
2. In the gloaming oh, my darling! think not bit - ter - ly of me! Though I passed a -

rall. *agitato.*

shad - ows, fall - ing, soft - ly come and soft - ly go, When the winds are sob - bing
way in si - lence, left you lone - ly, set you free, For my heart was crushed with

con anima.

faint - ly with a gen - tle, unknown woe, Will you think of me and love me, As you did once
longing; what had been could never be. It was best to leave you thus, dear, Best for you and

1 2 *rall. cres.*

long a - go?
best for me, It was best to leave you thus, Best for you and best for me.

be so cheerful upon pretzels that nobody would remember the baskets; they would keep tempers all cool and steadied on their side of the cars; they would make the trip pleasant for the children, no matter what had happened to the clothes. The scold was bad; the complaining creatures are less vulgar and noisy, but they make life even more miserable. What a good gift it is to have a voice in the right key! a voice that does not wail or whine. As a part of the study of music, why is the speaking voice neglected? The school-child is told to speak up. Its mother might often be told to speak down—that is to let the fret out of her tones. It is not easy to control the

complaint habit, but a good beginning is to train the voice to cheerful notes—the round, comfortable English vowels instead of the flat whining that so many Americans fall into with their mother-tongue. We have lost also the curious undulations, so to speak, of the English voice. They are quaintly cheerful in their effect, sometimes inspiring, sometimes soothing, and in comfortable amplitude of tone. You may grumble and threaten in good island English, but you can hardly whine or complain. It is the whining tone that spoils life, even if it be only on the surface. Get your voice into training for cheerfulness. It is certainly more economical and useful than any other music lesson.

I'D WEEP WITH THEE.

"OBERON."
C. M. VON WEBER.*Andantino.*

1. I'd weep with thee, if tears could bring A - gain the sun - ny
2. I'd weep with thee, if tears could keep The mem - 'ries of the

hopes we knew; I'd weep with thee, if tears could bring A - gain the
past from me; I'd weep with thee, if tears could keep The mem - 'ries

sun - ny hopes..... we knew; Un - til my heart had tried each
of the past..... from me; Or hap - pier far if I could

spring, Un - til my heart had tried each spring Of slum - b'ring
weep One hour of gladness back to thee, Or hap - pier

sor - row O'er..... a - new, of slum - b'ring sor - row
far..... if I..... could weep one hour of glad - ness

D.S. and time.
o'er a - new, I'd I'd weep with thee, I'd weep with thee.
back to thee! I'd I'd weep with thee, I'd weep with thee.

I SHALL never forget my own first impression of the morning song of the famed English skylark. I had risen with the sun, and had wandered off alone over the hills surrounding the old city of Winchester and its grand cathedral. The rays of the rising sun had changed the dew-drops into diamonds, and the early breeze had awakened the lark both to song and to flight, for as this almost spirit-bird begins to sing it commences also mounting upon its wings, and mounting it continues to sing, and singing it continues to

mount higher and still higher, as if it had truly bid adieu to earth, as Jeremy Taylor has it, and had gone to mingle with the choirs of heaven. At last I could no longer see the bird. Its form was entirely lost to my vision, but its song was still heard; its glad notes still came floating down from heaven, like the music of an angel, and charmed my heart the more since my eye could no longer discern the singer. Such is the song of a holy life; for the Christian, as he commences the song of the new life, commences his up-

ARE THERE TIDINGS?

H. R. BISHOP.

1. Are there tid - ings in yon ves - - sel, Proudly bound - ing o'er the
 2. Do not ask me why I has - - ten To each ves - sel that ap -
 3. Do not blame me when I seek him, With these worn and wea - ry
 4. Had I watch'd him by his pil - - low, Had I seen him on his

wave? Are there tid - ings for a moth - er, Who is mourn - ing for the
 pears; Why so anx - ious, and so wild - ly, I wait the cherished hope of
 eyes; Can you tell me where he per - ished, Can you show me where he
 bier, Had my grief been drown'd in weeping, — But I can - not shed a

brave? No, no, no! She is freight - ed with fond tid - ings; But no
 years; No, no, no! Though my search prove un - a - vail - ing, What have
 lies? No, no, no! Yet there sure - ly is some re - cord, When a
 tear. No, no, no! Let me still think I shall see him, Let me

tid - ings from the grave, But no tid - ings from the grave.
 I to do with tears? What have I to do with tears?
 youth - ful sail - or dies, When a youth - ful sail - or dies,
 still think he is so near, Let me still think he is so near.

ward course, and his song grows sweeter as he rises; and it is never so sweet, so moving so attractive, as when the singer is lost to human vision, and the notes come floating down to us from the upper spirit-world. Listen! Can we not even now hear some notes of the life-song of a departed loved one? As the heart discerns the spirit strains are there not awakened within us kindred harmonies? They tell us that when two lutes are attuned to the same key, and placed near

each other, and one is struck, the other sends forth tones of kindred harmony. May not our spirits be thus so nearly attuned to the same key with those of our loved ones who have gone before to Heaven, and may we not draw so near to them in spiritual union and sympathy, that, even while we are yet upon the earth, our souls may send forth occasional strains, at least, of that song which fills all hearts and occupies all voices in the choirs of the redeemed?—*Rev. F. S. Holme.*

OH, WERT THOU IN THE CAULD BLAST.

ROBERT BURNS.
F. MENDELSSOHN.*Andante.*

1. Oh, wert thou in the cauld blast, On yonder lea, On yonder lea, My plai-die to the an-gry
2. Oh, were I in the wildest waste, Sae black and bare, Sae black and bare, The desert were a Para-airt, I'd shel-ter thee, I'd shel-ter thee. Or did mis-for-tune's bit-ter storms A-dise, If thou wert there, If thou wert there, Or were I mon-arch of the globe, With round thee blaw, A-round thee blaw, Thy shield should be my bosom, To share it a', To share it a'. thee to reign, With thee to reign, The brightest jewel in my crown Wad be my queen, Wad be my queen.

OH! THAT I NEVER MORE MIGHT SEE.

DONIZETTI.
"ANNA BOLENA."

1. O that I never more might see The smile that hides a sor-row, Better 'twould be that mise-ry
2. He who beholds thee pensively, Thinks of thy maiden pleas-ure, And gazing alone, alone on thee, From tears some poor relief might bor-row. Tears, like refreshing show-ers, Falling on drooping Beholds so near his heart's fond trea-sure. O that for empty splendor, Hearts should their peace sur-flow-ers, Bear from the lone heart half its pain, Bidding it bloom a-gain. ren-der! Poor is the triumph pomp may claim O'er ruined heart and blighted fame.

HARK! O'ER THE STILLY LAKE.

D. F. E. AUBER.
FROM "MASANIELLO," 1828.*Allegretto.*

1. Hark! o'er the still - ly lake, The con - vent chime is sound - ing, Whilst homeward o - ver the
2. Now is the hour of joy, The shore re - sounds with gladness; The fes - tive dance and the

wa - ters clear, The fish - er's boat is bounding; Soon from the glowing skies Will the
clear moonlight, Leave not a thought of sad - ness. Oh! for the joy - ous song, And the

sum - mer moon be glanc - ing, And the gold - en bark of the gon - do - lier On the
step of fai - ry light - ness, The low - ly lot of that hap - py throng, And a

ris - ing wave be danc - ing. The sun that shines a - bove thee, Land of the pur - ple
home like theirs of bright - ness; And oh! for a bo - som calm As the lake beside us

vine, Ne'er warmed a heart to love thee With pur - er love than mine.
flowing, An eye as bright and a heart as light, As the ma - ny round us glow - ing.

Hark! o'er the still - ly lake, The con - vent chime is sound - ing, Whilst homeward o - ver the

wa-ters clear The fish-er's boat is bounding; Soon from the glowing skies Will the summer moon be
glancing, And the gold-en bark of the gon-do-lier On the ris-ing wave be danc-ing.

BEATS THERE A HEART ON EARTH SINCERE?

Espressivo molto.
1. Beats there a heart on earth sin-cere? A heart where guileless love is known?
2. I roved in vain through gild-ed halls, Where visions of beauty have dazzled mine eyes;
No pur-er gem this breast would wear, No dear-er treas-ure own!
But women all—some vain, some ungrateful; And, doubt-ing, still this bosom sighs—
Whereshall I turn? Ah! can this cabin The prize I search for at length conceal?
Ah! beats there a heart on earth sin-cere? A heart where guileless love is known?
dolce. Rests unknown in such a casket That one pearl rank could ne'er re-veal?
No pur-er gem this breast would wear, No rar-er, richer treas-ure own.

WHEN God, says Bunyan, would tune a soul, He most commonly begins at the lowest note. So has it been in the tuning of the world's wide discords. In the depths of the great atonement God has sounded the lowest note, and to this every life lived during the last eighteen hundred years in harmony with Him has been attuned. . . It is ever the anguish endured and not the glory attained which touches all the finest, deepest chords of the renewed nature. There is proof of this in the fact that the dying believer seems to care comparatively little for the joys

and glories of Heaven, beautiful as many of these are, it is to the Cross not to the Crown, that the last look turns, the lingering grasp cleaves; and the latest conscious effort of the believer in this closing hour of life is sometimes to lift himself to Him who was lifted up, through the half-instinctive repetition of some words like those of Gerhardt's Hymn on the Passion, "O Sacred Head Once Wounded," the grandest of uninspired compositions.—*Patience of Hope.*

We love Music for the garnered memories, the tender feelings it can summon at a touch.—*L. E. Landon.*

CANADIAN BOAT SONG.

THOMAS MOORE.

1. Faint-ly as tolls the eve - ning chime, Our voices keep tune and our oars keep time, Our
 2. Why should we yet our sail un-furl? There is not a breath the blue wave to curl, There
 3. U - ta - wa's tide, this trembling moon Shall see us float o'er thy sur - ges soon,
 voic - es keep tune, and our oars keep time; Soon as the woods on shore look dim, We'll
 is not a breath the blue wave to curl; But when the wind blows off the shore, Oh!
 Shall see us float o'er thy sur - ges soon; Saint of this green isle, hear our prayers, Oh,
 sing at St. Ann's our part - ing hymn; Row, brothers, row, the stream runs fast, The
 sweetly we'll rest the wea - ry oar; Blow, breezes, blow, the stream runs fast, The
 grant us cool heav - ens and fav'ring airs! Blow, breezes, blow, the stream runs fast, The
 rap - ids are near, and the day - light's past, The rap - ids are near, and the day - light's past.

THE Canadian Boat Song was written by Thomas Moore, on his journey down the St. Lawrence. He says: "I wrote the words to an air which the boatmen sang to us very frequently. Our voyagers had good voices, and sang perfectly in tune together. The original words of the air seemed a long, incoherent story, of which I could understand little. Without the charm which association gives to every little memorial of scenes or feelings that are past, the melody may, perhaps, be thought common or trifling; but I remember

when we have entered at sunset, upon one of those beautiful lakes into which the St. Lawrence so grandly and unexpectedly opens, I have heard this simple air with a pleasure which the finest compositions of the first masters have never given me; and now there is not a note of it which does not recall to my memory the dip of our oars in the river St. Lawrence, the flight of our boat down the swift rapids, and all those new and fanciful impressions to which my heart was alive during the whole of this very interesting voyage."

LOVELY MAY.

SPANISH MELODY.

1. Love - ly May, love - ly May, Decks the world with blos - soms gay; "Come ye all,
2. Light - ly pass, light - ly pass, Thro' the nod - ding mead - ow grass, Woodlands bright,

come ye all," Thus the flow - ers call. Sparkles now the sun - ny dale, Fragrant is the
woodlands bright, Wake from winter's night. Where the sil - ver brooklet flows. Rippling soft - ly

flow - ery vale; Song of bird, song of bird, In the grove is heard.
as it goes, Will we rest, will we rest, In green moss - y nest.

1.
Lightly row! Lightly row!
O'er the glassy waves we go;
Smoothly glide! Smoothly glide!
On the silent tide.
Let the winds and waters be
mingled with our melody;
Sing and float! Sing and float!
In our little boat.

2.
Far away! Far away!
Echo in the rocks at play,
Calleth not, Calleth not,
To this lonely spot.
Only with the sea-bird's note,
Shall our dying music float!
Lightly row! Lightly row!
Echo's voice is low.

3.
Lightly row! Lightly row!
O'er the glassy waves we go;
Smoothly glide! Smoothly glide
On the silent tide.
Let the winds and waters be
mingled with our melody;
Sing and float! Sing and float ;
In our little boat.

IF EVER I SEE.

CHILDHOOD SONGS.

Allegro.
1. If ev - er I see, On bush or tree, Young birds in a pret - ty nest,
2. My moth - er, I know, Would sor - row so, Should I be sto - len a - way:
3. And when they can fly, In the bright blue sky They'll war - ble a song to me;

I must not, in my play, Steal the birds a - way, To grieve their moth - er's breast.
So I'll speak to the birds In my soft - est words, Nor hurt them in my play.
And then if I'm sad, It will make me so glad, To think they are hap - py and free.

THE FUTURE SHINES STILL BRIGHTLY.

DONIZETTI.
"LINDA DI CHAMOUNIX."

The future shines still bright - ly, We feel our cares more light - ly, With one consent u -
O lu - ce di quest' a - ni - ma de - li - sia amor e vi - ta, la nostra sorte u -

nit - ing, To live in mutual love. In sweetest har - mo - ny of thought, Let ev - 'ry moment
ni - ta in - ter - ra il ciel sa - ra, deh vie - ni a me ri - po - sa - ti su ques - to cor che

now be fraught, Each hope and fond wish that we sought, Shall our true love reward. The future shines still
t' a - - ma che te so - spira e bra - ma che per te sol vi - vra..... O lu - ce di quest'

bright - ly, We feel our cares more light - ly, With one consent u - nite, To live in mutual
a - ni - ma a - mor de li lia e vi - ta, u - ni - ta nostra sor - te in ter - ra il ciel sa -

love, With one consent u - nite..... To live in mu - tual love, Come then, come!
ra, u - ni - ta no - stra sor - te..... il ciel il ciel sa - ra! Vie - ni! ah!

ah..... Come to live..... in mu - tual love, Oh! my be -
ah!..... il ciel..... sa - ra, vieni al mio

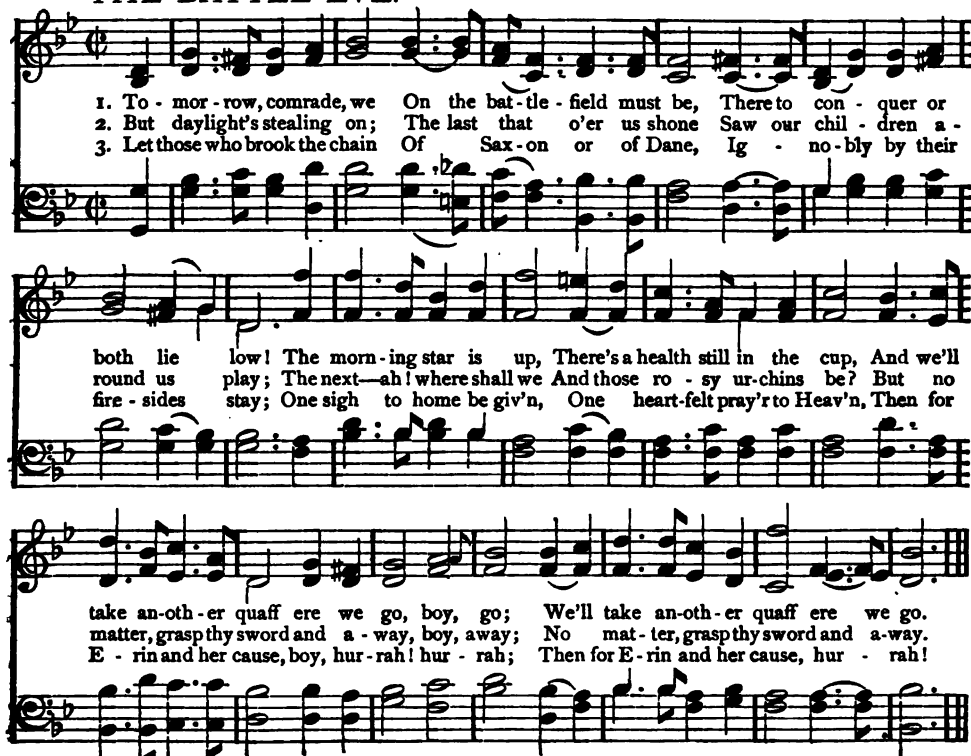


lov'd one come to my heart, Not all the world shall now us part,..... Shall now us
co - re che te so spi - ra che per te so - lo si sol vi - vra..... si, si sol vi -

part, us part, Come,..... Come,..... Come,..... Come,.....
vra per te vie - - ni vie - - ni vie - - ni vie - - vra - - -

..... Come to my heart, my heart, Oh! come, yes, come, Come to my heart.
..... si, si sol vi - vra per te, ah si vi - vra vie - - - - ni!

THE BATTLE EVE.



1. To - mor - row, comrade, we On the bat - tle - field must be, There to con - quer or
 2. But daylight's stealing on; The last that o'er us shone Saw our chil - dren a -
 3. Let those who brook the chain Of Sax - on or of Dane, Ig - no - bly by their

both lie low! The morn - ing star is up, There's a health still in the cup, And we'll
 round us play; The next - ah! where shall we And those ro - sy ur - chins be? But no
 fire - sides stay; One sigh to home be giv'n, One heart - felt pray'r to Heav'n, Then for

take an - oth - er quaff ere we go, boy, go; We'll take an - oth - er quaff ere we go.
 matter, grasp thy sword and a - way, boy, away; No mat - ter, grasp thy sword and a - way.
 E - rin and her cause, boy, hur - rah! hur - rah; Then for E - rin and her cause, hur - rah!

"In the Italian and French operas, which, until Wagner's day, had been played throughout Germany, the whole stress is laid on the *arias* which the various artists are to sing. People go to such an opera to be amused, and, after hearing it, give no thought to the libretto nor to the composer, but talk only of the singers' voices; the opera itself is of little consequence; the people are only concerned with the singers. The artists themselves look upon the operas simply as opportunities to show their voices to the best possible advantage. Wagner believed that an opera should have a noble aim; so in everything he

has given us there is some divine struggle going on between the characters of right and wrong, in which the right triumphs. As the contest progresses, we ourselves are lost in the characters before us; our noblest feelings are aroused and strengthened. Wagner believed, furthermore, that the subject and words of an opera were not less important than the music; and he has expanded as much of his own spirit in writing the librettos of his operas as he has poured into his music. No note of the music is for show; every one interprets some word or idea that is in the words; and every thought and act of the character

GENTLE MARY.

Andante semplice.

D. M. MULOCK.

mf

1. Her hair was like the beat - en gold, Or like the spi - der's
2. She danced in - to my will - ing heart With steps so light and

p

spin - ning; It was in her you might be - hold My joys' and woes' be -
air - y; I said, "My dear, we'll nev - er part, My own, my gen - tle

rit.

gin - ning; Her eyes were like the dia - mond bright, Her form was light, 'twas like a
Ma - ry." But off she flew like morn - ing dew That sunbeams call, and would not

ad lib. *mf* *rit.*

fai - ry, That flits a - cross the woods at night, And this was gen - tle Ma - ry.
tar - ry: Now all my light is turned to night, For want of gen - tle Ma - ry.

is interpreted in the music, even if it be so insignificant a circumstance as jumping up a bank or running down a flight of steps. The performers, too, are expected to love their work, and to sink themselves in their parts; they must cease to be themselves and be the characters they represent. So that in one of Wagner's operas, every one down to the smallest person connected with it, seems necessary to its production; poet, musician, artists, orchestra—all are great, for each can say, 'But for me this could not be!'

If the young are taught frivolity in Sunday-school music, it is certain that the congregational singing of the future will suffer. We must use the element of music in the Sunday-school precisely as Luther used it in his chorales, not discarding any melody because it is popular, but only when it is unfitted to the dignity and sacred character of the words. Music improperly used—that is, by wedding a sacred subject to an irreverent tune—becomes a power for evil, by divesting its subject of the sanctity which should surround it

GOOD NIGHT.

OFFENBACH.

Andante.

1. Ah, dear friends, these moments fair Can-not en-dure, endure for-ev-er, 'Tis sad to
 2. We shall oft re-view the scene, With faithful pen-cil mem'ry tra-ces This group of

Good night,

Good night,

say it, we must sev-er. Farewell, dear hours of pure de-light, Good night,
 friendly, cheer-ful fa-ces; A-gain sweet music glads the night, Good night,

Good night,

Good

Good night,
 Good night,

The Power that watcheth ev'ry-where, We wreath the fadeless ev-er-green,

Defend thro' all the night's dim
 Around that mem'ry picture

night. Good night,

Good night,

hours, And angels bring to those we love, Fair dreams of music and of flow'rs, good night,
 dear, And sing, farewell, ah! must we part? So then once more, from hearts sincere, good night,

Good night,

Good night,

Good

Rest well till morning light, till morning light, Good night, Good night, Good

night, good night,

Good night,

Good night,

For and verse only.

night,

Good night,

Good night,

Good night, Good-night Good night.

Good night,

Good night.

EHREN ON THE RHINE.

Wm. M. HUTCHINSON.

Tempo di Marcia.

1. A sol - dier stood in the vil - lage street, And bade his love a - dieu, His
2. They march'd a - way, down the vil - lage street, The ban - ners float - ing gay. The


gun and knap - sack at his feet, His com - pa - ny in view. With tears she kiss'd him
children cheer'd for the tramping feet, That went to war a - way. But one a - mong them

once a - gain, Then turn'd a - way her head, He could but whis - per in his pain, And
turn'd him round, To look but once a - gain. And tho' his lips gave out no sound, His

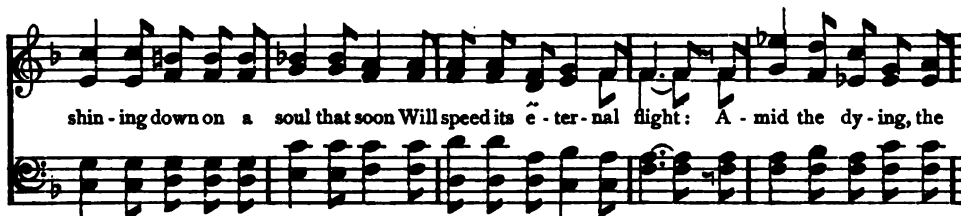
this is what he said: "Oh, love, dear love, be true, This heart is on - ly thine, When the
heart sigh'd this refrain: "Oh, love, dear love, be true, This heart is on - ly thine, When the

war is o'er We'll part no more At Eh - ren on the Rhine, Oh, love, dear love, be true, This
[A - ren.]

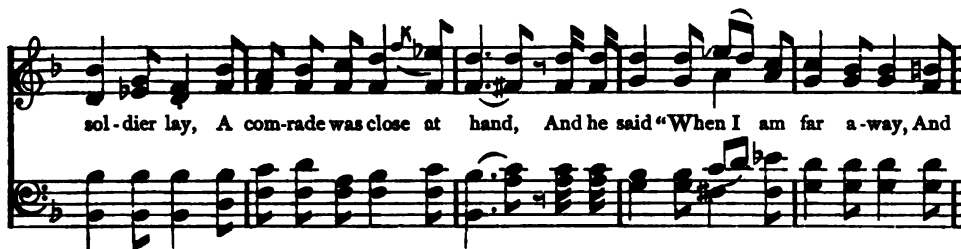
heart is on - ly thine, When the war is o'er, We'll part no more, At Eh - ren on the Rhine."

Andante. Con espressione.


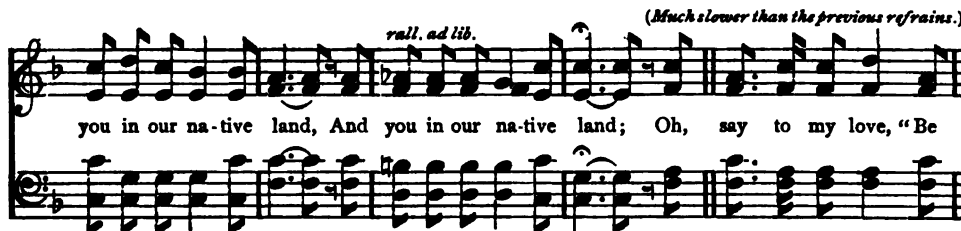
3. On the bat - tle field, the pale cold moon Is shed - ding her peace - ful light: And is



shin - ing down on a soul that soon Will speed its e - ter - nal flight: A - mid the dy - ing, the



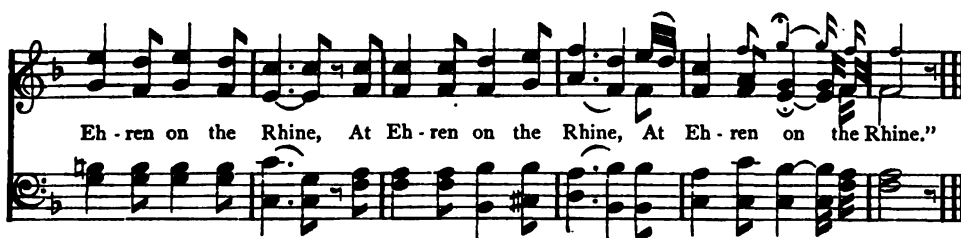
sol - dier lay, A com - rade was close at hand, And he said "When I am far a - way, And



you in our na - tive land, And you in our na - tive land; Oh, say to my love, "Be



true, be on - ly, on - ly mine, My life is o'er, We'll meet no more At



Eh - ren on the Rhine, At Eh - ren on the Rhine, At Eh - ren on the Rhine."

How different is peace from happiness! Happiness is the result of harmony between our wants as creatures and the world without; peace is the harmony between us as spiritual beings and the Father of our spirits. The one is as changeable as the objects of circumstances on which it for the moment relies: the other is as unchangeable as the God on whom it eternally rests. We may thus possess at once real happiness and real peace; yet either may exist without the other. Nay more, happiness may be destroyed by God in order that the higher blessing of peace may be possessed; but never will he take away peace to give happiness! Happiness without peace is temporal, but peace along with happiness, that indeed is eternal.—*Norman Macleod.*

ONE of our best-known American poets, though grieving over the fact, says that our people "have not generally agreeable voices." Is it because they are

wanting in the sense of hearing, and that they do not dream of the discordant sounds they produce? or is it the fault in the interior fountain of harmony—in the want of that ideality which will brook nothing ungentle and harsh in the tones with which we greet our friends and acquaintances? Much as we may regret to do so, we cannot deny that the latter view of the case is the more just of the two. A musical instrument, when it is out of order, is relegated to the garret until it can be tuned. A voice not agreeable should be heard as little as possible. When the mind is disturbed by unpleasant thoughts, or the heart convulsed with ungracious emotions, the voice is sure to betray the unhappy conditions. No one needs to go out of his way to prove this. When peace and joy have stamped their seal upon the heart, how musical and sympathetic the tones of the voice! Has not skepticism something to do with

STRANGERS YET.

Andante moderato.

MRS. CHAS. BARNARD.
(CLARINET.)

ad lib. tempo primo.

1. Strangers yet, af - ter years of life to - geth - er, Af - ter fair and storm - y weather,
2. Strangers yet, af - ter childhood's win - ning ways, Af - ter care and blame and praise,
3. Strangers yet, will it ev - er more be thus, Spir - its still im - per - vi - ous?

Af - ter trav - el in far lands, Af - ter touch of wedded hands, Why thus joined, why
Counsel ask'd and wis - dom given, Af - ter mu - tual prayers to heaven, Child and pa - rent
Shall we nev - er fair - ly stand Soul to soul, as hand to hand? Are the bounds e -

ev - er met? If they must be stran - gers yet, stran - gers yet, strangers yet?
scarcere - gret When they part, are stran - gers yet, stran - gers yet, strangers yet?
ter - nal set To re - tain us stran - gers yet, stran - gers yet, strangers yet?

the "voices at once thin and strident—acidulous enough to produce effervescence with alkalies, and strident enough to sing duets with the katyids?"—to quote Dr. Holmes. Resistance, controversy, standing up for our rights, is the keynote of all. Submission, diffidence in self, concession to the claims of others, are as foreign to such dispositions as richness and sweetness is to their speech. The *Angelus* is said, but its beautiful lesson is unlearned. We read "Evangeline," and of the ethereal beauty which

Shone on her face and encircled her form when, after confession, Homeward serenely she walk'd with God's benediction upon her, When she had passed, it seemed like the ceasing of exquisite music;

and yet are no less combative; no less ill at ease; no less determined to resent, and alas! to revenge the

wrongs suffered or fancied. Our prayers, our choice reading, are without avail. And the harshness that has found a den in the soul comes forth; the harmless air is obliged to echo the burden of complaint—bitter, cold and repulsive, as the fierce northern blast of winter. Happy youth! guileless adventurer in the realm of possibility! you are but just now starting on your way. You can shun the dangerous, unholy paths, that have destroyed the hopes of so many. Your flexible natures, by the power of worthy habit, can become amiable, affectionate, self-denying. The rasping, sharp, rude tones will leave your voice. They must, to harmonize with your soul; for if the "eyes are the windows to the soul," the kindly voice is the passport to the heart,—an "open sesame" the wide world over. It must be prized as such, and every effort to acquire it be resolutely made.

FOREVER AND FOREVER.

F. PAOLO TOSTI.

p *Moderato.*

1. I think of all thou art to me, I dream of what thou may'st not be; My life is fill'd with tho'ts of
 2. Perchance, if we had never met, I had been spared this vain regret, This endless striving to for -

p *piu animato. cres - cen - do.*

thee, Forev - er and for - ev - er! My heart is full of grief and woe; I see thy face where'er I
 get Forev - er and for - ev - er! Perchance if thou wert far a - way, — Did I not see thee day by

a tempo. pp *p rit.*

go; I would, a - las! it were not so, For - ev - er and for - ev - er! Ah!
 day, — I might a - gain be blithe and gay For - ev - er and for - ev - er! Ah!

affrett. *cres.*

no! I would not bear the pain, Of nev - er seeing thee a - gain! Of wand'ring o - ver land and

rit. dim. *lento.* *pp*

main, For - ev - er and for - ev - er. Ah, leave me not to dream of thee! For joy or

cres. *f* *ff e rit.* *ten.*

grief whiche'er it be, Oh, be as thou hast been to me, For - ev - er and for - ev - er!

MANY people fancy that to conduct an orchestra, one needs only to take a stick and beat time. Sometimes this may be sufficient, but in such cases without any such direction at all the band would go on as the German street bands do, without any conductor. Thus I have seen Mme. Trebelli conduct a chorus in St. James' Hall; and certainly this amiable artist stands too high in her profession to aspire to what is not her business. So the Viscountess Folkestone certainly accomplished a more difficult task in training a number of young ladies, and forming a stringed orchestra, which under her able guidance perform not very dif-

ficult, but very pleasing pieces with a wonderful dash. I do not think that one member of the whole orchestra is as old as twenty-five years—and a remarkable ensemble. But if it came to playing great and difficult scores, the reading of which is always of much difficulty, the judging of the right movement, the entry of instruments that have sometimes fifty, sixty bars to count, and the look at the conductor's eye to guide them at the precise moment of entry—when it comes to making the orchestra understand and execute the intentions of the composer, then it is that the great conductor shows the stuff he is made of.

THE NIGHT IS FINE.

Andante mosso. [Barcarolle.] GUGLIELMO.

1. The night is fine a-bove me, I see the bright moon shine, But ah! where'er I may be Sad -
 2. In light canoe, ah! dear-est, So hap-py we shall be, The darkest thought and drearest Will

ly for thee I pine, Sad-ly for thee, for thee I pine, When far from thee, my own dear love,
 vanish then from thee, Will vanish, vanish then from thee. When far from thee, my own dear love,

My heart finds not its peace di-vine. Ah! come with me whilst stars a-bove

But show how truly I am thine! Ah! come, come then, my own dear love, Come then, ah! come.

How often have I seen Berlioz—and this is what I meant when alluding to his nerves—jumping down from the conductor's desk, pouncing upon the clarionets, and exclaiming: "Your two instruments are not in tune." Then each of them gave his A, when with unflinching certainty not only did he perceive an infinitesimal difference, but instantly told them, there and then, how to remedy it. It happened in our days to one of the greatest conductors living, Hans Richter, that the orchestra, when he first led it, meant to play him some pranks, for, be it known, that is just what orchestras in general are mostly inclined to do. The

moment a new conductor comes before them they try any sort of trick to see how he will get out of it. The first thing that happened was that the hornist played a passage badly, and when Richter remonstrated he very obligingly said: "Perhaps you would not mind showing me what I am to do?" "With pleasure," said Richter, as he took the horn out of his hands, and showed him. After he had done so to several other instruments, they were satisfied as to what they wanted to know, and now it is sufficient for him to lift his hand; they understand and instantly endeavor to carry out his instructions.—*Temple Bar.*

GAILY THRO' LIFE WANDER.

GIUSEPPE VERDI.
From "LA TRAVIATA."

1. Oh! gai - - ly, gai - ly through life wan - der, O'er - cloud it
2. Oh! cold would seem the day - beam glow - ing, If Friend - ship's

not with sor - row: Ne'er cast a shad-ow o'er to - mor - row If
light were want - ing. It charms, as by some spell en - chant - ing, While

but to - day be fair. Our path is va - ried as we
we its bright - ness share. Tho' among the flow' - rets springing

legato.
go, From change to change suc - ceed - ing; But who fate's frown is
near, Weeds will be in - - ter - twin - ing, Yet, while Love's sun is

heed - ing, If love be smil - - ing there? Then gai - - ly
shin - ing, The heart need not des - pair. Then gai - - ly

thro' life wan - der, Dark - en not our stay so brief with care.

RATAPLAN.

*Allegro marziale.*DONIZETTI.
CHAS. JEFFERYS.

mf

1. What a charm has the drum, with its tan-a-ran-tan, When we march to the gay pa-rade! Oh, the
 2. To the field when we march to the tan-a-ran-tan, Makes the heart of the soldier glow! Let him

mf

mu-sic we love is the bold ra-ta-plan, And the "rub-a-dub," mer-ri-ly played. Ev'-ry
 hear but the roll of the bold ra-ta-plan, And how gal-lant-ly for-ward he'll go! When the

p

heart is inspired by its mag-i-cal sound, There's a soul in the stir-ring drum, And there
 bat-tle is done, and the vic-to-ry won, Still the sound of the roll-ing drum Sends its

p

is not a voice, while its e-choes rebound, But would cry, "Let the en-e-my come." Then
 e-choes a-far, from the red field of war, To the dear friends who welcome us home. Then

f

mer-ri-ly, oh, so cheer-i-ly, oh, so mer-ri-ly march a-way, Ra-ta-plan, ra-ta-

mf

plan, rataplan, rataplan! March away, while you may, 'tis a gay gala day, And our banners are flaunting

p

high; In the sun sword and gun flash a - round ev'-ry one, With a glance just as bright as the

f *p*

sky. Ra-ta-plan, ra-ta-plan, ra-ta-plan ra-ta-plan, ra-ta-plan, tan-a-ran, ra-ta-plan, tan-a-

ff *p*

ran, ra-ta-plan, ra-ta-plan, ra-ta-plan, ra-ta-plan, ra-ta-plan, tan-a-ran, ra-ta-plan, tan-a-ran!

MY HEART AND LUTE.

Moderato.

1. I give thee all, I can no more, Tho' poor the off'ring be; My heart and lute are
2. Tho' love and song may fail, a-las! To keep life's clouds a-way, At least 'twill make them

Fine.

all the store That I can bring to thee; A lute whose gen-tle song re-veals The
light-er pass, Or gild them if they stay. If ev-er care his dis-cord flings O'er

soul of love full well, Aud bet-ter far, a heart that feels Much more than lute can tell.
life's enchanted strain, Let love but light-ly touch the strings, 'Twill all be sweet a-gain.

D. C.

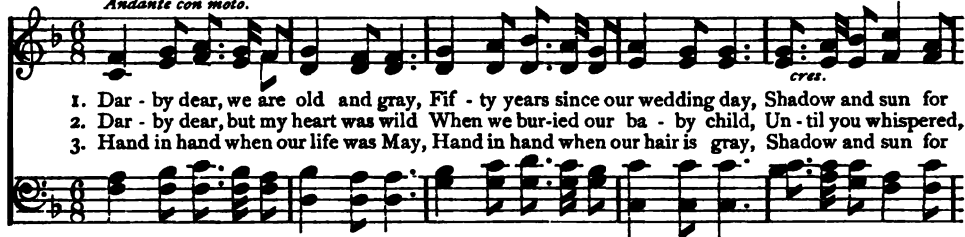
VOCAL music has already assumed a somewhat exalted position in some schools, and yet in scarcely any have its merits been fully estimated. It is, indeed, a comparatively short time since school-room songs were a novelty; and we can well remember that those who first favored their introduction were strongly censured by parents and others. It was regarded by many as a monstrous innovation. For children to go to school, term after term, and sit, aching, on wretched seats, in still more wretched school-houses, caused no regret, because such penance seemed to be an essential part of school life; but for school-boys and school-girls to

sing—who ever heard of the like? It was a great waste of time; and, moreover, it caused the little ones to be happy, and for a brief time to forget their aches, which, it was thought, would be a perversion of the object of schools. Such was the feeling very generally. But a pleasant change has come “over all the land;” and now the joyous songs of merry pupils may be heard in a very large number of our best schools, alike promoting their happiness and cheering them on in the performance of the less agreeable duties of the school-room, and meeting the approval of all kind and intelligent people. Though we cannot sing—our school days

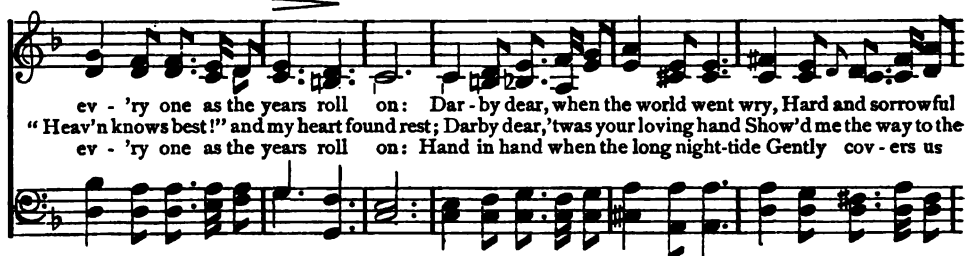
DARBY AND JOAN.

Andante con moto.

J. L. MOLLOY.
F. E. WEATHERLY.



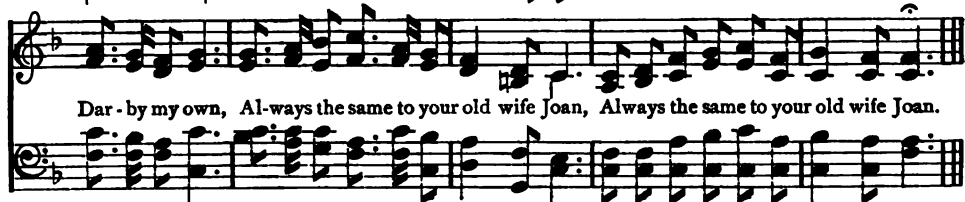
1. Dar - by dear, we are old and gray, Fif - ty years since our wedding day, Shadow and sun for
2. Dar - by dear, but my heart was wild When we bur-ied our ba - by child, Un - til you whispered,
3. Hand in hand when our life was May, Hand in hand when our hair is gray, Shadow and sun for



ev - 'ry one as the years roll on: Dar - by dear, when the world went wry, Hard and sorrowful
“Heav'n knows best!” and my heart found rest; Darby dear, 'twas your loving hand Show'd me the way to the
ev - 'ry one as the years roll on: Hand in hand when the long night-tide Gently cov - ers us



then was I, Ah! lad, how you cheer'd me then, “Things will be better, sweet wife, again!” Always the same,
bet-ter land; Ah! lad, as you kissed each tear, Life grew better and Heaven more near: Always the same,
side by side: Ah! lad, tho' we know not when, Love will be with us for - ev - er then: Always the same,



Dar - by my own, Al - ways the same to your old wife Joan, Always the same to your old wife Joan.


having been passed all too early for receiving any instruction in singing—we would strongly advocate the teaching of music in our schools. It is a good disciplinary exercise, and its indulgence always tends to give an air of cheerfulness to the school-room. But we would have the songs, and the sentiment of the songs, of a truly pure and elevating character. We have no partiality for the practice of having lessons and recitations set to music. This we think a perversion of the object. We fully agree with Lowell Mason, whose name has become so intimately connected with the


music of our land, when he says: “Music's highest and best influence is of a moral nature; and the introduction into schools of such songs as tend to mere levity, frolic, or idle mirth, or such as are low, coarse, or vulgar in thought or in language, or such as contain equivocal or ambiguous expressions, suggestive of evil, is most deeply to be regretted.”—Chas. Northend.

GRASSINI was the first female singer who appeared in the Italian theatre with a contralto voice, that part having been previously taken by men. Her tones, tho' purely feminine, were thought too low for a woman.


OLD TUBAL CAIN.

HENRY RUSSELL.
CHARLES MACKAY.

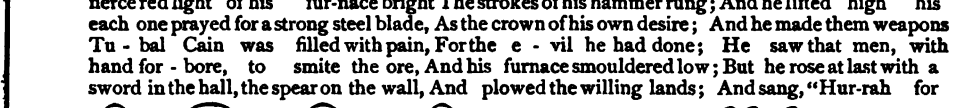
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1. Old Tu - bal Cain was a man of might, In the days when the earth was young; By the
 2. To Tu - bal Cain came many a one, As he wrought by his roar - ing fire, And
 3. But a sud - den change came o'er his heart, Ere the set - ting of the sun; And
 4. And for many a day old Tu - bal Cain Sat brood - ing o'er his woe; And his
 5. And men, taught wis - dom from the past, In friend - ship joined their hands, Hung the



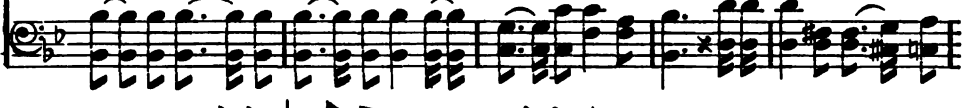
fierce red light of his fur-nace bright The strokes of his hammer rung; And he lifted high his
each one prayed for a strong steel blade, As the crown of his own desire; And he made them weapons
Tu - bal Cain was filled with pain, For the e - vil he had done; He saw that men, with
hand for - bore, to smite the ore, And his furnace smouldered low; But he rose at last with a
sword in the hall, the spear on the wall, And plowed the willing lands; And sang, "Hur-rah for




brawny hand On the i - ron glowing clear, Till the sparks rushed out in scar - let rout, As he
sharp and strong, Till they shouted loud for glee, And gave him gifts of pearls and gold, And
rage and hate, Made war up - on their kind; And the land was red with the blood they shed in their
cheer - ful face, And a bright courageous eye, And bared his strong right arm for work, While the
Tu - bal Cain! Our staunch good friend is he; And for the plow - share and the plow, To



fashion'd the sword and spear; And he sang, "Hurrah for my handiwork! Hur - rah for the spear and
spoils of the for - est free; And they sang, "Hurrah for Tu - bal Cain, Who hath given us strength a -
lust for carnage blind; And he said, "A - las! that ev - er I made, Or that skill of mine should
quick flames mounted high; And he sang, "Hurrah for my handiwork!" And the red sparks lit the
him our praise shall be; But while op - pres - sion lifts its head, Or a ty - rant would be



sword; Hur - rah for the hand that shall wield them well, For he shall be king and lord!"
new! Hur - rah for the smith, hur - rah for the fire, And hurrah for the met - al true!"
plan, The spear and sword for men whose joy Is to slay their fel - low - man!"
air— "Not a - lone for the blade was the bright steel made!" And he fashioned the first plowshare.
lord, Tho' we may thank him for the plow We'll not for - get the sword!"



SOME fifty years ago that eminent minister, the Rev. Cæsar Malan, of Geneva, was a guest of the Elliots, a well-to-do family in the West End of London. One evening, in conversation with the daughter Charlotte, he wished to know if she was a Christian. The young lady resented the question, and told him that religion was a matter which she did not wish to discuss. Mr. Malan replied, with his usual sweetness of manner, that he would not pursue the subject then if it displeased her, but he would pray that she might "give her heart to Christ, and become a useful worker for Him." Several days afterward the young lady apologized for her abrupt treatment of the minister, and confessed that his question and his parting remark had troubled her. "But I do not know how to find Christ," she said. "I want you to

help me." "Come to Him *just as you are*," said Mr. Malan. He little thought that one day that simple reply would be repeated in song by the whole Christian world. Further advice resulted in opening Charlotte's mind to spiritual light, and her life of devout activity and faith began. She possessed literary gifts, and having assumed the charge of *The Yearly Remembrancer* on the death of its editor, she inserted several original poems (without her name) in making up her first number. One of her poems was the old familiar hymn, "Just as I am, without one plea." The words of Pastor Malan, realized in her own experience, were of course the writer's inspiration. Beginning thus its public history in the columns of an unpretending religious magazine, the little anonymous hymn, with its sweet counsel to troubled

ONLY A GENTLE WORD.

GEO. KINGSLEY.

Moderate.

1. On - ly a gen - tle word Spok - en in love, On - ly a guid - ing hand
 2. On - ly a ten - der heart, Lov - ing and true, On - ly a pa - tient life
 3. On - ly an up - ward step On to the light, On - ly an ac - tion pure

rall.

Point - ing a - bove,—Ma - ny a soul in pain Hath lived to hope a -
 Striv - ing to do,—Blest must we ev - er be For that heart's sym - pa -
 Done for the right,—Souls joy to bless thy name, Crown it with death - less

p *mf*

gain, On - ly a word, On - ly a word, On - ly a word.
 thy, On - ly a heart, On - ly a heart, On - ly a heart.
 fame, On - ly a step, On - ly a heart, On - ly a word.

minds, found its way into devout persons' scrap-books, then into religious circles and chapel assemblies, and finally into the hymnals of the "church universal." Some time after its publication a philanthropic lady, struck by its beauty and spiritual value, rightly supposing it must impress others as herself, had it printed on a leaflet and sent for circulation through the cities and towns of the kingdom, and in connection with this an incident at an English watering-place seems to have first revealed its authorship to the world. Miss Elliott, being in feeble health, was staying at Torquay, in Devonshire, under the care of an eminent physician. One day the doctor, who was an earnest Christian man, placed one of these floating leaflets in his patient's hands, saying he felt sure

she would like it. The surprise and pleasure were mutual when she recognized her own hymn, and he discovered that she was its author. The Rev. Duncan Morrison, from whom we gather the above facts, sends a Latin translation of Charlotte Elliot's hymn to the *Montreal Witness*, and he says of it, "Perhaps there is no hymn in the language that has been more blessed in the raising up of those who are bowed down. Its history has been wonderful. It is surely a leaf from the tree of life for the healing of the nations."

CHRISTIAN faith is a grand cathedral with divinely-pictured windows. Standing without you see no glory, nor possibly can imagine any standing within every ray of light reveals a harmony of unspeakable splendors.—*Hawthorne, "Marble Faun."*

MY JESUS, AS THOU WILT.

BENJ. SCHMOLKE.
C. M. VON WEBER. "JEWETT."

1. My Je - sus, as thou wilt: O may thy will be mine; In - to thy
 2. My Je - sus, as thou wilt: Though seen through many a tear, Let not my
 3. My Je - sus, as thou wilt; All shall be well for me; Each changing

hand of love I would my all re - sign. Through sor - row or through joy,
 star of hope Grow dim or dis - ap - pear. Since thou on earth hast wept,
 fu - turescene I glad - ly trust with thee. Straight to my home a - bove,

Con - duct me as thine own, And help me still to say, "My Lord, thy will be done."
 And sor - rowed oft a - lone, If I must weep with thee, "My Lord, thy will be done."
 I trav - el calm - ly on, And sing in life or death, "My Lord, thy will be done."

JUST AS I AM.

CHARLOTTE ELLIOTT.
W. E. BRADBURY. "WOODWORTH."

1. Just as I am, with - out one plea, But that thy blood was shed for me,
 2. Just as I am, and wait - ing not To rid my soul of one dark blot,
 3. Just as I am, though tossed a - bout With many a con - flict many a doubt,
 4. Just as I am—poor, wretch - ed, blind; Sight, rich - es, heal - ing of the mind,

And that thou bidd'st me come to thee, O Lamb of God, I come! I come!
 To thee whose blood can cleanse each spot, O Lamb of God, I come! I come!
 Fightings with - in, and fears with - out, O Lamb of God, I come! I come!
 Yea, all I need, in thee to find, O Lamb of God, I come! I come!

5. Just as I am—thou wilt receive,
 Wilt welcome, pardon, cleanse, relieve;
 Because thy promise I believe,
 O Lamb of God, I come! I come!

6. Just as I am—thy love unknown
 Hath broken every barrier down;
 Now, to be thine, yea, thine alone,
 O Lamb of God, I come! I come!

THE MAHOGANY TREE.

W. M. THACKERAY.
FABIO CAMPANA.*Cantabile espress e molto accentato.*

1. Christ-mas is here; Winds whistle shrill, I - cy and chill, Lit - tle care we;
 2. Once on the boughs Birds of rare plume Sang, in its bloom: Night-birds are we;
 3. Care, like a dun, Lurks at the gate; Let the dog wait; Hap - py we'll be!

rall.
 Lit - tle we fear Weather with - out, Sheltered a - bout The Ma - ho - ga - ny Tree.
 Here we carouse, Sing - ing like them, Perched round the stem Of the jol - ly old Tree.
 Pile up the coals; While the song rolls Let us for - get, Round the old Tree.

col canto.

a tempo.

Eve - nings we know, Hap - py as this; Fa - ces we miss Pleas - ant to
 Here let us sport, Boys, as we sit— Laughter and wit Flash - ing so
 Sor - rows, be - gone! Life and its ills, Duns and their bills, Bid we to

see. Kind hearts and true, Gen - tle and just, Peace to your dust!
 free. Life is but short, When we are gone, Let them sing on,
 flee. Come with the dawn, En - vi - ous sprite; Leave us to - night,

rall. *a tempo.*

We sing round the Tree. } Ah,..... Eve-nings we knew, Hap-py as
 Round the old Tree. }
 Round the old Tree!

col canto. *a tempo.*

Evenings we knew,

sf

con grazia.

this; Fa-ces we miss Pleas-ant to see, Kind hearts and true,
 Hap-py as this; Fa-ces we miss Pleasant to see, Kind hearts and

a tempo. *rall.* *con grazia.* *1st time.* *2d time.*

Gen-tle and just, Peace to your dust! We sing round the tree. tree.

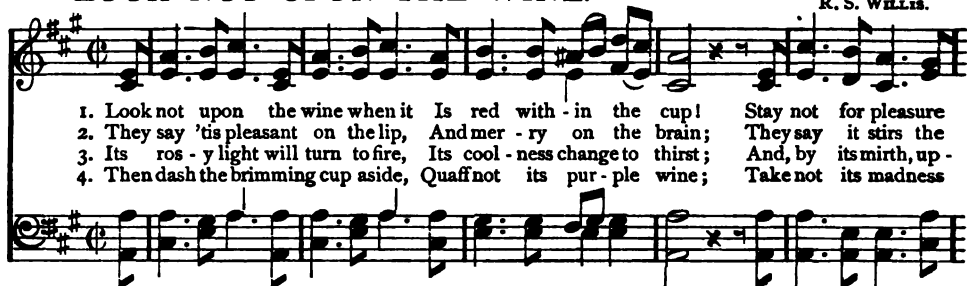
true, Gen-tle and just, Peace to your dust!

col canto. *sf*

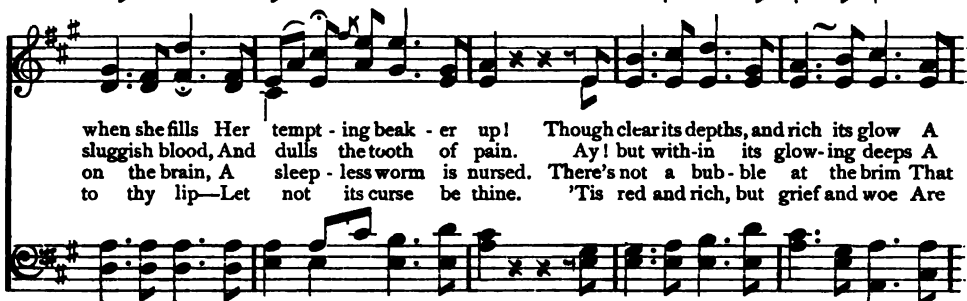
II-IV

LOOK NOT UPON THE WINE.

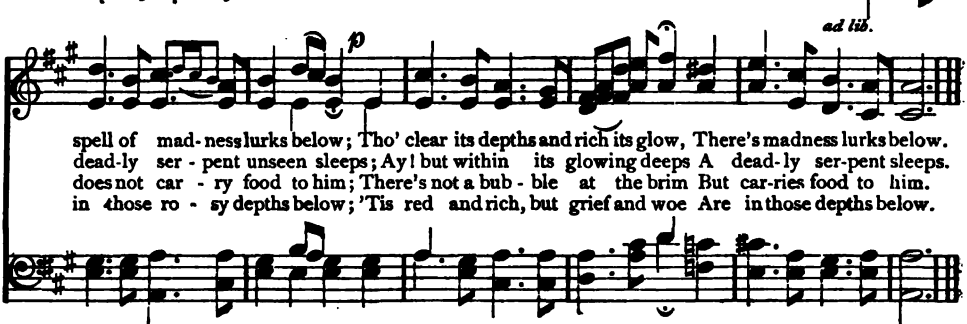
R. S. WELLS.



1. Look not upon the wine when it Is red with - in the cup! Stay not for pleasure
 2. They say 'tis pleasant on the lip, And mer - ry on the brain; They say it stirs the
 3. Its ros - y light will turn to fire, Its cool - ness change to thirst; And, by its mirth, up -
 4. Then dash the brimming cup aside, Quaff not its pur - ple wine; Take not its madness

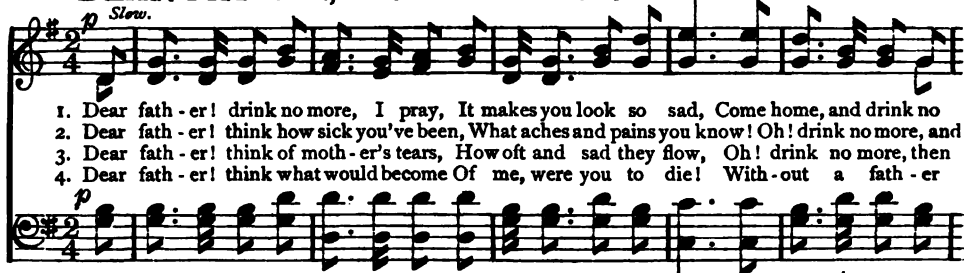


when she fills Her tempt - ing beak - er up! Though clear its depths, and rich its glow A
 sluggish blood, And dulls the tooth of pain. Ay! but with - in its glow - ing deeps A
 on the brain, A sleep - less worm is nursed. There's not a bub - ble at the brim That
 to thy lip—Let not its curse be thine. 'Tis red and rich, but grief and woe Are

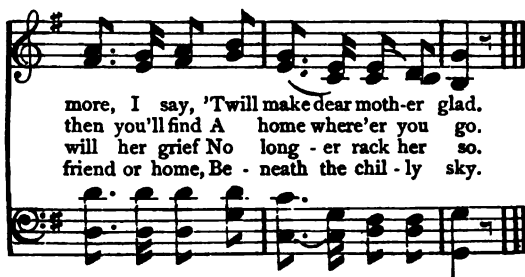


spell of mad - ness lurks below; Tho' clear its depths and rich its glow, There's madness lurks below.
 dead - ly ser - pent unseen sleeps; Ay! but within its glowing deeps A dead - ly ser - pent sleeps.
 does not car - ry food to him; There's not a bub - ble at the brim But car - ries food to him.
 in those ro - sy depths below; 'Tis red and rich, but grief and woe Are in those depths below.

DEAR FATHER, DRINK NO MORE.



1. Dear fath - er! drink no more, I pray, It makes you look so sad, Come home, and drink no
 2. Dear fath - er! think how sick you've been, What aches and pains you know! Oh! drink no more, and
 3. Dear fath - er! think of moth - er's tears, How oft and sad they flow, Oh! drink no more, then
 4. Dear fath - er! think what would become Of me, were you to die! With - out a fath - er



more, I say, 'Twill make dear moth - er glad,
 then you'll find A home where'er you go.
 will her grief No long - er rack her so.
 friend or home, Be - neath the chil - ly sky.

5. Dear father, drink no more, I pray,
 It makes you look so sad,
 Come home, and drink no more, I say,
 'Twill make that home so glad.

6. Thus spake, in tenderness, the child,
 The drunkard's heart was moved,
 He signed the pledge; he wept, he smiled,
 And kissed the boy he loved.

COLD WATER SONG.

JOHN SELWYN,
ALEXANDER LEE.*Allegretto.*

1. Blooming youth, sing the song, Loud its swelling notes pro - long; Cheer - i - ly, hap - pi - ly
2. Why should we wretched be? It was made for you and me— Wa - ter cool far and near,

send the strain a - long; Water bright, sparkling near, Why for us should any fear? On our flag,
flowing fresh and free! Hear the lark as he sings Mounting high on air - y wings, "What to me

high in air, Read "Cold Water" there! Naught of curse or of sting In pure wa - ter
is more dear Than 'Cold Water' cheer?" Naught of curse or of sting In pure wa - ter

from the spring! Cheer - i - ly, hap - pi - ly, let our voices ring: Blooming youth, sing the song,

Loud its swelling notes pro - long, Cheer - i - ly, hap - pi - ly, send the strain a - long.

1 (ROUND.)

2

We love cold wa - ter, We love cold wa - ter,
Drink not the ru - by wine, Drink not the ru - by wine,

3

4

We love cold wa - ter, And we'll drink it while we live.
Drink not the ru - by wine, For health it can - not give.

I COME, I COME.

V. BELLINI.
FELICIA HEMANS.

1. I come, I come! ye have called me long; I come o'er the mountains with
2. I have sent thro' the wood-paths a gen - tle sigh, And call'd out each voice of the

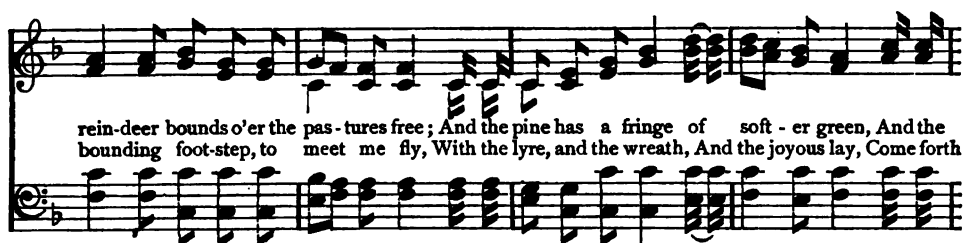
light and song; Ye may trace my steps o'er the wakening earth, By the winds which tell of the
deep-blue sky, From the night-bird's lay thro' the star - ry time, In the groves of the soft Hes -

vi - o - let's birth; By the prim - rose stars in the shad - ovy grass; By the green leaves ope - ning
pe - rian clime, To the swan's wild note by the Ice - land lakes, When the dark fir bough in - to

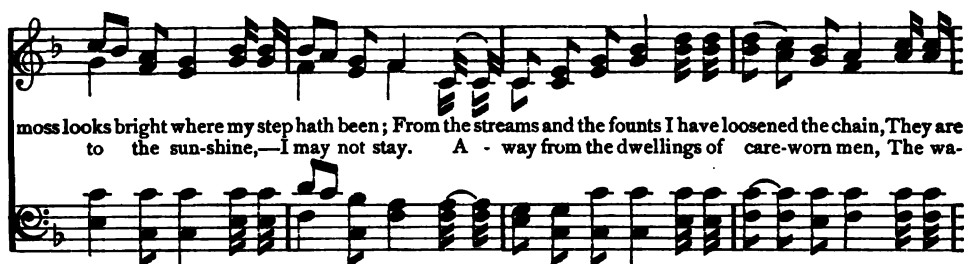
as I pass, By the prim - rose stars in the shad - ovy grass, By the green leaves ope - ning
verdure breaks, To the swan's wild note by Ice - land lakes, When the dark fir bough in - to

as I pass; I have passed o'er the hills of the storm - y north, And the
ver - dure breaks, Come forth, O ye chil - dren of glad - ness, come! Where the

larch has hung all his tas - sels forth; The fish - er is out on the sun - ny sea, And the
vi - o - lets lie may now be your home, Ye of the rose cheek and dew - bright eye, And the



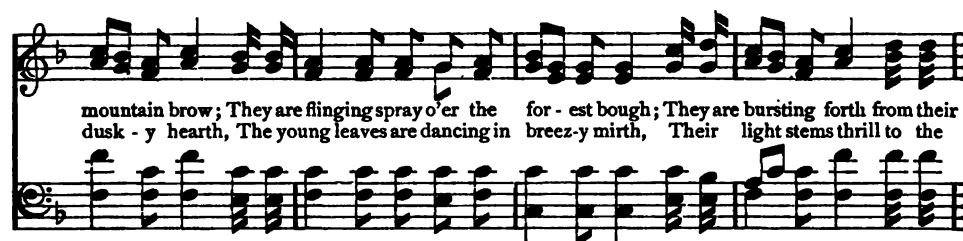
rein-deer bounds o'er the pas-tures free; And the pine has a fringe of soft-er green, And the bounding foot-step, to meet me fly, With the lyre, and the wreath, And the joyous lay, Come forth



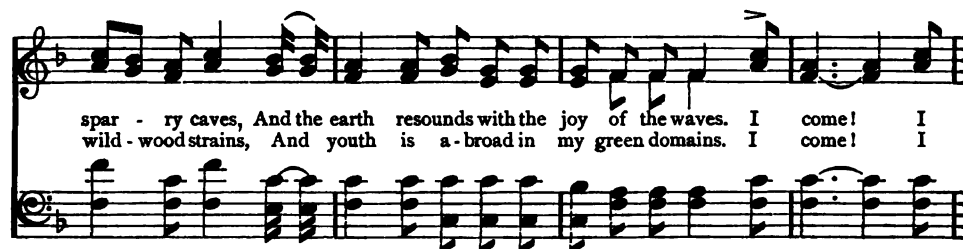
moss looks bright where my step hath been; From the streams and the founts I have loosened the chain, They are to the sun-shine,—I may not stay. A-way from the dwellings of care-worn men, The wa-



sweep-ing on to the sil-ver-y main; They are flash-ing down from the ters are spark-ling in wood and glen; A-way from the cham-ber and



mountain brow; They are flinging spray o'er the for-est bough; They are bursting forth from their dusk-y hearth, The young leaves are dancing in breez-y mirth, Their light stems thrill to the



spar-ry caves, And the earth resounds with the joy of the waves. I come! I wild-wood strains, And youth is a-broad in my green domains. I come! I



come! I come! ye've called me long; I come! I come! I come! ye've called me long

NURSERY SONGS.

MOTHER GOOSE.

"Pus - sy - cat, Pus - sy - cat, where have you been?" "I've been to London to look at the queen."

"Pus - sy - cat, Pus - sy - cat, what did you there?" "I frightened a lit - tle mouse un - der a chair."

2.

1. Lit - tle Bo-Peep she lost her sheep, And didn't know where to find them;
 2. Lit - tle Bo-Peep fell fast a - sleep, And dreamt she heard them bleat - ing But
 3. Then up she took her lit - tle crook, De - ter - mined for to find them; She
 4. She heaved a sigh, and wiped her eye, Then went o'er hill and dale; And

Let them a - lone, They'll all come home, Bringing their tails be - hind them.
 when she a - woke, She found it a joke, For they were all still a fleet - ing.
 found them indeed, But it made her heart bleed, For they'd left their tails behind them.
 tried what she could, As a shepherdess should, To tack to each sheep his tail.

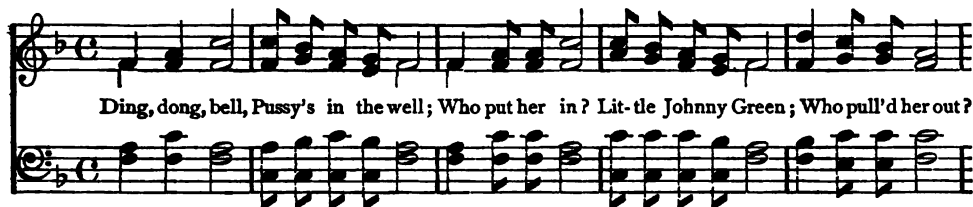
3.

Baa! Baa! Black sheep, have you any wool? Yes, sir, yes, sir! Three bags full. One for my

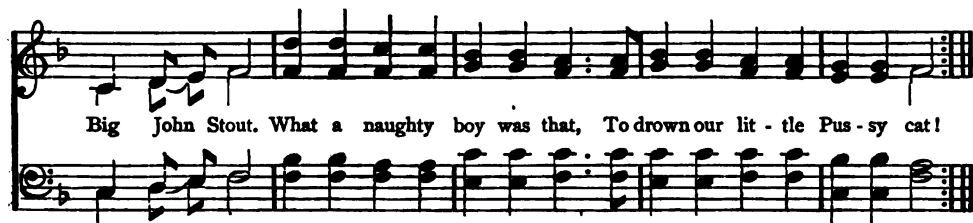
mas - ter, and one for my dame, But none for the naughty boy that cries in the lane.

NURSERY SONGS.

MOTHER GOOSE.

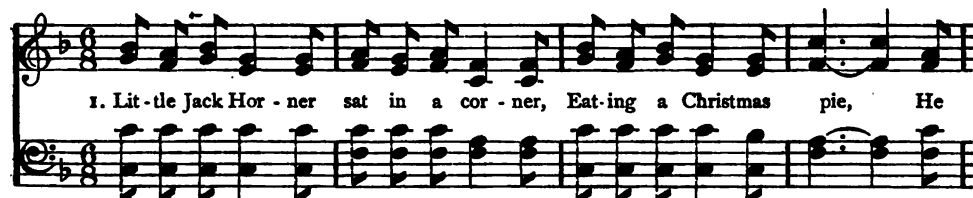


Ding, dong, bell, Pussy's in the well; Who put her in? Lit-tle Johnny Green; Who pull'd her out?



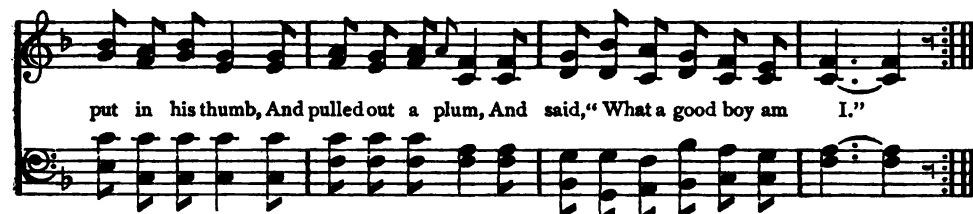
Big John Stout. What a naughty boy was that, To drown our lit - tle Pus - sy cat!

2.



1. Lit - tle Jack Hor - ner sat in a cor - ner, Eat-ing a Christmas pie, He

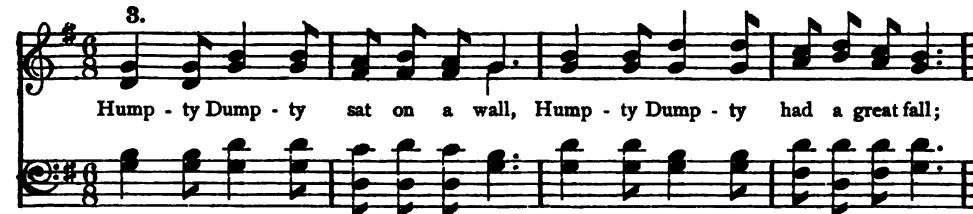
1. Lit - tle Miss Muf - fet Sat on a tuf - fet, Eat-ing some curds and whey, There



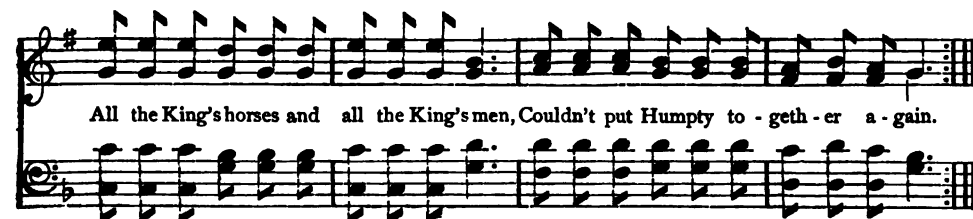
put in his thumb, And pulled out a plum, And said, "What a good boy am I."

came a great spider, And sat down beside her, And frighten'd Miss Muffet a - way.

3.



Hump - ty Dump - ty sat on a wall, Hump - ty Dump - ty had a great fall;



All the King's horses and all the King's men, Couldn't put Humpty to - geth - er a - gain.

FALLEN IS THY THRONE.

MARTINI,
THOMAS MOORE.

Affettuoso.

1. Fallen is thy throne, O Is - ra - el! Si - lence is o'er thy plains; Thy dwellings all lie
 2. Lord, thou didst love Je - ru - sa - lem! Once she was all thine own; Her love thy fair - est
 3. Then sunk the star of Sol - y - ma, Then pass'd her glory's day, Like heath that in the

des - o - late, Thy dwell - ings all lie des - o - late; Thy chil - dren weep in
 her - i - tage, Her love thy fair - est her - i - tage, Her pow'r thy glo - ry's
 wil - derness, Like heath that in the wil - der - ness The wild wind whirls a -

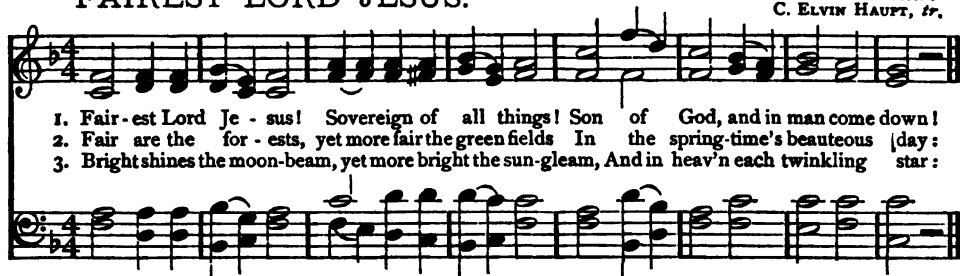
chains. Where are the dews that fed thee On E - lim's bar - ren
 throne; Till e - vil came and blight - ed Thy long - loved ol - ive
 way. Si - lent and waste her bow - ers, Where once the might - y

shore, On E - lim's bar - ren shore? That fire from Heaven which
 tree, Thy long - loved ol - ive tree; And Sa - lem's shrines were
 trod, Where once the mighty trod, And sunk those guilt - y


led thee, That fire from Heaven, which led thee, Now lights thy path no
 light - ed, And Sa - lem's shrines were light - ed, For oth - er gods than
 tow - ers, And sunk those guilt - y tow - ers, Where Ba - al reigned as

more, Now lights thy path no more, Now lights thy path no more.
 thee, For oth - er gods than thee, For oth - er gods than thee.
 God, Where Ba - al reigned as God, Where Ba - al reigned as God.

FAIREST LORD JESUS.

CRUSADERS' HYMN.
C. ELVIN HAUFF, *tr.*


1. Fair-est Lord Je - sus! Sovereign of all things! Son of God, and in man come down!
2. Fair are the for - ests, yet more fair the green fields In the spring-time's beauteous day:
3. Bright shines the moon-beam, yet more bright the sun-gleam, And in heav'n each twinkling star:



Thee will I love, and Thee will I hon - or: Thou art my soul's bright Joy and Crown.
Je - sus is fair - er, Je - sus is tru - er, 'Tis He our sorrowing hearts makes gay.
Je - sus shines fair - er, Je - sus shines tru - er, Than all the hosts of An - gels are.

4. All that hath beauty both of earth and Heaven
Only is of Him the sign.
No friend, so saintly, more precious can be:
For Thou art fairer, Jesus mine!

5. Jesus is truly loved by us most highly,
Jesus is the chiefly Blessed.
Jesus, we pray Thee, be with us kindly,
Till, up with Thee, we come to rest.

CHILDREN OF THE HEAVENLY KING.

JOHN CENWICK, 1742.
DR. MALAN. "HENDON."


1. Children of the Heavenly King, As ye jour - ney, sweet - ly sing; Sing your Saviour's
2. Ye are traveling home to God, In the way the fath - ers trod; They are hap - py



worthy praise, Glorious in his works and ways, Glorious in his works and ways.
now—and ye Soon their hap - pi - ness shall see, Soon their hap - pi - ness shall see.

3. Shout, ye little flock, and blest,
You on Jesus' throne shall rest:
There your seat is now prepared—
There your kingdom and reward.

4. Fear not, brethren, joyful stand
On the borders of your land;
Jesus Christ, your Father's Son,
Bids you undismayed go on.

5. Lord, submissive make us go,
Gladly leaving all below;
Only Thou our leader be,
And we still will follow Thee.

1. Lord! we come before Thee now:
At Thy feet we humbly bow;
Oh! do not our suit disdain;—
Shall we seek thee, Lord, in vain?

2. Send some message from Thy word,
That may joy and peace afford;
Let Thy Spirit now impart,
Full salvation to each heart.

3. Comfort those who weep and mourn,
Let the time of joy return;
Heal the sick, the captive free.
Let us all rejoice in Thee.

COME, HOLY SPIRIT, HEAVENLY DOVE.

ISAAC WATTS.
G. W. WARREN.

p
Larghetto sostenuto e cantabile.
Come, Ho - ly Spir - it, Heav - en - ly Dove, With all thy quick'ning powers, Kin - dle a

meno mosso. *rall.* *Fine.*
flame of sa - cred love In these cold hearts of ours, In these cold hearts of ours.
ad lib.

Soprano Solo.
assai esp.
See how we gro - vel here be - low, Fond of these earth - ly toys,

rall. *a tempo.*
Fond of these earth - ly toys, Our souls how heav - ly they go to reach, to reach e -

ad lib. *a tempo.* *rall.*
ter - nal joys, Our souls how heav - ly they go to reach, to reach e - ter - nal joys.

Chorus.
pp
In vain we tune our life - less songs, In vain we strive to rise, In vain we strive to

rise, Ho-san-nas languish on our tongues, And our de-vo-tion dies, dies.

AWAKE, MY SOUL, STRETCH EVERY NERVE.

PHILIP DODDRIDGE, 1755.
G. F. HANDEL. "CHRISTMAS."

1. A - wake, my soul, stretch ev'-ry nerve, And press with vig - or on; A heavenly
2. A cloud of wit-ness - es a - round Hold thee in full sur - vey; For - get the

race demands thy zeal, And an im - mor-tal crown, And an im - mor-tal crown.
steps al - read - y trod, And on-ward urge thy way, And on-ward urge thy way.

3. 'Tis God's all-animating voice
That calls thee from on high,
'Tis His own hand presents the prize
To thine uplifted eye.

4. Then wake, my soul, stretch every nerve,
And press with vigor on;
A heavenly race demands thy zeal,
And an immortal crown.

HOW SWEET THE NAME OF JESUS SOUNDS.

JOHN NEWTON, 1779.
L. MASON. "DOWNS."

1. How sweet the name of Je - sus sounds In a be - liev - er's ear!
2. It makes the wound - ed spir - it whole, And calms the trou - bled breast;
3. Dear name! the rock on which I build, My shield and hid - ing - place;

It soothes his sor - rows, heals his wounds, And drives a - way his fear.
'Tis man - na to the hun - gry soul, And to the wea - ry, rest.
My nev - er - fail - ing treas - ure, filled With boundless stores of grace!

4. Jesus, my Shepherd, Saviour, Friend,
My Prophet, Priest, and King,
My Lord, my Life, my Way, my End,
Accept the praise I bring!

5. I would Thy boundless love proclaim
With every fleeting breath;
So shall the music of Thy name
Refresh my soul in death.

A KING, both good and great, gave a poor man a beautiful house. There was frequent danger of robbers and evil beasts, and he gave two soldiers as keepers and guards of the house, with two other strong men; when there was no danger the four worked for the poor man. The house had a wonderful door, with an Æolian harp in it, so that very beautiful music came from it when the wind blew through it, and just inside the door was a still more wonderful musical instrument that gave forth a great variety of sounds. The windows of the house were very carefully made, each had a beautiful curtain that was let down every night. Everything in the house was as wonderful as it was convenient. The King had arranged everything about it—then he freely gave it to the poor man as his own. A little while after this when he came and knocked and the poor man looked out and saw who it was, he said to himself, "If I let him in, he'll stop

the frolic we are having, and besides I am too busy to-day." So he kept the house fastened and cried from within, "Come again to-morrow." His benefactor felt hurt at such treatment, but he came again and again, each day the poor man saying to himself, "I'm not ready yet," and crying from within, "To-morrow." At length, the King went away very sad, and never came again. As time passed on, the keepers of the house began to tremble with fear, and the strong men were bowed with weakness; the grinding-stones were seldom heard, and the music was faint and sad; the curtains were partly down in the windows, and the door was always shut, the leaves withered, and dark clouds hung over the sky. One morning the keepers and the strong men were found dead; the door locked, the curtains wholly down, the music ended, the golden bowl and the pitcher broken, and the silver cord loosened forever. This great and good King is the

SADLY BEND THE FLOWERS.

A. RANDEGGER.
F. R. HAVERGAL.

1. Sad - ly bend the flow - 'rs In the heav - y rain; Af - ter beating
2. When a sud - den sor - row Comes like cloud and night, Wait for God's to -


show - 'rs, Sun-beams come a - gain. Lit - tle birds are si - lent
mor - row, All will then be bright. On - ly wait and trust Him,

All the dark night through: But when morning dawneth Their songs are sweet and new.
Just a lit - tle while; Af - ter evening tear-drops Shall come the morning smile.

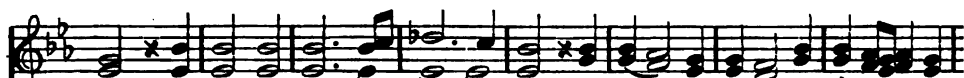
Lord. The house which he gives is the human body. The keepers (Eccles. 12: 1-7) are the hands; the strong men, the legs; the grinders are the teeth, the door is the mouth; the wonderful musical instrument is the voice; the windows are the eyes; the silver cord, the spinal cord; the golden bowl, the top of the skull; the pitcher and wheel, the lungs; the cistern and fountain, the heart; the clear skies represent the happiness of childhood and youth, when the house is new; and the long home is the grave. The Lord made this house and has given it to each of us. He comes and says he will live with us, and protect us, and make us happy, here and hereafter. If we reject his wondrous offer, the evil days will surely come when he will knock no more; when the hands tremble and the legs bow themselves with age, and the voice becomes low, and the eyes are darkened, and the hair is white as

the almond blossom. At last the brain will cease to think, the lungs and heart will be stilled in death, and we will go alone into the Spirit world, with no glad prospect of a home of endless happiness amid the many mansions of the King. Let it not be so with any of us, but while he knocks at our hearts and waits, may we heed the words, "Remember now thy Creator in the days of thy youth." . . . It adds to the interest of the children, while singing "Our Wonderful House," to touch certain parts of the body symbolized, when this can be appropriately done. One of the most effective things of the kind, that we have heard, was the recitation of these stanzas, with appropriate gesture and all the unconscious grace of childhood, in the study at home, by a little girl not yet able to speak distinctly. Eyes were suffused with quick tears, and voices husky with emotion spake brief approval when she had ended.

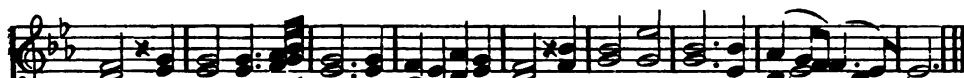
FUNERAL DIRGE.

ISAAC WATTS.
G. F. HANDEL.*Affettuoso.*


1. Un-veil thy bos - om, faith - ful tomb; Take this new treas - ure to thy
2. Nor pain, nor grief, nor anx - ious fear, In - vade thy bounds, — no mor - tal
3. So Je - sus slept, God's dy - ing Son Passed through the grave, and blessed the
4. Break from his throne, il - lus - trious morn! At - tend, O earth, his sov - 'reign




trust, And give these sa - cred rel - ics room To slum - ber in the si - lent
woes Can reach the peace - ful sleep - er here, While an - gels watch the soft re -
bed; — Rest here, blest saint, till from his throne The morn - ing break, and pierce the
word! Re - store thy trust: a glo - rious form Shall then a - rise to meet the




dust; And give these sa - cred rel - ics room To slum - ber in the si - lent dust.
pose; Can reach the peace - ful sleep - er here, While angels watch the soft re - pose.
shade; Rest here, blest saint, till from his throne The morning break, and pierce the shade.
Lord! Re - store thy trust: a glo - rious form Shall then a - rise to meet the Lord!

OUR WONDERFUL HOUSE.

(MOVEMENT SONG.)

FROM "SONGS FOR LITTLE FOLKS."
PER BIGLOW & MAIN, REV. W. F. CRAFTS.


1. A won - der - ful house have I, That God has made for me, With win - dows to see the
2. The door has a tune - ful harp, A mill to grind my bread, And there is ' a gold - en



sky, And keep - ers strong and free, And keep - ers strong and free.
bowl, And beau - ti - ful sil - ver thread, And beau - ti - ful sil - ver thread.

A fountain is in the house;
A pitcher lies at hand;
And strong men God has given
To bear me over the land.

The keepers must work for God,
The harp must sing his praise;
The windows look to heaven,
The strong men walk his ways.

And when this house shall fall,
As death at last shall come,
The good will have a better house
Above in Jesus' home.

THE IDEAL HOME.—The ideal home beautiful is attained rather by avoiding errors of taste than by the adoption of special dogmas of art. For my own part, if I have any dogmas to preach they may fairly be condensed in this one rule: "Avoid shams and affectations of all kinds." Don't mistake mere prettiness for beauty. Millinery, for instance, is out of place in the home beautiful. Don't attach to your chairs and sofa cushions meaningless bows of ribbon which tie nothing. Don't dress up your toilet tables in muslin petticoats stiffened with crinoline or colored calico. Don't scatter startling white "tidies" about chairs and sofas as on so many bushes, as if you were hanging out the wash to dry. Don't display on your walls china plates and dishes. They were never meant to go there. An exception may be made now and then in favor of a piece of fine color

to help light up the room, or where a delicate china painting is worthy of careful examination. But to hang up ordinary domestic china! Don't! Don't hang small pictures so that their beauty is lost to any one under eight feet high. If a picture is not seen from the same position that the artist saw it when he painted it the drawing will appear foreshortened and the general effect consequently falsified. Don't hang any picture in the home which has not the impress of elegance, purity, and cheerfulness. Don't give place to representations of corpses, tortured saints, or anything occasioning painful emotions. Above all, having such pictures and not wanting them down-stairs, don't banish them to the nursery, school-room, or bedroom. Some things should go into locked drawers. For instance, I mean mementos of seaweed and dried ferns and flowers, and

MY NANNIE'S AWA'.

ROBERT BURNS.

1. Now in her green mantle blythe Nature arrays, And listens the lamb-kins that
 2. The snowdrop and primrose our wood-lands adorn, And violets bathe in the
 3. Thou laverock, that springs frae the dew o' the lawn, The shepherd to warn o' the
 4. Come, autumn, sae pen-sive, in yellow and grey, And soothe me with tidings o'

bleat o'er the braes, While birds warble welcome in ilka green shaw, But to me it's delightless,—my
 weat o' the morn; They pain my sad bosom, sae sweetly they blaw! They mind me o' Nannie,—and
 grey-breaking dawn, And thou mellow mavis, that hails the night-fa', Give o'er for pity,—my
 Nature's de-cay: The dark, dreary winter, and wild driving snaw, A lane can delight me,—my

Nan-nie's a-wa'; But to me it's de-light-less,—my Nan-nie's a-wa'.
 Nan-nie's a-wa'; They mind me o' Nan-nie,—and Nan-nie's a-wa'.
 Nan-nie's a-wa'; Give o'er for pity,—my Nan-nie's a-wa'.
 Nan-nie's a-wa'; A lane can de-light me,—my Nan-nie's a-wa'.

wretched daubs on china, canvas, or paper, the crude efforts of youthful members of the family. No true lover of the home beautiful will inflict these on his family and friends and compel them to violate truth by pretending to like them. Don't buy your carpet or your wall-paper because it looks pretty in the roll when you see it in the store. But think of the fitness of each with its ultimate surroundings. Remember that the carpet is to be a background for your furniture, and the wall-paper—unless it is to be the actual decoration of the walls—is to be merely a background for your pictures. Don't admit into the home beautiful any piece of furniture or implement of every-day life which does not honestly serve its purpose—no light, flimsy chairs which an able-bodied man dare not sit upon; no puffy

debilitated sofas, all wind and springs; no burnished brass-sheeted fire-irons, bought only to be looked at, and give place to the ugly little black poker and shovel when coal is to be broken or ashes are to be removed. There is no reason why an object should not be useful as well as ornamental. Indeed, there can be no beauty without fitness. Nature everywhere teaches us the compatibility of the highest utility with the greatest beauty. And so with beauty and truth. There may be truth without beauty; but there is no beauty without truth. Truth, beauty, and utility are the inseparable trinity of the ideal home. Let us then write them upon the portals of the house as the epitome of all that is most admirable in religion, in art—which of course includes music—and in every-day life.—*Decorative Art.*

THE GREENWOOD TREE.

SIDNEY NELSON.

Allegretto.

1. Here un - der the leaf - y green-wood tree, I pass the noon - tide hour, And
 2. The but - ter - fly sports on gold - en wing, A sing - ing stream runs by; And

hap - pi - er far am I than he Who seeks but the court - ly bow - er; For
 ma - ny a bird that hailed the spring, Still greet - eth the sum - mer sky. For

near me grows the wild white rose, A bright sky beams a - bove, And upward springs the
 paint - ed halls and pal - ace walls I care not, whilst for me, Fair na - ture yields her

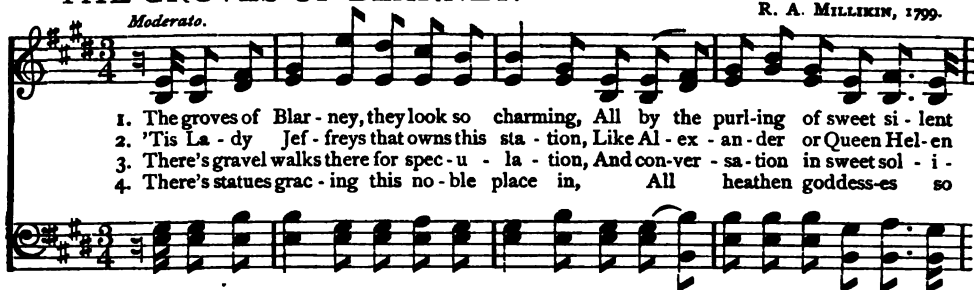
lark who sings The tru - est notes of love. Here un - der the leaf - y
 smil - ing fields, And the shade of a greenwood tree. Here un - der the leaf - y

greenwood tree, I pass the noon - tide hour, And hap - pi - er far am I than he Who

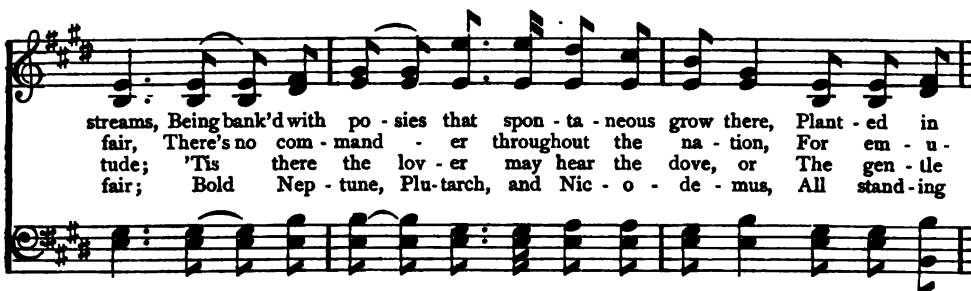
seeks but the courtly bow - er. Hith - er quickly come to me! Un - der the leaf - y greenwood tree.

THE GROVES OF BLARNEY.

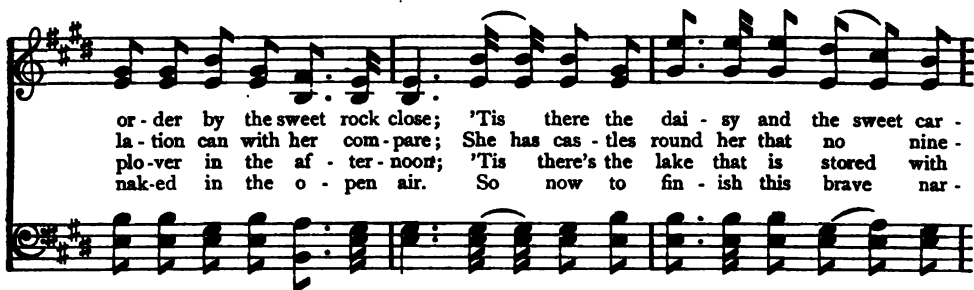
R. A. MILLIKIN, 1799.

Moderato.


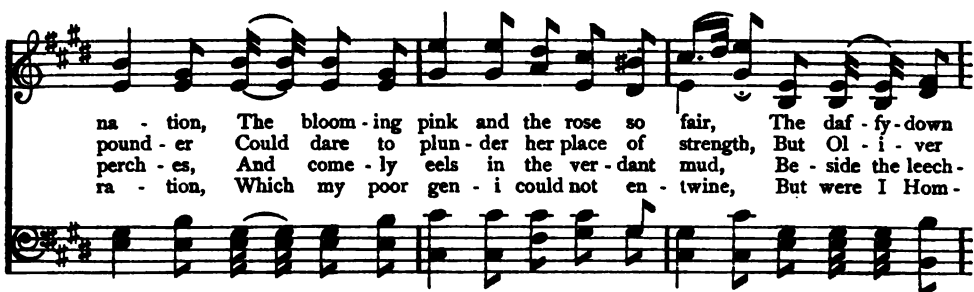
1. The groves of Blar-ney, they look so charming, All by the purl-ing of sweet si-lent
 2. 'Tis La-dy Jef-freys that owns this sta-tion, Like Al-ex-an-der or Queen Hel-en
 3. There's gravel walks there for spec-u-la-tion, And con-ver-sa-tion in sweet sol-i-
 4. There's statues grac-ing this no-ble place in, All heathen goddess-es so



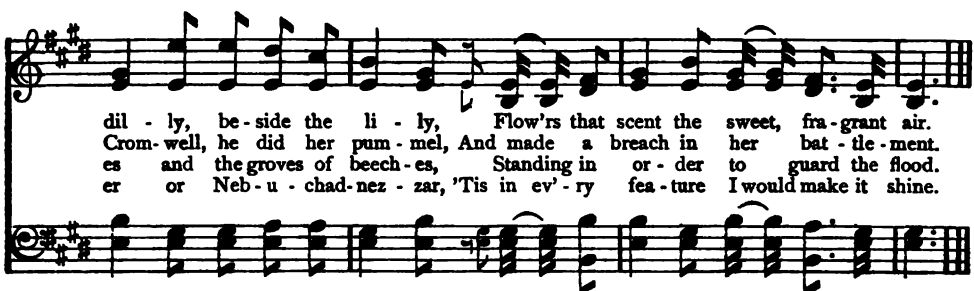
streams, Being bank'd with po-sies that spon-ta-neous grow there, Plant-ed in
 fair, There's no com-mand-er throughout the na-tion, For em-u-
 tude; 'Tis there the lov-er may hear the dove, or The gen-tle
 fair; Bold Nep-tune, Plu-tarch, and Nic-o-de-mus, All stand-ing



or-der by the sweet rock close; 'Tis there the dai-sy and the sweet car-
 la-tion can with her com-pare; She has cas-tles round her that no nine-
 plo-ver in the af-ter-noon; 'Tis there's the lake that is stored with
 nak-ed in the o-pen air. So now to fin-ish this brave nar-



na-tion, The bloom-ing pink and the rose so fair, The daf-fy-down
 pound-er Could dare to plun-der her place of strength, But Ol-i-ver
 perch-es, And come-ly eels in the ver-dant mud, Be-side the leech-
 ra-tion, Which my poor gen-i could not en-twine, But were I Hom-



dil-ly, be-side the li-ly, Flow'rs that scent the sweet, fra-grant air.
 Crom-well, he did her pum-mel, And made a breach in her bat-tle-ment.
 es and the groves of beech-es, Standing in or-der to guard the flood.
 er or Neb-u-chad-nez-zar, 'Tis in ev'-ry fea-ture I would make it shine.

ELEMENTS OF MUSIC.

1. A Musical Sound is called a **Tone**.
2. Every tone has the three properties of **Length, Pitch, and Power**.
3. There are, therefore, three departments in the Elements of Music:—

1. **Rhythmics**, treating of the **Length** of Tones.
2. **Melod'ics**, treating of the **Pitch** of Tones.
3. **Dynam'ics**, treating of the **Power** of Tones.

The word **Rhythmics** is derived from the Greek verb "*rheo*," meaning *to flow*, as in the measured movement of poetic lines. **Melod'ics** is from the Greek "*melod'eo*," to sing harmoniously, or "*mel'odia*," a tune to which lyric poetry is set, a choral song, from "*mel'odos*," musical or melodious. **Dynam'ics** is from the Greek "*dun'amai*," to be able, "*dun'amis*," force, energy, power.

Rhythmics comprehends all rhythmic things, or whatever may be derived from the primary fact that tones may be long or short. It includes also the rhythmic structure of phrases, sections and periods. **Melodics** includes everything that may proceed from the primary distinction of low or high, or from the property of pitch. The word "*melody*," as commonly used, is of much more limited signification, referring only to a pleasing succession of tones in rhythmic order or to an ordinary tune form. **Dynamics** embraces not only the mere force of tones, but also their manner or form of delivery.

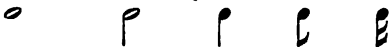
RHYTHMICS: Length of Tones.

NOTES AND RESTS.

4. **Notes** are characters used to designate two things: By their position on the staff they give the **Pitch** of the tone, and by their form they indicate its **Length**.

5. The following are the notes in common use, the relative length of the tones which they represent being indicated by their names.

WHOLE-NOTE. HALF-NOTE. QUARTER. EIGHTH. SIXTEENTH.

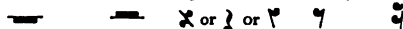


A character [c] called a *Breve*, or *Double-Note*, is sometimes used. It represents a tone twice as long as that represented by a Whole Note.

6. **Rests** are characters used to indicate silence.

7. The following are the Rests in common use; the relative length of the portions of time which they represent, corresponds to that of the notes; it is indicated by their names; the whole rest may also represent a whole *measure* rest without regard to the kind of time:

WHOLE-REST. HALF-REST. QUARTER. EIGHTH. SIXTEENTH.

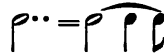




For brevity and convenience, we shall hereafter speak of the *length of notes*, meaning the length of the tones represented by them.


8. A **Dot** placed after a note or a rest increases its length one-half. A dotted whole note is equal to three halves; a dotted half to three quarters. The same is true of Rests. Thus:



9. **Two Dots** placed after a note or a rest increase its length three-fourths, the second dot adding one-half the length of the first. Thus:



10. The **Figure 3** placed above or below three equal notes reduces their length to two of the same kind. Thus,  equals in length . Notes written in this manner are called **Triplets**.

11. Two or more notes may represent a single tone by the use of a character called a **Tie**. In vocal music the hooks attached to the notes may be joined for the same purpose, and the notes should be sung to one syllable. The **Slur** is used when the notes differ in pitch, the **Tie**  when they are of the same pitch.

MEASURES AND PARTS.

12. Music is divided into **Measures** and **Parts**—into Measures by single bars and into Parts by double bars. The time of each measure is the same as that of every other measure in the part and is determined by the fraction placed at the beginning of each part. If a part is to be repeated, dots, called *Repeating Dots*, precede the double bar.

13. Measures are again divided into certain parts, which may be indicated to the ear by **Counting**, as "one, two," "one two," etc.; or to the eye by motions of the hand, called **Beats**, or *Beating Time*. The length of notes may frequently be estimated, but in complicated movements, it must be indicated as above by some simple method of measurement.

14. A Measure divided into two parts is called *Double Measure*; three parts, *Triple Measure*; four parts, *Quadruple Measure*; six parts, *Sextuple Measure*. Thus:

DOUBLE. TRIPLE. QUADRUPLE. SEXTUPLE MEASURE.



15. Each kind of Measure may have several varieties, depending upon the length of the notes which are expressed by the denominator of the fraction. The following are some of the common varieties:

DOUBLE. TRIPLE MEASURE. QUADRUPLE MEASURE.



SEXTUPLE MEASURE.



The pupil should, of course, be taught that a Measure may be filled with other notes than those used in the above examples. Let him fill the measures with notes of different lengths, rests, etc. As will be seen, a piece of music may begin on any part of a measure. When it begins on a fractional part, it ends on a fractional part; and the two parts thus formed equal a complete measure.

16. The Numerator of the Fraction at the beginning of the above examples indicates the number of beats into which the measure is divided; the **Denominator** indicates the kind of note which will fill each beat. Thus, $\frac{3}{4}$ shows that there are three beats in the measure, and that a quarter note will fill each beat.

17. The limits or boundaries of Measures, as has been said, are marked by light vertical lines, called **Bars**, the end of a Part being marked by a heavy vertical line, or **Double Bar**.

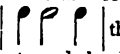
18. The end of a line of poetry in hymnal music is also sometimes indicated by a heavy vertical line, or **Double Bar**, which can have no effect upon the measure.

19. The end of a piece of music is indicated by a character called a **Close**.

20. Beating Time is designating each part of a Measure by a motion of the hand. In Double Measure, the hand moves *down, up*; Triple Measure, *down, left, up*; Quadruple Measure, *down, left, right, up*; Sextuple Measure, *down, left, left, right, up, up*; or in rapid movement, *down, up*. This may vary according to the taste of the instructor, each having his own method of indicating accent.

21. Counting Time is designating each part of a Measure by a number. In Double Measure, we count *one, two*; Triple Measure, *one, two, three*; Quadruple Measure, *one, two, three, four*; Sextuple Measure, *one, two, three, four, five, six*; or *one, two*. The exercises of beating and counting time are very valuable, and should be practiced frequently. Beating time requires motions of the hand at exactly equal points of time; counting time requires counts at exactly equal points of time. It is common to speak of tones "as so many beats long," or "so many counts long." When the leader tells which way the hand is moving, he is said to be *describing the time*. Select melodies from the book for the purpose of affording variety of practice. Let the class be divided into parts, singing and counting or beating time alternately. Ability to count *inaudibly* should be acquired as soon as possible, for this is essential to success.

22. Accent is a stress given to certain parts of the Measure. In Double Measure, the *first* part is accented; in Triple Measure, the *first* part; in Quadruple Measure, the *first* and *third* parts; in Sextuple Measure, the *first* and *fourth* parts. In measures containing two accents, the *first* is the principal and therefore *louder*. The accents may fall away when followed by a rest, and may be changed when followed by a longer note, this note receiving the accent and being therefore called a Syncopated note. These rules are, however, becoming somewhat obsolete in vocal music, the accented syllables and emphatic words determining the parts to be accented.

23. A Syncopated Note, then, is one that begins on an unaccented part of a measure and continues on an accented part. Thus, in  the second is a *Syncopated Note*, or a *Syncope*, and should always be accented, that is, expressed forcibly, as if so marked.

24. The length of the beats in each Measure is

indicated by certain Italian words, sometimes modified by other words added thereto, of which the following are the most common:

Adagio—Very slow movement.

Allegretto—Cheerful, not so fast as Allegro.

Allegro—Quick, lively, vivacious.

Andante—Rather slow, gentle, distinct.

Andantino—Somewhat quicker than Andante.

Largo—Very slow and solemn.

Larghetto—Less slow than Largo.

Lento—Slow.

Moderato—Moderate.

Presto—Very quick.

Prestissimo—With greatest rapidity.

MELODICS: Pitch of Tones.

THE STAFF.

25. The Staff is used to represent the relative pitch of Tones. It consists of five lines and four spaces, each line and space being called a degree. Thus the staff contains *nine* degrees and the sentence, "Name the degrees on which these notes are found," means "Name the lines and spaces on which these notes are found."



26. Added lines are used to represent tones which are too high or too low to be represented upon the Staff. They may be placed above and below the staff to any extent desired, as they are simply a continuation of the staff, the note immediately above or below the Staff being *in a Space*.

27. The lines and spaces of the Staff are named from the lowest upwards, *1st line, 1st space, 2d line, 2d space*, etc.

28. The added lines and spaces are named from the first line, *space below, 1st line below*, etc.; and from the fifth line, *space above, 1st line above*, etc.

1st line above.		2d space above.	
5th line.	_____	1st space above.	_____
4th line.	_____	4th space.	_____
3d line.	_____	3d space.	_____
2d line.	_____	2d space.	_____
1st line.	_____	1st space.	_____
1st line below.		1st space below.	
		2d space below.	

29. Each degree is designated by one of the first seven letters of the alphabet, the position of the letter never changing unless the Clef be changed.

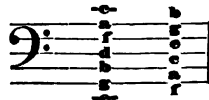
30. Instead of placing a letter on the staff to show the abstract pitch, certain characters are used called **Clefs**, which show how the letters are applied. Thus, the Treble clef marks  the position of C on the staff, in the *third* space; and the Bass clef, marks the position  of C in the *second* space.

31. In four-part songs the Soprano and Alto are written in the **Treble**, and the Tenor and Bass in the **Bass** Clef. There are other clefs used by certain orchestral instruments, as the Alto clef, marking the position of C on the third line (viola), and the Tenor clef, marking the position of C on the fourth line (trombone).

SOPRANO AND ALTO.



TENOR AND BASS.



The C on the first line below the Treble Staff, and the C on the first line below the Bass, represent the same tone. It is called *Middle C*. The tones of the

40. A Double Sharp, $\sharp\sharp$, is used on a degree affected by a sharp, to represent a tone a half-step above the one affected by the sharp; its power may be cancelled by a sharp and natural, $\sharp\sharp$. A **Double Flat, $\flat\flat$,** is used on a degree affected by a flat, to represent a tone a half-step below the one affected by a flat; it may be cancelled by a flat and natural, $\flat\flat$.

41. The Signature of a Staff is the part between the clef and the fraction; it is named from the number of sharps or flats which it contains. If there is no signature, the notes correspond with the white keys of piano or organ.

42. A sharp or a flat in the signature applies not only to the degree on which it stands, but also to all others which represent the same pitch.

43. A sharp, a flat, or a natural, placed outside the signature, is called an **Accidental**,—appearing “accidentally” in the measure—and applies only to the degree on which it stands.

44. If not cancelled, as stated above, the signification of a signature extends to the end of the Staff; that of an accidental—whether flat, sharp or natural—extends no farther than the measure in which it appears, except when the last note of a measure is flat or sharp, and the first note of the following measure is the same letter; then, if it is syncope, the influence of the accidental extends to that note.

THE DIATONIC SCALE.

45. The *Relative Pitch* of tones is indicated by a **Scale**, or **Tone Ladder**.

46. The **Diatonic Scale**, generally called the *Scale*, consists of a regular succession of intervals from the key-note to the octave, 1st, 2d, 3d, 4th, 5th, 6th, 7th, 8th, or octave, it having been found most agreeable to join to the seven sounds of one group the first of the next higher, making eight in all. The key-note is the first note in the Scale. This Scale is also called the *Major Scale*, to distinguish it from another scale, having its semitones in different order, and called the *Minor Scale*. In the compass of the scale there are five whole tones or degrees and two semi-tones or half-degrees. Commencing on C, that is making C *one* of the scale, these semi-tones are found between the 3d and 4th and 7th and 8th degrees. Here we find between the 1st and 3d degrees two whole tones, making a “major” or *greater* third. All music written on the scale when so constructed is said to be in the *major* keys; and this scale can only be formed from the notes in their natural order by commencing on C. There is, however, another series of notes, equally well-fitted for expressing musical ideas, which is formed by commencing on A instead of C, and which, in the natural order of tones, can begin only on A. In this scale the semi-tones always fall between 2 and 3 and 5 and 6. Here between the 1st and 3d degrees there are not two whole tones, but only a tone and a half, making the “minor” or *lower* third. All music written on the scale when so constructed is said to be in the *minor* keys, which are often most expressive.

47. The tones are named by Numbers and also by Syllables, the latter to afford greater variety of vowel sounds for practice, as well as to form an easy association of degree name and relative pitch of tone—the same syllable being always used in singing the same tone. *Do* is always *one*, *Re* always *two*, and so on. The numbers and syllables are as follows:

By numbers: 1, 2, 3, 4, 5, 6, 7, 8.
By syllables: Do, Re, Mi, Fa, Sol, La, Si, Do.
(Pronounced Doe, Ray, Mee, Fah, Sole, Lah, See, Doe.)

The names of the notes, *Do, Re, Mi*, etc., vibrate throughout the scale, their places depending wholly upon the location of the Key-note, which is always called *Do*, and numbered *one*.

48. There are, as has already been said, two kinds of intervals in the Diatonic scale: *Steps* and *Half-steps*, the intervals between 3 and 4, and 7 and 8, being half-steps, while all the others are steps. The half-steps, or semi-tones, should always be sung “sharp,” the voice being slightly pressed or driven above, rather than permitted to fall below the tone indicated by the note upon the staff.

49. In writing the Scale, any tone may be taken as *one*, or *Do*; when this is determined, the others must follow in regular order. In the examples below, *one* or *Do* is placed on C, as the intervals of the staff, beginning with C, correspond with those of the scale. All the steps in the key of C are therefore natural steps. As shown in the following examples, the scale is *extended* upwards, by regarding *eight*, or the octave above *one*, as *one* of an upper scale; and downwards, by regarding *one* as *eight* of a lower scale.

50. The Scale, as written upon the staff, in the key of C, in both clefs, is as follows:—



THE TONE LADDER.

51. The fact that these Eight Degrees include every possible distance except the *nine* and *deceme* (ninth and tenth), at which musical tones can be placed from each other, was discovered some centuries ago in Italy. When sung consecutively the thought of ascending or descending a ladder was naturally suggested, and the term “Scale” (Italian word *Scala*, meaning “ladder,”) was adopted. The propriety of the name has caused it to be retained by musicians. The order of tones being a “ladder,” the distances between them are naturally called *steps*. The tones of the Scale can only be learned by imitation.

The Scale or Tone Ladder may be drawn or neatly painted on the blackboard for permanent use in the form here shown, six or eight inches wide and eighteen high, which will afford spaces three inches in height to represent tone intervals, and one and a-half inch spaces for the semi-tones. Let the scale names and numbers be given as here. The exercises should be written by the side of the scale in **bold figures**. Commas may be used after the figures to indicate short notes, and the dash for notes prolonged. With the pointer, the teacher can direct the work of the class more readily, singing the exercises backwards as well as forwards, by numbers, by syllables, by letters, and by simple vowel sounds.

The following exercises which may be placed upon the board, as well as sung from the page, will afford much variety of useful practice. They may be greatly varied, and supplemented by others to almost any extent. But it is advised that, at first, they be taken in the order here presented, in *short lessons*, so that nothing is passed that is not well learned. Let this drill exercise be pleasantly varied by rote singing—attractive songs and familiar hymns being preferred—

all of which may afterwards be written in the numerals. These figures can be so written as to represent *three* octaves, by placing a dash *above* those that fall below the staff, *below* those that are above the staff, and before and after those *upon* the staff—the dash all the while representing the Staff.

8	Do	1, 2- 2, 1-
7	Si	
6	La	1, 2, 3- 3̇, 2, 1-
5	Sol	1, 2, 3, 4- 4, 3, 2, 1-
4	Fa	
3	Mi	1, 2, 3, 4, 5- 5, 4, 3, 2, 1-
2	Re	1, 2, 3, 4, 5, 6- 6, 5, 4, 3, 2, 1-
1	Do	1 2 3 4 5 6 7 8 - 8 7 6 5 4 3 2 1-

IX.

1234	1423	2314	3124	3412	4213
1342	1432	2341	3142	3421	4231
1324	2134	2413	3214	4123	4312
1342	2143	2431	3241	4132	4321

X.

5678	6578	7568	8567	135
5687	6587	7586	8576	153
5768	6758	7658	8657	215
5786	6785	7685	8675	251
5867	6857	7856	8756	513
5876	6875	7865	8765	531

XI.

1356	1855	3518	5138	5813	8315
1355	1853	3531	5133	5831	8331
1533	2153	3115	5313	8135	8513
1533	2155	3531	5331	8133	8531

XII.

1468	1846	4618	6148	6814	8416
1486	1864	4681	6184	6841	8461
1648	4168	4916	6418	8146	8614
1684	4186	4861	6481	8164	8641

Y.

1, 2, 1, 2, 1, 4, 1, 5, 1, 6, 1, 7, 1, 8—
 8, 1, 7, 1, 6, 1, 5, 1, 4, 1, 3, 1, 2, 1—
 1, 2, 2, 4, 3, 5, 4, 6, 5, 7, 8—
 8, 6, 7, 5, 6, 4, 5, 3, 4, 2, 3, 1—

VI.

1, 2, 5, 8, 7, 6, 5— 5, 5, 6, 5, 5, 4, 3—
 2, 1, 2, 5, 8, 5— 5, 6, 5, 4, 3, 2, 1—
 1, 2, 1, 2, 5, 8, 5— 5, 8, 7, 6, 5, 8, 5—
 5, 8, 5, 6, 5, 8, 5— 5, 8, 5, 6, 5, 8, 5—

VII.

2, 2, 1, 2, 5, 8, 5— 1, 2, 5, 8, 7, 6, 5— 1, 1, 2, 3, 4, 2, 1
 5, 8, 5, 5, 4, 3, 2— 5, 6, 6, 5, 4, 3, 2— 1, 2, 5, 8, 5, 4, 3
 2, 3, 4, 2, 3, 4, 5— 2, 3, 4, 2, 3, 4, 5— 4, 2, 3, 4, 2, 4, 5
 5, 8, 1, 4, 2, 2, 1— 5, 8, 5, 4, 3, 2, 1— 6, 6, 5, 4, 3, 2, 1

VIII.

2, 2, 2, 2, 3, 4, 5— 1, 1, 8, 8, 7, 6, 5— 8, 7, 6, 5, 6, 7, 8
 6, 6, 6, 5, 4, 3, 2— 5, 8, 1, 5, 5, 4, 2— 8, 1, 2, 3, 4, 3, 2
 3, 2, 2, 3, 4, 5— 2, 5, 1, 5, 6, 7, 8— 4, 2, 3, 1, 4, 2, 3
 6, 7, 8, 1, 3, 2, 1— 8, 1, 5, 4, 3, 2, 1— 8, 8, 8, 1, 5, 5, 1

MELODIES IN FIGURES.

2, 1, 6, 5, 4, 3, 2—	1, 1, 5, 5, 6, 6, 5—	1, 2, 5, 8, 6, 8, 5
2, 1, 5, 5, 5, 4, 3—	4, 4, 3, 3, 2, 2, 1—	5, 8, 6, 5, 4, 3, 2
2, 2, 1, 6, 5, 4, 3—	5, 5, 4, 4, 3, 3, 2—	4, 3, 6, 5, 6, 7, 8
2, 2, 5, 8, 2, 2, 1—	1, 1, 5, 5, 6, 6, 5—	8, 6, 5, 1, 3, 2, 1
	4, 4, 3, 1, 2, 3, 1—	

It is of prime importance that there should be a feeling of confidence and prompt readiness—"sure touch"—in passing from one degree of the Scale to another. This can be acquired most readily, as ex-

perience has shown, by frequent exercises upon the numerals, alternating with the names of notes, etc., and hence much of this practice is here condensed into little space. The Scale should be regarded as the *unit* in thinking sounds, and should be taught *as a whole*. The practice of the sounds as relative mental objects, should then form a part of each lesson until these relative sounds are familiar in every ordinary relation to each other.

Simple melodies and familiar tunes may be written on the blackboard in *numerals*, followed by commas or dashes, as the notes are short or long. Pupils may thus be familiarized with the third, fourth, fifth or other intervals, by associating them with like intervals in tunes with which they are perfectly familiar. This will be found a hint of much practical value. No other country gives so much attention to music as Germany, and this, with German teachers, is a favorite method of fixing in the mind certain scale intervals.

Too little attention is directed to developing tone perception in the minds of pupils. The teacher who sings should frequently sound the key-note, then sing *ah* or *la* to any tone or tones in the scale, and have the pupils name the number and syllable, and (when the key is announced), the letter. The same training can be given by sounding the key-note, and having a part of the class sing the tones indicated by the pointer, while the rest of the class, with their backs turned, name the tones that have been sung. To know the name of the note is a very different matter from being able to *sense the tone*, and much less important. This practical knowledge of tones is essential.

The teacher should cultivate a soft, distinct, and pleasing quality of tone. A good style of singing can only be acquired by imitation, and that of the teacher should be worthy to be imitated. In these exercises the numerals, or names of the sounds, may be sung first; then the syllables, Do, Re, Mi, etc.; then the letters or the pitch of the sounds, and finally the syllable *ah*, or *la*, for each note. Be careful that every tone is sung with precision. Use D as *one*, throughout the above exercises, afterwards the scale of E \sharp , E, and C. Be sure that the *pitch* is correct. Test frequently for correct pitch, with tuning fork, pitch-pipe, piano, or organ. The "scale" is sung by the *Syllables*; the names of the successive sound intervals by the *Numerals*; the pitch of the sounds (the key being known) by the *Letters*—a distinction which will be of interest to intelligent pupils. This should be so well known to the class that there can be no mistake as to what is meant when the teacher uses the terms, "Scale," "Name," "Pitch," as words of command during the singing exercise.

Teachers who are not familiar with the scale can, of themselves, by the aid of the organ or piano, readily master the succession of tones found in these exercises. The difficulty is not great, and the pleasure and profit to teacher and school will be positive and lasting—each step forward giving courage for another.

Observe the following directions for singing: 1. Let the body be erect, avoiding stiffness or restraint. 2. Take breath easily and naturally, without raising the shoulders. 3. Let the mouth be well opened, taking care to avoid rigidity of the muscles of the throat and neck. 4. Aim at *purity* of tone, rather than mere power. 5. Practice frequently, singing the vowel *a* (ah), endeavoring to produce the sound in the front part of the mouth. It is recommended to preface the *a* (ah) with the vowels *oo*, *o*, singing them rapidly and uniting them with the *a*, and dwelling upon the *a*; thus, *oo, o, a*. This prevents the sound from being made too far back in the mouth. 6. Articulate

distinctly, but without apparent effort. 7. In singing loud passages, be very careful to avoid shouting.

THE KEY-NOTE.

52. The **Key-note** is *One* of the Scale, and is called the **Tonic**. A minor third above the tonic characterizes the Minor scale; a major third, the Major.

53. The *Fifth* of the Scale is the **Dominant**.

54. The *Fourth*, the **Sub-Dominant**.

55. The **Key** of a piece of music is the *fundamental tone*, or *one* of the Scale in which it is written, and it is indicated by the signature. (See Art. 41.) It is always *Do*, and is in music "what the foundation is to a house, home to the traveler, or a port to the sailor, from which he takes his departure and to which after his voyage he hopes to return"—the melody always ending with the *Key-note*. The peculiar characteristic of this note *Do*, in the Major keys, is that above it, successively, are always first two whole tones, then a semi-tone, followed by three whole tones and a semi-tone; then *Do* again, and order of intervals as before. The key of C has no signature. The signatures of the keys that follow are as here shown:

G, one sharp—	F♯.
D, two sharps—	F♯, C♯.
A, three sharps—	F♯, C♯, G♯.
E, four sharps—	F♯, C♯, G♯, D♯.
B, five sharps—	F♯, C♯, G♯, D♯, A♯.
F♯, six sharps—	F♯, C♯, G♯, D♯, A♯, E♯.
F, one flat—	B♭.
B♭, two flats—	B♭, E♭.
E♭, three flats—	B♭, E♭, A♭.
A♭, four flats—	B♭, E♭, A♭, D♭.
D♭, five flats—	B♭, E♭, A♭, D♭, G♭.
G♭, six flats—	B♭, E♭, A♭, D♭, G♭, C♭.

In singing a tune, the first thing to be done is to find the *Key-note* as a starting point. The order of the keys in the sharps may very easily be remembered from the initial letters in the sentence, "Good Deeds Are Ever-Blooming Flowers," the last key being F♯ instead of F. The order of the keys in flats is had by reading the sentence backwards, the first key being F, and each of the others adding the flat (♭), as B♭, E♭, A♭, D♭, and G♭. In Minor tunes, the key-note is always a minor third, (three semi-tones), below the place named for *Do* in the above Major keys. That is, the key-note is major C or minor A; G major or E minor; D major or B minor, etc.

"Next letter above last Sharp," is also a simple rule for getting the *Key* in sharps. One sharp being on F, the next letter above is G, the *key-note*; two sharps, last sharp C, next letter above is D, the *key-note*; and so on. In the flat keys, count four notes *back*, including the note made flat; as B♭, back four notes to F, the *key-note*, and so on.

INTERVALS.

56. An **Interval** is the difference of pitch between any two tones in the scale.

Unisons are of the same pitch. A *Major Second* consists of a step; a *Minor Second* of a half-step. A *Major Third* consists of two steps, a *Minor Third* of a step and a half-step. A *Perfect Fourth* consists of two steps and a half-step; an *Augmented Fourth* of three steps. A *Perfect Fifth* consists of three steps and a half-step; a *Diminished Fifth* of two steps and two half-steps. A *Perfect Sixth* consists of four steps and a half-step; a *Diminished Sixth* of three steps and two half-steps. A *Major Seventh* consists of five steps and a half-step; a *Minor Seventh* of four steps and two half-steps. A *Perfect Octave* consists of five steps and two half-steps. These are called *Diatonic Intervals*, as they are all found in the Diatonic Scale. Other intervals, called *Chromatic Intervals*, may be formed by the use of sharps and flats. When the lower note of the two representing an interval is placed an octave higher, or the upper one an octave lower, the interval is

said to be *Inverted*. The degrees of an interval are counted upwards, unless the opposite is stated; and the degrees occupied by the notes, as well as the ones between them, are counted.

CHROMATIC SCALE.

57. The **Chromatic Scale** is a regular succession of semi-tones.

58. The tones of the Chromatic Scale are named from the tones of the Diatonic Scale, or the letters of the staff; the intermediate ones taking their names from one or the other of the tones between which they occur, with the addition of the word "sharp" or "flat." Thus, the tone inserted between C and D, when named with respect to Absolute Pitch, is called *C Sharp* or *D Flat*; and with respect to Relative Pitch is called *Sharp One*, or *Flat Two*. This Scale is here given, both Ascending and Descending:



Permanent names,

C, C♯, D, D♯, E, F, F♯, G, G♯, A, A♯, B, C, etc.

Syllable Names,

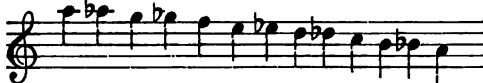
Do, Di, Re, Ri, Mi, Fa, Fi, Sol, Si, La, Le, Si, Do.

Pronounced,

Do, Dee, Ray, Ree, Mee, Fah, Fee, Sol, See, La, Lay, See, Do.

Numeral names,

1, ♯1, 2, ♯2, 3, 4, ♯4, 5, ♯5, 6, ♯6, 7, 8, etc.



A, A♭, G, G♭, F, E, E♭, D, D♭, C, B, B♭, A.

La, Le, Sol, Se, Fa, Mi, Me, Re, Ra, Do, De, Si, La.

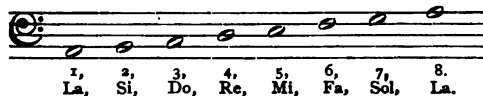
6, ♭6, 5, ♭5, 4, 3, ♭3, 2, ♭2, 1, etc.

THE MINOR SCALE.

59. The **Minor Scale** is a Diatonic Scale, and is named from its third, which is a minor third; the third of the *Major Scale* being a major third. The minor third is a semi-tone lower than a major third.

60. The Minor Scale has various forms. In the **Natural Form** the half-steps occur between two and three, and five and six. Hence, the **Natural Minor Scale** is formed from the Major Scale, by taking the last two notes above and placing them below.

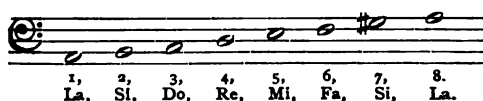
NATURAL MINOR SCALE.



1, La, 2, Si, 3, Do, 4, Re, 5, Mi, 6, Fa, 7, Sol, 8, La.

61. The **Harmonic Form** differs from the *Natural* form by the introduction of sharp-seven.

HARMONIC MINOR SCALE.



1, La, 2, Si, 3, Do, 4, Re, 5, Mi, 6, Fa, 7, Si, 8, La.

62. The **Melodic Form** in ascending has sharp-six and sharp-seven, while it usually descends by the *Natural* form.

63. The Minor Scale, based upon six of the Major Scale, is called its *relative minor*; and the Major Scale, based upon three of the Minor Scale, is called its *relative major*. The signature of a minor piece of music is the same as its relative major, the additional sharps or flats being introduced before the proper notes in the piece. Thus, a minor piece in the key of E has the signature of G major, that is F♯; and D♭ is used instead of D.

64. Transposition is changing from one key to another, that is, moving *Do*, or *one*—the foot of the Tone Ladder—to a higher or lower place on the Staff.

65. The Transposition of the Scale is changing it from one pitch to another—the entire scale being transposed—the intervals between the tones, however, remaining the same. In order to keep the intervals of steps and half-steps in the same order as in the key of C—represented by the white keys of Organ or Piano—it is necessary to use flats or sharps—represented on the key-board by the black keys—at each transposition, according as one or another degree of the staff is made *one* of the Scale.

66. All scales are, in a general sense, alike natural. Whether the key is C, with neither flats or sharps, or E with its four sharps, the singer needs to have no consciousness of the fact. He simply sings the scale, with no change of thought or impression—its intervals being the same in all the keys. It is upon this fact that the Tonic Sol-Fa system is based.

METHOD OF TRANSPOSITION.

67. The Scale may be transposed from one pitch to any other. It is found to be simplest to transpose by *fifths* and *fourths*; that is, to change the key-note so that *five* or *four* of the old scale will become *one* of the new scale.

68. If *one* of the scale is placed on C, the intervals between the tones named by the letters correspond to those of the scale, as will be seen by the following: Intervals marked by a \frown are half-steps.

C, D, \frown E, F, G, A, \frown B, C.
1, 2, 3, 4, 5, 6, 7, 8.

The key of C therefore requires no sharps or flats, and is called the Natural key.

69. If, however, any other letter be taken as *one* of the scale, it will be seen that the intervals do not correspond. For example, beginning with G, which is the *fifth* of the key of C:

G, A, \frown B, C, D, \frown E, F, G.
1, 2, 3, 4, 5, 6, 7, 8.

From this it will be seen that if one is placed on G, F, the *fourth* of the key of C is a half-step too low, and hence the intermediate tone between F and G, or F \sharp , must be taken, thus:

G, A, \frown B, C, D, E, \frown F \sharp , G.
1, 2, 3, 4, 5, 6, 7, 8.

The signature of the key of G is therefore F \sharp .

70. Beginning with D, the *fifth* of the key of G, and substituting F \sharp for F:

D, E, \frown F \sharp , G, A, \frown B, C, D.
1, 2, 3, 4, 5, 6, 7, 8.

It will be observed that C, the *fourth* of the key of G, is a half-step too low, and hence the tone a half-step higher, or C \sharp , must be used, thus:

D, E, \frown F \sharp , G, A, B, \frown C \sharp , D.
1, 2, 3, 4, 5, 6, 7, 8.

The signature of key of D is therefore F \sharp and C \sharp .

71. From the above explanations, we may derive the following *Rule for Transposition by Fifths*:

To transpose by *Fifths*, make the fifth of the old scale the key-note of the next scale, and use *sharp-four* in place of four of the old scale. This rule is briefly stated thus: *Sharp-four* transposes a fifth.

72. Again: placing one on F, which is the *fourth* of the key of C:

F, G, A, \frown B, C, D, \frown E, F.
1, 2, 3, 4, 5, 6, 7, 8.

It will be found that B, the *seventh* of the key of C, is a half-step too high, and hence the intermediate tone between B and A, or B \flat , must be taken, thus:

F, G, A, \frown B \flat , C, D, \frown E, F.
1, 2, 3, 4, 5, 6, 7, 8.

The signature of the key of F is therefore B \flat .

73. Beginning with B \flat , the *fourth* of key of F,

B \flat , C, D, \frown E, F, G, A, \frown B \flat .
1, 2, 3, 4, 5, 6, 7, 8.

It will be seen that E, the *seventh* of the key of F, is a half-step too high, and hence the tone a half-step lower, or E \flat must be used, thus:

B \flat , C, D, \frown E \flat , F, G, A, \frown B \flat .
1, 2, 3, 4, 5, 6, 7, 8.

The signature of key of B \flat is therefore B \flat and E \flat .

74. By an examination of the above explanations we may derive the following *Rule for Transposition by Fourths*: Make the fourth of the old scale the key-note of the new scale, and use *flat-seven* in place of seven of the old scale. This rule is briefly stated thus: *Flat-seven* transposes a fourth.

75. In transposing by fifths, those keys are reached whose signatures are one or more sharps; in transposing by fourths, those keys are reached whose signatures are one or more flats.

MELODY, PASSING TONES, Etc.

76. A Melody is a single succession of tones.

77. Tones not essentially belonging to a melody, called **Passing Tones**, are often introduced. They are usually represented by small notes.

78. A passing tone that precedes an essential tone on an accented part of a measure is called an **Appoggiatura**; one that follows an essential tone on an unaccented part of a measure, an **After-Tone**.

79. A rapid alternation of a tone with the one next above it is called a **Trill** or **Shake**. It is indicated by *tr*.

80. A tone sung in rapid succession with the tones next above and below it is called a **Turn**. It is indicated by *œ*. The Trill and the Turn do not belong to chorus singing.

81. Dots placed across a staff before a bar are called a **Repeat**, and indicate that the preceding passage is to be repeated. The influence of a Repeat extends back to dots placed after a bar; or, if these are omitted, to the beginning.

82. Da Capo, or **D. C.**, indicates a return to the beginning. **Dal Segno**, or **D. S.**, indicates a return to a character called a **Sign**, *S*.

83. **Fine** indicates the place to end after a D. C. or a D. S.

84. The **Hold** or **Pause**, \frown , signifies that the sound should be prolonged, and the beating suspended until the singer is ready to proceed.

85. If two or more tones of a melody are to be sung to one syllable, the notes representing them are generally connected by a character called a **Slur**. The Slur is also used to indicate a Legato movement.

86. If a syllable is to be sung to a tone represented by two or more notes, these notes are usually connected by a **Tie**. (See Art. 11.)

DYNAMICS: Power of Tones.

87. The power of tones may be indicated by the following Italian words, marks, or abbreviations:

Messo, m, medium.
Piano, p, soft.
Forle, f, loud.
Pianissimo, . . pp, . . . very soft.
Fortissimo, . . ff, . . . very loud.
Messo Piano, . . mp, . . . moderately soft.
Messo Forte, . . mf, . . . moderately loud.
Crescendo, . . cres., or < , . . gradual increase.
Diminuendo, . . dim., or > , . . gradual decrease.
Swell, . . . < > , . . increase and decrease.
Sforzando, . . < or sfz, . . an explosive tone, with sudden decrease.

88. The following words and characters are also sometimes used to indicate proper delivery of tones:

Legato, — , tones smooth and connected.
Staccato, ↑ ↑ ↑ tones very short and disconnected.
Semi-Staccato, or *Marcato*, . . . tones moderately short and disconnected.

89. Vocal Utterance, or the Emission of tone, should be instantaneous, decided, and firm; and the tone should be free, open, round, full, pure, and as resonant as possible.

90. A necessary quality of good singing is the proper articulation and pronunciation of the words. Avoid singing a word without properly speaking it; or speaking a word without properly singing it. Do not sing with a too exact, machine-like correctness. Be careful and accurate, but put expression, soul, and intelligent personality into your work.

91. Breath should be taken at such places as will not mar the sense; at pauses and after emphatic words.

MARKS OF EXPRESSION.

92. The following list includes ordinary marks of expression, with certain other terms used in music: *Accelerando*, or *accel.*, accelerate the time, gradually faster and faster; *ad libitum*, or *ad lib.*, at pleasure; *animato*, or *con anima*, animated, with animated expression; *affettuoso*, tender, affecting; *agitato*, with agitation, anxiously; *amoroso* or *con amore*, affectionately, tenderly; *a tempo*, in time; *Bon marcato*, in pointed, well-marked manner; *bis*, twice; *brillante*, gay, brilliant, sparkling; *brio* or *con brio*, with brilliancy and spirit; *Cantata*, a composition of several movements, comprising airs, recitations and choruses; *coda*, a close, or additional ending of a composition; *con affeto*, with expression; *con dolore*, mournfully, with grief and pathos; *con energia*, with energy; *con espressione*, with expression; *con fuoco*, with ardor, fire; *con grazia*, with grace and elegance; *con moto*, with agitation, emotion; *con spirito*, with spirit, animation; *Declamando*, *declamato*, in declamatory style; *dolce*, soft, tender, sweet; *doloroso*, tender and pathetic; *Energico*, with energy; *espressivo*, with expression; *Forsando*, with sudden increase of power; *Grave.*, with slow and solemn expression; *Lento*, gradually slower; *loco*, passage to be played exactly as written in regard to the pitch—it usually occurs after the sign *8va* . . . which means

that the note or passage thus marked has been raised or lowered an octave; *Maestoso*, with dignified, majestic expression; *mesto* or *mentoso*, pensive, sad, mournful; *mezzo*, in medium degree, as *mezzo forte*, rather loud, *mezzo piano*, rather soft; *mezzo voce*, with moderation as to tone; *molto*, much or very, as *molto voce*, with a full voice; *Non*, not; *non troppo*, not too much; *Piu*, more; *piu mosso*, with more motion, faster; *poco*, somewhat, rather, as *poco piano*, somewhat soft; *poco presto*, rather quick; *Rallentando*, (*rallen* or *rall.*) gradually slower and softer; *recitando*, a speaking manner of performance; *recitative*, musical declamation; *rinforzando*, suddenly increasing in power; *ritardando*, (*ritard* or *rit.*) a retarding of the movement; *Sostenuto*, sustained; *sotto*, under, below, as *sotto voce*, with subdued voice; *spirito* or *con spirito*, with spirit, animation; *spiritoso*, with great spirit; *Tutti*, the whole, full chorus; *Vigorouso*, bold, energetic; *veloce*, with rapidity; *vivace*, quick and cheerful; *vivo*, lively, animated; *voici subito*, turn the page quickly.

CHORDS AND HARMONY.

93. A Chord is a pleasing combination of tones sounded together.

94. Harmony is a succession of chords, according to the rules of progression and modulation.

95. The Common Chord is formed by combining any tone with its third and fifth. If the third of the chord is a Major third, the chord is a *Major chord*; if Minor, it is a *Minor chord*.

96. The chord founded upon the Key-note, or Tonic, is called the *chord of the Tonic*; the chord founded upon the Dominant is called the *chord of the Dominant*; and the chord founded upon the Sub-Dominant is called the *chord of the Sub-Dominant*.

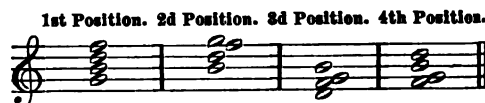
97. The Chord of the Seventh is the common chord with the minor-seventh added. This chord is generally founded upon the Dominant. If founded on G, the Dominant of C, it is composed of the tones G, B, D, F.

98. Either the fifth or the octave of a chord may be omitted, but the third must always be present, except in the dominant seventh chord.

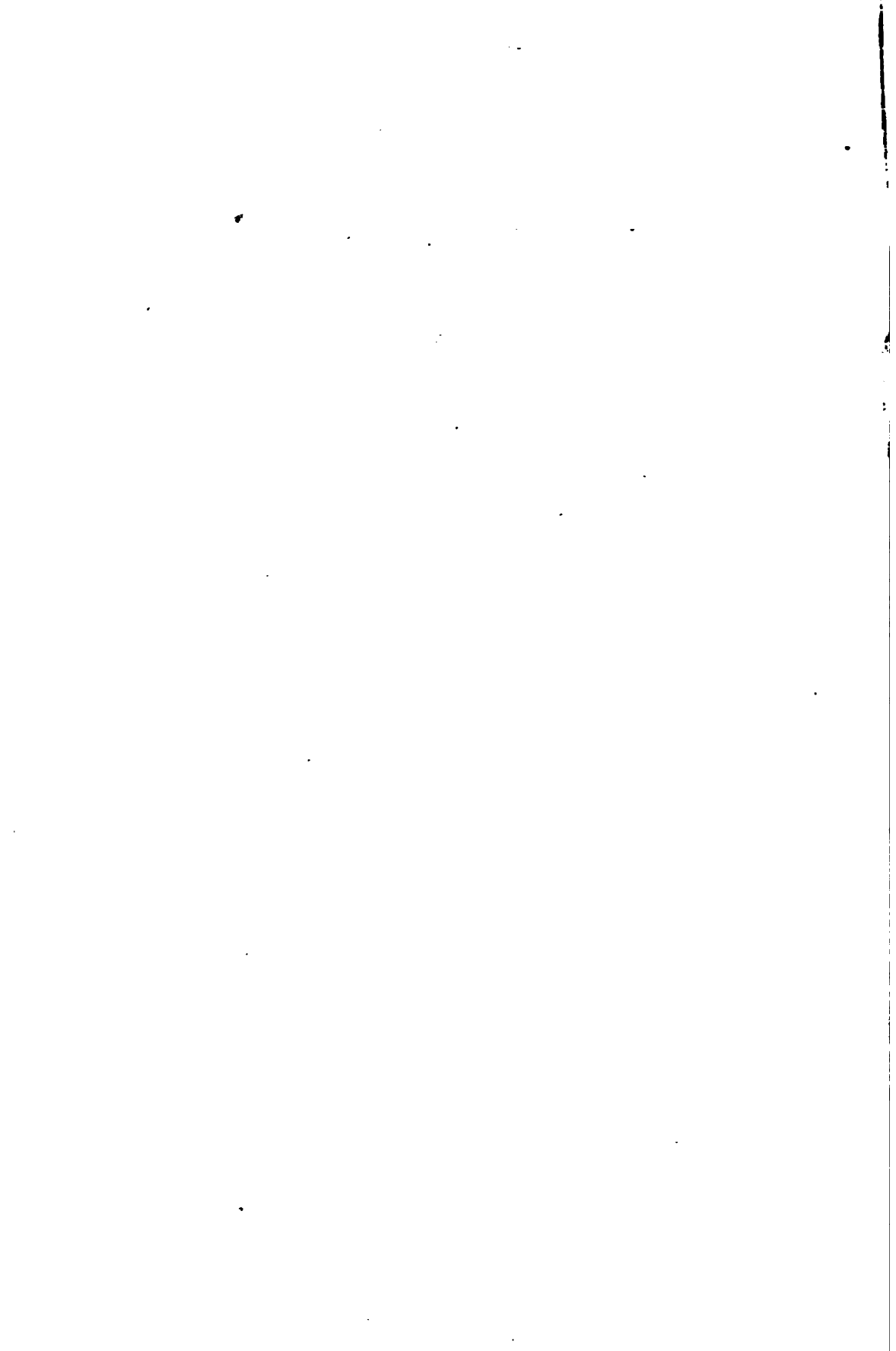
99. The different forms of a chord can be made by placing either the key-note, or third, or fifth, in the bass, the first being the first position, the second the second position, and the third the third position of the chord. The positions of the chord of C are:



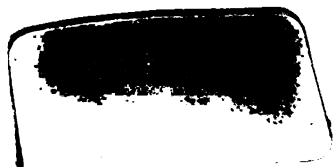
100. The positions of the chord of the dominant seventh are as follows:



The above positions are in the key of C. It will be found to be of advantage for the teacher to explain them in all the keys, and to require pupils to write them, giving the Tonic, Dominant, Sub-Dominant, and Chord of the Seventh, in the different keys. A correct knowledge of the laws of Harmony is essential to the arrangement of music for voices or instruments. As it is not possible to treat this subject at any length in these pages, the student is referred to more extended works for its discussion, and to individual or class training by a competent instructor.



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